# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 1 JANUARY, 1918 XXXVIII

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## CONTENTS

TRAINING OUR ARMY "EAGLES" — HENRY WOODHOUSE — 9
An article that tells you what you want to know about the preparation of our aviators to help win the war.
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE GUNS OF FREEDOM. A Color Painting — L. A. SHAFER — 17

LEAVE NO WOUNDED BEHIND. A Story — WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT — 19
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE BY WILL CRAWFORD

BRAND WHITLOCK'S OWN STORY. — 25
A foreword to the great serial account of Belgium's tragedy, to run in EVERYBODY'S through 1918.

THE GAIN. Verse — AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR — 24

INVADED AMERICA — SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS — 28
Wisconsin Joins the War—the second in a series on pro-German activity and American disloyalty.
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE. A Story — BERTON BRALEY — 34
ILLUSTRATED BY CRAWFORD YOUNG

JOHNNIE GOES MARCHING IN — EDWARD HUNGERFORD — 39
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PEN AND INKLINGS — OLIVER HERFORD — 45

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH. A Serial Story — JACKSON GREGORY — 46
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN. A Color Painting — F. LUIS MORA — 51

ALL UNDER THE FLAG. A Story — MARY BRECHT PULVER — 53
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE BY W. E. HILL

FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS OF AMERICA — 62
A Message from Harry Lauder.

THE WHITE ARC. A Serial Story — HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER — 63
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

HAND-MOVED MOVIES — ROBERT H. MOULTON — 69
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NORWAY, AMERICA! — WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF — 71
The story of one community's patriotism.
DRAWINGS BY W. J. ENRIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHS

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE — 78
HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

SPOT-LIGHTS ON THE WAR — J. B. KERFOOT — 79
A page of war-book reviews.

HER HEAVEN. Verse — THEODOSIA GARRISON — 80

YOUR BOYS' LEADERS — 96
Pictures of prominent Army and Navy commanders.

POETRY OF THE WAR — 98

H. S. V. U. S. — 99

A WAR-TIME PICTURE OF A SAINT GAUDENS STATUE — 107

THE TIN CAN — HARRY S. STABLER — 108
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

TRENCH TALK. A page of war slang — 113

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — 4

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY — 100-106

WITHDRAWN

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*HENRY WOODHOUSE*

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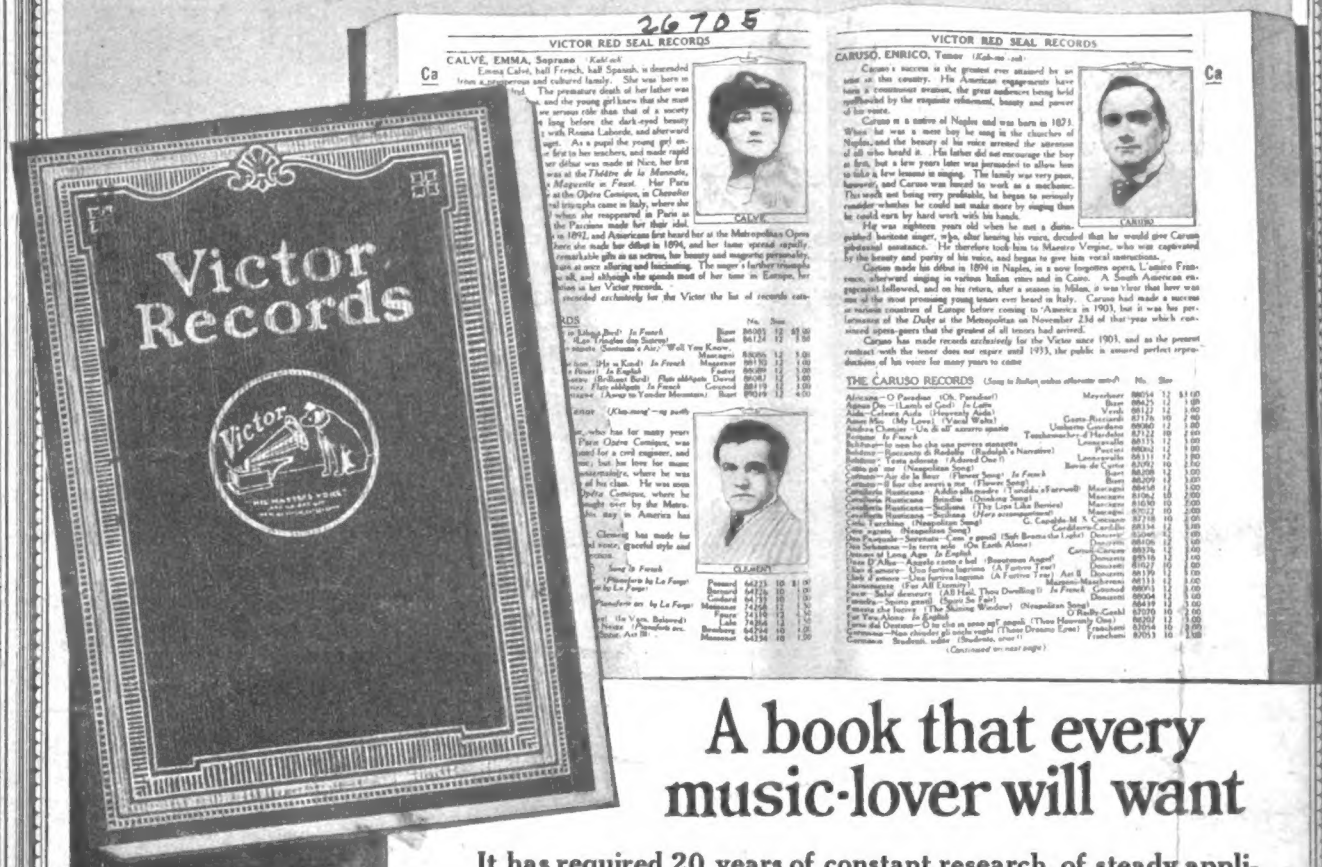


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# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 2 FEBRUARY, 1918 Vol. XXXVIII

## CONTENTS


BELGIUM—1. Before the Storm — BRAND WHITLOCK — 9
THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF THE GREAT WAR-STORY — UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM

TAM O' THE SCOOTS — EDGAR WALLACE — 25
More experiences of the Scotch aviator
ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

A SONG OF FOOT-FARING. Verse — CHARLES WHARTON STORK — 29

INVADED AMERICA! — SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS — 30
The Winning Battle in the Middle West

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING — 33
A portrait in color, by F. Bouchor, official painter to the French Armies

THE LITTLE LANDSCAPE. A Story — ROLAND PERTWEE — 35
ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

MAKING A SOLDIER OUT OF JOHNNIE — EDWARD HUNGERFORD — 39
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE WHITE ARC. A Serial Story — HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER — 44
ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

INDOMITABLE VERDUN — 51
A war-painting from the front, by F. Bouchor

LOVE WINDS OF PORT O' FLOWERS. A Story — HENRY OYEN — 53
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

PEN AND INKLINGS — OLIVER HERFORD — 57

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH. A Serial Story — JACKSON GREGORY — 58
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

A STOKER TO THE U. S. A. A Personality Study — MARIE DE MONTALVO — 72

MINIATURE. Verse — WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT — 83

A BOMBING EXPEDITION — Second-Lieutenant RAOUL LUFBERY — 84

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE — 86
HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

H. S. V. U. S. Some Volunteers of the Farm — 88

OVER HERE — WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF — 90
Some "little bits" that help to win the war

THE YOUNGER SET ON BROADWAY — 100
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

SOLDIER RHYMES — 112

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — 4

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY — 92-99


051 EV2 V.38

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# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 3 MARCH, 1918 Vol. XXXVIII

## CONTENTS

BELGIUM—II. The Storm Breaks — BRAND WHITLOCK — 9
THE SECOND INSTALMENT, CLIMAXING IN A TREMENDOUS PICTURE OF THE GERMAN ENTRY INTO BRUSSELS — UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM

THE BOOK-SOLDIER — FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE — 25
A story of the artillery
ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

PEN AND INKLINGS — OLIVER HERFORD — 32

A HIT! — 33
A war-painting by W. J. Enright

THE WHITE ARC. A Serial Story — HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER — 35
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE BY W. E. HILL

RIVETS AND MEN — LILLIAN ERSKINE — 41
A powerful appeal for the mobilization of men to build our vitally necessary ships
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES B. FALLS

CAMOUFLAGE—IN THE YEAR ONE AND 1918 — RUTHERFORD BOYD — 45

DAVIDA'S UNCLE. A Love-Story — FRANK HURBURT O'HARA — 48
ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

TAM O' THE SCOOTS — EDGAR WALLACE — 52
Who needs no introduction
ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

INVADED AMERICA! Making Over the Alien — SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS — 55

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH. A Serial Story — JACKSON GREGORY — 70
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

WANTED—A GODMOTHER — CARLYLE ELLIS — 90

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE — 92
HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

OUR FIRST WOUNDED — ALFRED M. BRACE — 100

IN THE DARK DAYS. Verse — AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR — 100

EDGAR WALLACE, SOLDIER-JOURNALIST — 102

THE COST. A Sketch — ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON — 114

POETRY OF THE WAR — 124

H. S. V. U. S. A Message to the Volunteers — Major EDGAR Z. STEEVER — 126

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — 4

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY — 116-123

BRAND WHITLOCK
*Photograph by Paul Thompson*

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# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 4 APRIL, 1918 Vol. XXXVIII

## CONTENTS

**BELGIUM—The Atrocities** — **BRAND WHITLOCK** — 9
THE THIRD INSTALMENT: THE LAST WORD ABOUT LOUVAIN, THE REIGN OF TERROR, BLOOD AND FIRE. — UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM
ILLUSTRATED WITH AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS, AND WITH CARTOONS BY RAEMAEKERS AND RALEIGH

**TAM O' THE SCOOTS** — EDGAR WALLACE — 25
The Scotch airman hunts for big game
ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

**ALLIES—OR FRIENDS?** — HERBERT COREY — 28
How Sammie and his fellow-fighters chum
ILLUSTRATED BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

**SURVIVORS** — 33
A war painting by J. O. Todahl

**FRONT-PAGE FRANKIE.** A Love-Story — SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS — 35
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE BY EVERETT SHINN

**PEN AND INKLINGS** — OLIVER HERFORD — 41

**WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH SWEDEN?** — EDWIN BJÖRKMAN — 42
An illuminating and encouraging answer

**THE CAMPAIGN OF ARISTIDE CARTOUCHE.** A War Story — THOMAS McMORROW — 47
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

**UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE** — 52
HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

**THE WHITE ARC.** A Serial Story — HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER — 53
ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

**BEYOND THE FIRST LINES** — EARLE HARRISON — 61
How Uncle Sam takes care of his wounded

**JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH.** A Serial Story — JACKSON GREGORY — 66
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

**OVER HERE** — WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF — 80
A record of American get-together patriotism

**CALF LOVE AND KELLY** — KARL SCHMIDT — 84

**UNCLE SAM'S SINGING ARMY** — GRACE HUMPHREY — 88
How music is transforming our fighters

**H. S. V. U. S.** — 93
What Chicago's High School Volunteers have done

**WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS** — 4
COVER DESIGN BY LIEUTENANT WALTER J. ENRIGHT, AVIATION SECTION, SIGNAL CORPS

BRAND WHITLOCK
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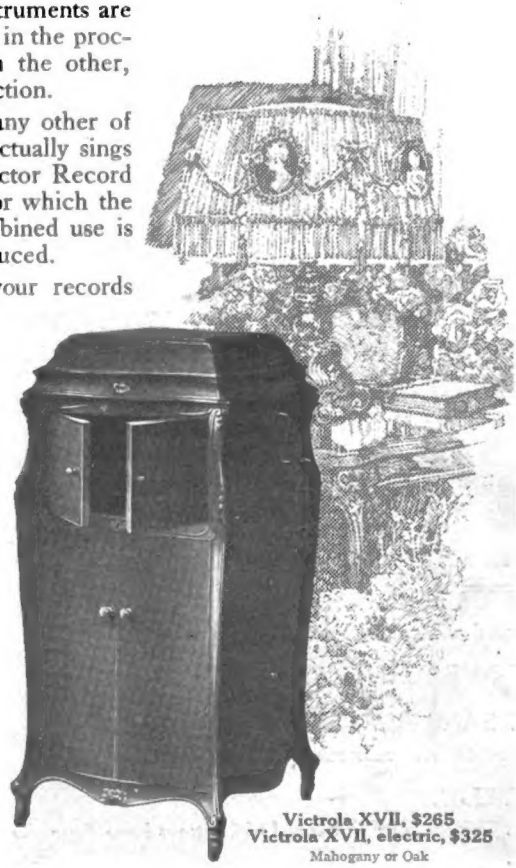

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 5 MAY, 1918 Vol. XXXVIII

# CONTENTS

**BELGIUM—The Reign of Terror** — BRAND WHITLOCK, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM — 9
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS, AND WITH CARTOONS BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

**THE DEAR LITTLE FOUR-FLUSHER** — HAROLD TITUS — 24
ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

**IN TIME OF WAR I SING** — ALLEN CRAFTON — 30
A poem from a soldier

**"SQUADS RIGHT"** — GILBERT EMERY — 31
A training-camp story
ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

**HEROES AND RUNAWAYS** — HERBERT COREY — 34
The Italian retreat—why? An explanation by *Everybody's* correspondent
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES B. FALLS

**"NOW GO SEE ELLIS!"** — WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF — 41
A Washington war-time personality sketch

**THE BUFFER** — R. N. WALL — 42
A small-town story of business
ILLUSTRATED BY CRAWFORD YOUNG

**PEN AND INKLINGS** — OLIVER HERFORD — 47

**THE WHITE ARC. A Serial Story** — HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER — 48
ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

**TAM O' THE SCOOTS** — EDGAR WALLACE — 54
The Scotch aviator meets a girl
ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

**UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE** — 58
DRAWINGS BY RALPH BARTON

**JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH. A Serial Story** — JACKSON GREGORY — 59
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

**H. S. V. U. S. A Challenge to the Volunteers** — 72

**APRIL'S ISLE. Poem** — MARY STEWART CUTTING — 75

**POETRY OF THE WAR** — 77

**THE SKIPPER** — HOWARD WHEELER — 84
The first of a series of war sketches, by the editor of *Everybody's*
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

**INTERNED SWITZERLAND** — ALBERT FRAPWELL — 90

**GROGGY JOHN BARLEYCORN** — EDWIN F. BOWERS, M. D. — 112

**WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS** — 4

**AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY** — 86

HERBERT COREY

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# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 6 JUNE, 1918 Vol. XXXVIII

## CONTENTS

**BELGIUM—Under the German Heel** BRAND WHITLOCK 11
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS, AND WITH CARTOONS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

**THE DUCHESS OF SIONA** ERNEST GOODWIN 20
The opening of a brilliant serial romance
ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

**GERMAN WAR CIPHERS** MELVILLE DAVISSON POST 28
Germany's double language and how it was discovered
ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY W. D. L. ARNOLD

**A CONFESSION UNDER DIFFICULTIES** 34
A letter from a French priest at the front

**THE RULING LOVE** WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF 35
A love-story, with a father pulling strings
ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

**AFTER THE WAR—?** 40
A new department for Everybody's readers

**THE AUTOCRAT** CHARLES BEADLE 41
A story of tangled lives
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

**SUNDAY EVENING.** Verse CHARLES HANSON TOWNE 45

**THE TRIM IMP OF BROADWAY** KARL SCHMIDT 46

**TAM O' THE SCOOTS** EDGAR WALLACE 47
The same daredevil Tam!
ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

**MAKING SEAWORTHY SAILORS ON DRIEST LAND** WILLARD CONNELY 52
Our boys at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

**THE WHITE ARC.** A Serial Story HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 57
ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

**KHAKI KLIPPINGS** 66
Humor from the cantonments

**H. S. V. U. S.** Spring Doings 79

**WE CAN, IF THEY CAN** HOWARD WHEELER 85
A war sketch by the Editor of Everybody's

**THE PURPOSE.** Verse OSCAR C. WILLIAMS 86

**LOVER'S LACK.** Verse CHARLES WHARTON STORK 90

**UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE** 95
DRAWINGS BY RALPH BARTON

**POETRY OF THE WAR** 97

**FOR GRUB AND GUNS** HAROLD TITUS 98
How our supply-soldiers are trained

**PATRIOTISM AND THE PLOW-TAIL** TALBOT MUNDY 109
An answer to questions on the Norway (Maine) plan for helping the farmers

**WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS** 4

**AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY** 80

BRAND WHITLOCK
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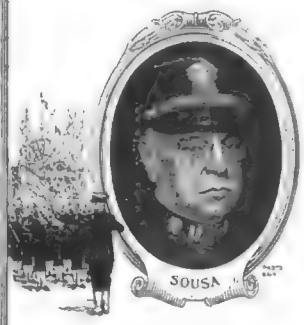
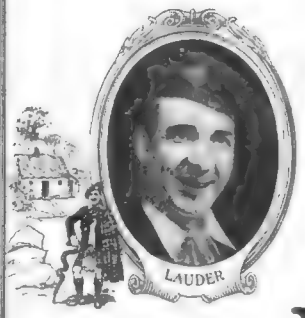
# Victor Records
## *-the living evidence of an artist's greatness*

What is it that makes an artist famous? That wins the applause of appreciative audiences? That establishes an enviable reputation as a great artist in the hearts of music-lovers?

The answer is indelibly inscribed on Victor Records. They are the living evidence of an artist's greatness. They reproduce the art of the most famous singers and instrumentalists with unswerving fidelity.

With a Victrola you can enjoy these superb interpretations at will right in your own home. But *only with the Victrola*—for the world's greatest artists make records for the Victrola exclusively.

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**New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month**

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**Victrola XVII, $265**
**Victrola XVII, electric, $325**
Mahogany or oak

# Victor Supremacy



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DRAWN BY W. HERBERT DUNTON.

A LEAN, MUSCULAR HAND FELL LIGHTLY UPON HIS SHOULDER AND HE WAS JERKED BACK PROMPTLY.

*From "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch," By Jackson Gregory. Page 46*



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99 44/100% PURE
IT FLOATS

THE choicest materials the world affords are selected for Ivory Soap.

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Chemists make laboratory tests of every kettleful both during and after boiling.

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WHEN cool it is shaped into cakes with rounded edges and straight sides.

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The cake is notched so it can be cut in two with a string. It is so large that most people prefer the half cake for the toilet.

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YOU can use Ivory Soap wherever you now use the most expensive of bath and toilet soaps.

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THE same qualities make it equally satisfactory for fine laundry work and for the cleaning of all particular things.

You can use Ivory Soap where you now cannot use soap at all. You should use it where the soap you now use causes injury.

You get this large cake of extraordinary soap for a few cents. The immense demand for it reduces cost to the minimum.

*Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada.*

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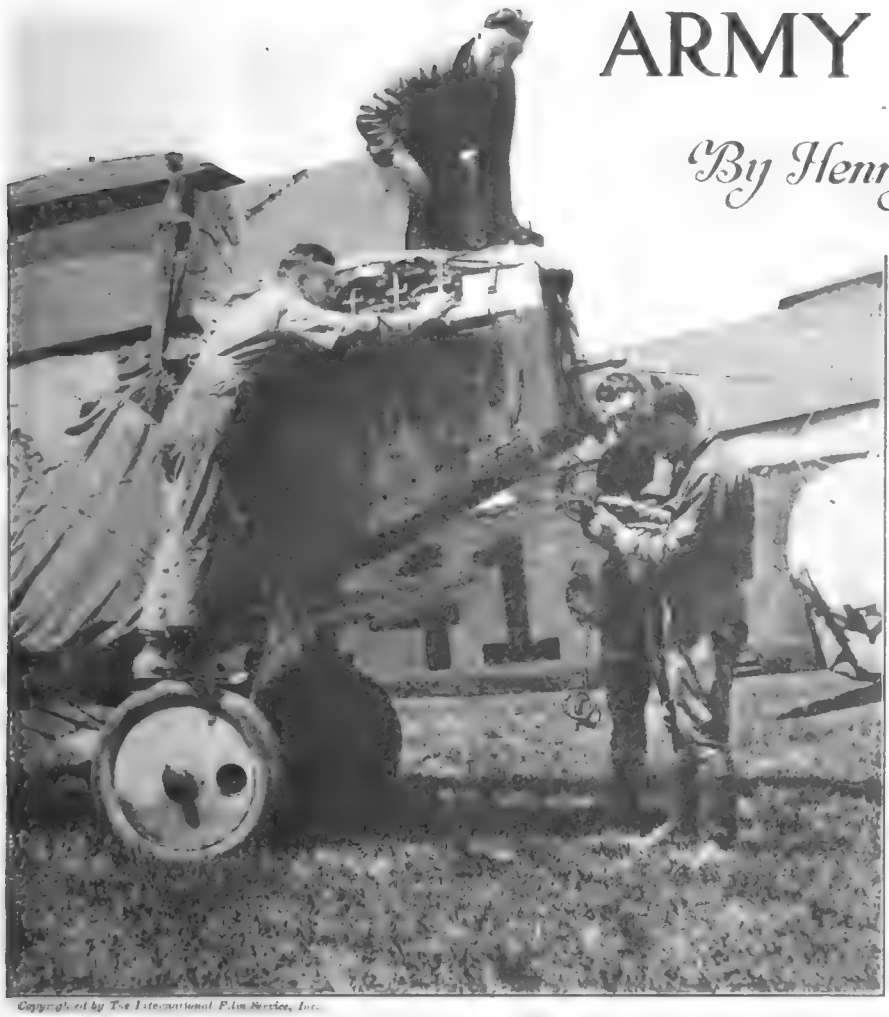
Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER ONE JANUARY 1918 VOLUME XXXVIII

# TRAINING OUR ARMY "EAGLES"

By Henry Woodhouse



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THE FUTURE AVIATORS RECEIVE THOROUGH TRAINING IN THE ASSEMBLING AND CARE OF AEROPLANES AT THE VARIOUS GROUND SCHOOLS.

*HERE is an article that clears up the whole subject of our war flying-men and their training. Mr. Woodhouse is an authority of the highest standing. He is a member of the Board of Governors of the Aero Club of America, Vice-President of the Aerial League of America, and author of the "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics" and the "Textbook of Military Aeronautics."*

"A WELL-TRAINED aviator is worth an army corps."

This dictum of Lord Kitchener is confirmed daily by the marvelous achievements of aviators at the front; and the world's strategists agree that the war is to be decided ultimately by superiority in the air.

Just as the aeroplanes of Wright, Curtiss, Farman, Blériot and other pioneers have developed into marvelous engines of war, so have the men who drive them developed into fighting units of amazing power.

That is why about three billions of dollars are being spent by the Allies alone in aeronautics this year, and perhaps more than that will be spent next year. The war is to be decided in the air, and as it is costing about five thousand lives and $500,000,000 per day, any expenditure is low which decides the war in favor of the Allies and shortens it by even a few days.

The transformation of the aviator from his status of "scout" for fighting forces of three years ago, to his present dominant status, took place in the skies of Flanders. "Military exigencies" is the terse way the British *Official Gazette* usually explains any such extraordinary developments.

The *Gazette's* terseness in reporting heroic deeds of aviators in the daily list is proverbial. It will announce that such and such an officer has been awarded the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, or the Military Medal, for "Attacking and dispersing a large body of troops, killing and wounding many," or, "Attacking and killing the crews of the enemy batteries" which were shooting at him while he was fighting several Boches; or for wrecking a train filled with enemy troops and attacking and dispersing the troops after they left the train. The *Gazette* states these things very much as the Bible states that "In the beginning God created heaven and earth."

Most of us would like to know more about how it was done. We all want to know how an aviator attacked and killed the crew of anti-aircraft guns that were shooting at him while he was fighting four Germans. Anybody who knows anything about conditions at the Western Front knows that anti-aircraft guns are as thick as thistles in the fighting zone, and it must have required both a remarkable courage and a great belief in one's dominant power to dive down and blaze one's machine guns at the crews of the "Archie" batteries. But even the aviators are seldom more voluble than the *Gazette* itself, or the French *Journal Officiel*.

Major W. A. Bishop, the Canadian "Ace of Aces" of the Royal Flying Corps, who fought one hundred and ten fights, brought down about seventy-five enemy's planes and was awarded the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Medal, wrote some letters home in the early part of his career, last March and April, which have never been published. They tell of his first fights with

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ABOVE IS A GROUP OF STUDENT AVIATION OBSERVERS LEARNING TO SKETCH FROM A BATTLE-FIELD IN MINIATURE, AS IT WOULD LOOK FROM THE AIR. BELOW SOME STUDENTS ARE BRINGING A MACHINE OUT FOR PRACTISE FLIGHT.

German aviators. Here are excerpts from one dated April 9, 1917:

I have forgotten if I told you how I got my third Hun. Anyway, he was easy. The day before yesterday I was detailed to shoot down a Hun balloon; so over the lines I went, all alone, at 8,000 feet, placed my balloon on the map, and spotted him below me 2,000 feet up. Down I dived, vertically, 2,000 feet. I went down when suddenly the pop, pop, pop of a machine aroused me. I did the first part of a loop like lightning, swerved and dived again just as the Hun passed fifteen feet below me. After him I went, and shot him dead—I know, we were so close. Down he went like a stone—my fourth Hun. I was then up 5,000 feet, ten miles over the lines, all alone. I could not see the balloon anywhere. I turned a sharp circle to upset the aim of the people firing at me and spotted my balloon, now on the ground. I dived again, absolutely vertical. At 800 feet I commenced to fire flaming bullets at it. At 200 feet it burst into flames.

I went lower and fired at the people on the ground. Then, horror of horrors, my engine would not pick up. I glided over the country and prepared to land my machine and burn it.

Oh, I was sick of the feebleness of it all. Behind me a flaming balloon, all around me flaming "onions"—rockets of fire which they fire at you when you are near the ground. I worked frantically with the throttle and adjustments, and with a roar she picked up and I raced twenty-five feet up over ten miles of hostile territory, swerving, turning, banking, dodging all the way. Twice I fired at people on the ground and they scattered like the damned cowards they are.

Over the trenches I went, at one hundred and thirty miles an hour, with a roar of machine guns under me and shells bursting over me by the score, and back here. That night after the usual string of congratulations, the following message arrived: "Congratulate Lieutenant Bishop on his fine feat to-day." It means a Military Cross for me, I think.

Then yesterday morning I went out with a patrol. The C. O. was leading and dived at a Hun, and down I went after him and fought the Hun, then a second one; then I dived at a balloon and sent it down in a great hurry; then another Hun, which I shot down, and then got after two Huns, shot one down and drove the other one away. Then I attacked three more, shot one down and drove the others away. I had to come home then, as my ammunition was used up.

As the above was happening there were probably two million Allied soldiers on the Western Front who did not have a chance to get a shot at a German. The aeroplane has forced trench warfare, and while hundreds of soldiers down below struggle for months to capture a few miles of enemy trenches

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and thus mark an advance which is not even perceptible on a map, the aviators go over German territory, attacking thousands of troops, trains, batteries and motor transports. A well-trained aviator *is* worth an army corps!

Major Bishop's case is a fair example of the opportunities for distinction and promotion afforded to young men by the Air Service. Bishop went to Europe as a cavalry private in the spring of 1915. He had enlisted from his home in Owen Sound, Ontario, because he wanted to do his bit. But cavalry affords very few opportunities for fighting and Private Bishop asked to be transferred to the Air Service. They made him observer, and one of his first experiences was being shot down. After a period at the hospital he went home for three months. When he returned he continued training as a military pilot and was sent to the front in February, 1917. A letter to his mother, dated March 25th, tells of bringing down his first Boche. By June he had won three decorations: the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Medal.

By September he was a major.

Major Bishop is not an exception. There are now scores of British, French, Canadian, Italian—and several American boys—who have from ten to fifty enemy machines to their credit.

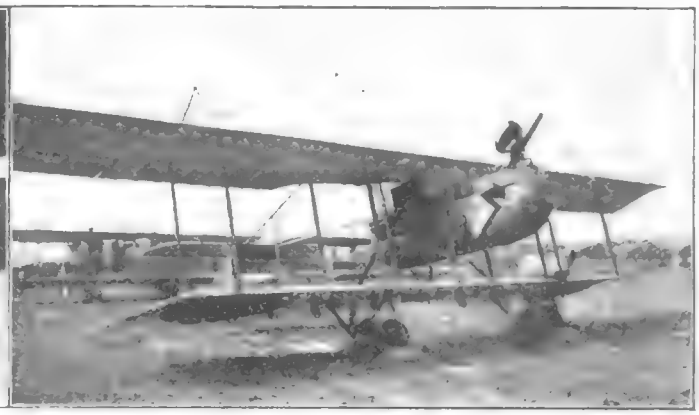
It has been stated and accepted by some very eminent authorities that if the United States had been in a position to send over 10,000 well-trained and equipped aviators upon its entry in the war, German power would have been well-nigh shattered by the end of 1917. We did not have one-twentieth of that number, and did not have the organization for training them. Everything had to be done, and when the Aircraft Production Board and the Signal Corps took steps to arrange for the training of thousands of aviators, Germany undoubtedly took similar steps on her own account. So the supremacy of the air, which could be maintained in 1917 with 10,000 additional aviators, may not be maintained in 1918 with less than 15,000 additional aviators, and with 25,000 in 1919.

No one can say how many aviators and machines will be needed. The only *safe* plan is to train all the aviators that can be trained and build all the aircraft, aeroplanes, dirigibles and kite balloons that can be built. Aside from the twenty per cent. of extra fast fighting machines needed to keep the sky free of enemy aviators, and which must be continually improved, the eighty per cent. of aeroplanes used can be built in large quantities without fear of their becoming useless. This is especially true of large bombing machines used for night raids. The only mistake that can be made in this case is to make them too small and not enough of them. And when the war is brought to an end, this type of machine can be used for mail-carrying and other utilitarian purposes.

The popular notion is that an aviator's work is either scouting, fighting, or dropping bombs, and that the same aviator is usually simultaneously engaged in these three duties.

As a matter of fact, the business of war-flying has become exceedingly complex and specialized, and the aviator's duties increase in number and importance daily. The flying service is made up of men trained and machines designed for all the special purposes which three years of war have developed.

A GREAT FRENCH TRAINING HANGAR CAPABLE OF HOUSING HUNDREDS OF MACHINES.



A FRENCH MACHINE EQUIPPED WITH GUNS FIRING EXPLOSIVE BULLETS, AND A SEARCHLIGHT FOR NIGHT PATROL.

A FRENCH AVIATION CAMP AS SEEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 10,000 FEET.

With the armies there is the bomber, who usually flies in a machine of special type, self-sufficient or protected by fighting machines. His work is to bomb the enemy's bases, destroying railroads, trains and enemy material.

The flyer who enjoys the most prestige and in a sense the greater danger is the fighter, the duelist of the air, who meets

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the hostile aeroplanes, fights them off, preventing them from making aerial reconnaissance, taking photographs of one's positions, directing the fire of their artillery. Small fighting aeroplanes are used for this purpose.

The whole vital work of watching the enemy, reconnoitering, determining its strength, composition, disposition, and probable intentions; photographing the enemy positions; directing military fire; coordinating the activities of the different arms during the attack, are done by aeroplanes of special type, and by kite balloons. In this rôle the aviator becomes the master mind that watches over every movement of the enemy as well as of his own forces, and transmits to his own forces information regarding the advance, retreat and other movements of the enemy, directing the sending of reenforcements to the weak or threatened points, directing the fire of the machine-gun batteries as well as of the artillery.

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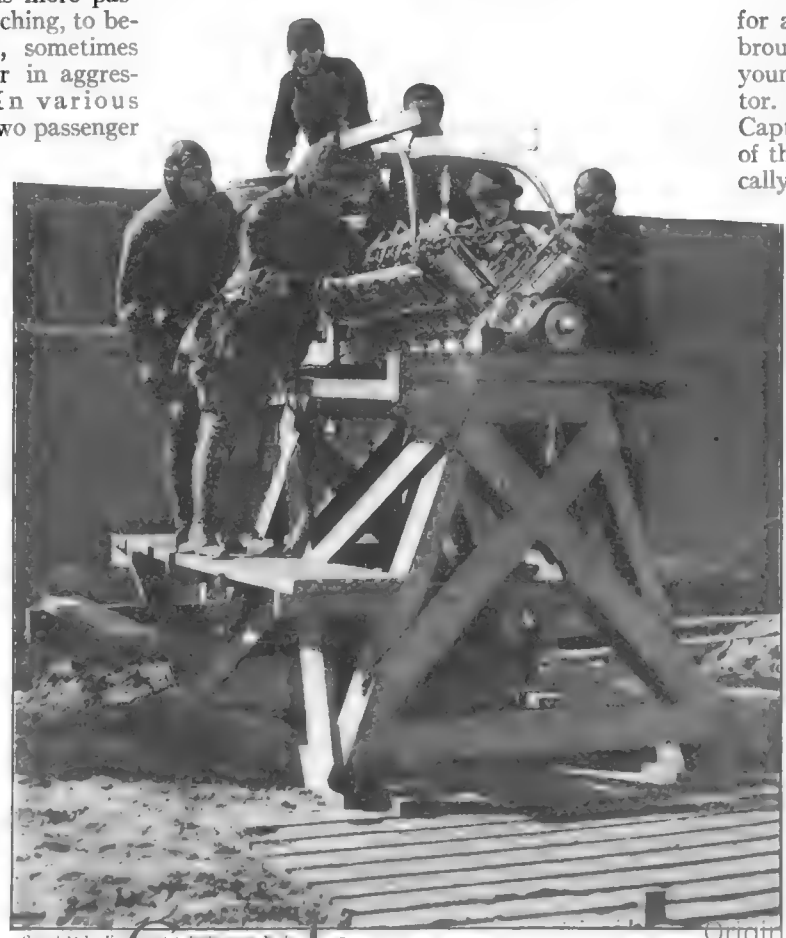
LIEUTENANT PAUL MONTARIOL OF THE FRENCH FLYING CORPS, INSTRUCTING AMERICAN AVIATORS AT A GOVERNMENT TRAINING STATION "SOMEWHERE IN THE U. S. A."

More and more the aviator is called upon to leave his more passive work of watching, to become an active, sometimes *the* active factor in aggressive fighting. In various types of one or two passenger aeroplanes he cooperates with the infantry and other arms in taking positions by flying low over the trenches and attacking the enemy with machine guns.

He cooperates with the artillery and other arms by attacking the crews of hostile batteries with machine guns, makes attacks with bombs or guns against land forces, engaging the enemy and distracting his attention from operations which are about to be conducted. In other words, in all such work the aviator is now performing the former functions of cavalry, which has been used but little along the Western Front in the present war.

He is often called upon to conduct aerial attacks with bombs and machine guns from the rear against enemy land forces, to relieve the pressure being brought by the enemy's forces against any one point, or to wear down the strength of the enemy's land forces. And he has been found to be quick and dangerous in preventing reenforcements from reaching the enemy, by flying far into the enemy lines, watching for trains and attacking them with bombs and machine guns.

In connection with the navies, air-craft—land planes, sea planes and dirigibles—have been used for similar purposes, and for convoying troops and merchant ships on coastwise trips, patroling the coasts, holding up and inspecting doubtful ships, convoying them to examining stations, and searching coasts for submarine bases; cooperating with submarines, guiding them to attacks on ships; locating mine-fields and assisting trawlers in destroying mines; serving as carriers of important messages between ships which could not be intrusted to wireless, owing to the possibility of the enemy wireless picking up the messages.



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AVIATOR AT THE U. S. AVIATION SCHOOL AT MINEOLA

### *Are Aviators Born?*

THERE was a time when it was held that a man must be especially born for aeronautic duties. Experience has brought out the fact that the average young man can make an excellent aviator. Captain Guynemer, Major Bishop, Captain William Thaw, Captain Ball of the Lafayette Escadrille, and practically all the famous aviators, were not men who impressed anybody with being different from other young men.

Of the thousands of Allied aviators there are probably not five hundred men who had seen more than a few months of military service before joining the air service. Most of them had never seen any military service.

In planning an organization for the selection and training of aviators, the Aircraft Board and the Signal Corps of the United States have had to prepare to deal entirely with men who had never seen military service, as other countries have done.

There are, generally speaking, five stages of training of an aviator: the selection of candidates, which comprises the physical and mental examination; the ground course in aeronautics at universities; the preliminary flying course at aviation school; the advanced flying course at aviation schools; and assignment to active duty and specialization

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in one branch of the service.

As every aviator is to be a commissioned officer, the first consideration is to select men who are mentally qualified for officership. As a general rule, young men of from eighteen to thirty-five make the best aviators—although there have been a number of men from thirty-five to fifty-five years old who made good.

The following from the official regulations governing the selection of men for the Army Air Service, serves to show the qualifications deemed necessary for this vital work:

"The applicant must be a male citizen of the United States of good moral character; he must have completed a course in a recognized college or technical school, or have the equivalent of such an education. In determining the equivalent, consideration will be given to the applicant's intelligence, business or other training, travel, tutoring, home study, activity and military experience. In all cases the applicant must have completed a course at a high school or preparatory school of good standing. In each case the examining board will use discretion as to whether the applicant possesses the requisite training and judgment to enable him to perform the duties of a commissioned officer in the aviation section. Applicants on flying status must be at least nineteen and under thirty-one years of age, except that in special instances the maximum age-limit may be waived upon recommendation of the proper authorities. Applicants on non-flying status must be at least thirty-one and under forty-one years of age, with the same provision as to maximum age-limit.

"If the applicant meets the general requirements specified above he must submit, in the prescribed form, a letter of application for examination for commission. Application-blanks can be secured by candidates at designated offices of the Signal Corps, or will be sent upon request addressed to the Chief Signal Officer, Washington, D. C., whose office will advise the applicant where to send his application. Upon receipt of a letter of application, the department aeronautical officer of the proper department will pass upon the eligibility of the applicant for examination. If the applicant is properly qualified he will be referred to a Board of Officers, which will conduct his examination."

The Examining Board requires the applicant to pass a rigid physical examination, which is the same as that required of officers of the Regular Army applying for aviation duty. Among the physical requirements to be met is the eye test, which prevents any one requiring glasses to correct a defect of vision from being accepted. The work of the war-flyer requires almost the perfection of health and soundness of all organs and senses. This does not mean merely robustness, but implies a high reserve of vitality, especially nervous vitality. The French flying-hero, Guynemer, is an example of this: not a Hercules in muscle, but of unbreakable nerve. He entered the French army as a volunteer, after having been rejected five times by the medical inspectors. For this reason the physical tests for aviation work are severe and keen, and emphasize factors not so important in other branches of service.

All candidates are enlisted in the Signal

*Photograph by Pirie Thompson, N. Y.*

AT THE TOP IS A TYPICAL FIGHTING BIPLANE EQUIPPED WITH TWO FIAT MACHINE GUNS. THE ITALIAN SEAPLANE IN THE CENTER CAN MAKE A SPEED OF ONE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR. IT IS USED FOR SUBMARINE HUNTING AND COAST PATROL WORK. AT THE BOTTOM IS MAJOR BISHOP OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS, MOST FAMOUS OF CANADIAN AVIATORS

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A "NEST" OF NEWPORT COMBAT MACHINES AT A FRENCH AVIATION CENTER. A TRAINING MACHINE IN FLIGHT, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ANOTHER FLYER.

Corps of the Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps. This will actually hold them for the period of training, which covers the course at the Schools of Military Aeronautics (ground schools) and at the aviation or flying schools up to the time when, having passed the tests for a reserve military aviator or junior military aviator, as required by the chief signal officer, they are commissioned. If they fail they will be discharged from the Signal Corps and revert to their former status. Failure to qualify for a commission does not exempt candidates from the draft law.

During the entire course of training the candidate for a flying commission has the rank of private, first-class, but he may, at the option of his commanding officer, receive temporary detail in such grades as may be required by the organization of the Schools of Military Aeronautics and the aviation schools. These temporary grades, however, do not carry extra pay, warrants or commissions, and are only for the instruction of those detailed.

### *At the Ground Schools*

THE candidate may be discharged at any time during his course of training by reason of failure to pass tests examinations, by giving evidence to his commanding officer that he is unfitted either mentally, morally or physically for the duties of a flying-officer, or for any other reason which shall in the opinion of the examining board, and subject to such approval as is necessary, render his services no longer desired.

From the time when the candidate is assigned to duty at the ground school until he is discharged or has passed all tests and is recommended for his commission, he receives the pay and allowances prescribed for candidates under the provision of Special Regulations 49, War Department, 1917, except that under present instruction from the Secretary of War the allowance for rations is sixty cents daily instead of seventy-five. The pay, however, remains one hundred dollars per month. The rate includes his regular pay as private, first-class, and is not in addition to it.

The candidate is sent after examination to a School of Military Aeronautics, which are located at various universities, including the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Cornell University, the Ohio State University, the University of Illinois, the University of Texas, the University of California, the Georgia Institute of Technology and the Princeton University.

The objects of the School of Military Aeronautics are to teach candidates their military duties and develop soldierly qualities. To eliminate those who are mentally or morally unfitted to become flying-officers, and to give the necessary preliminary training in the use of the machine gun, wireless telegraphy, the operation and care of aeronautical motors, assembling and care of aeroplanes, principles of aerial tactics, cooperation with other branches of the service, and the fundamental principles of cross-country and general flying.

The course lasts about eight weeks, after which the candidate, if he has proven efficient in every way is sent to the flying school. If not, he is discharged.

The preliminary course of training in flying has not yet been standardized. The American students who take their training in the United States get a course which consists of flying in a training machine of a speed of about sixty-five to seventy miles per hour, equipped with double controls. The student holds one of the controls and after a few flights he is permitted gradually to control the machine alone. After a while he learns to turn and to properly bank the machine in turns and to make landings, which is the hardest part of the course. When he has become proficient he is permitted to fly alone, which he continues until he can pass the tests for the Reserve Military Aviator certificate, which graduates him for advanced training.

The tests for the Reserve Military Aviator certificate show what the flyer is expected to be able to do easily, and as a matter of course before attempting the actual business of war. They are, as it were, the elements of the flyer's profession. He must be able to climb out of a field two thousand feet square and attain an altitude of five hundred feet, keeping all parts of the machine inside of the square during the climb; to make glides and spirals and landings under specified conditions; to make cross-country flights over designated points and routes and at specified heights, and in general to show that his control of his machine is complete and almost automatic.

### *Training Abroad*

THE American students who take their training in France get their preliminary course of training in "penguins," which are monoplanes, low-powered, with short wings, and unable to rise from the ground. After a period of running the penguin up and down the field, "grass-cutting," as it is termed, the student is permitted to make jumps, which is followed by short, straight flights. Then he graduates to a machine equipped with forty-five horse-power with which he can fly and circle. The next step is an

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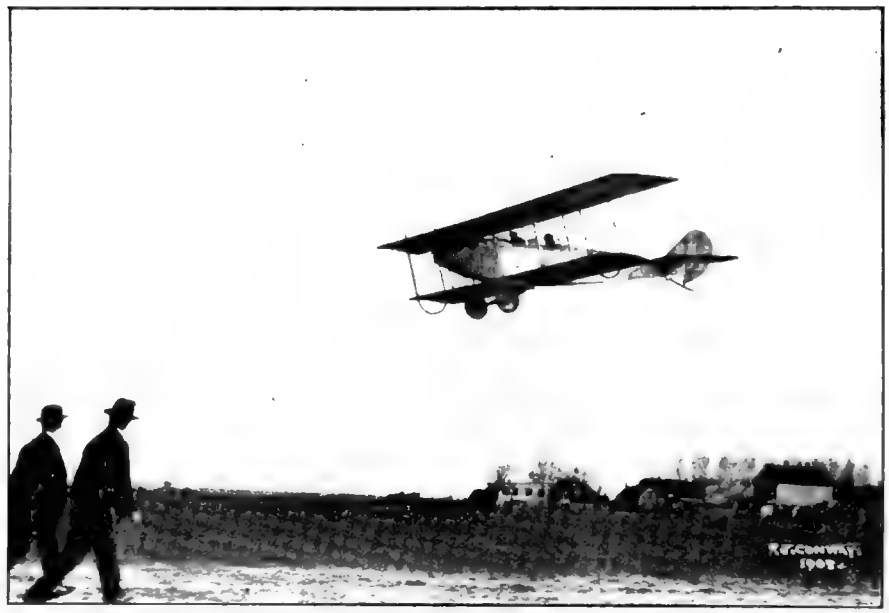
eighty-horse-power machine, with an instructor, making figure eights, and this is followed by practise in spiraling down from a height of twenty-five hundred feet. At this point the student passes the test for the civil certificate, and is ready to proceed for training for the military brevet, which is the equivalent of the Reserve Military Aviator certificate.

In this course of training there are five periods:

Ten trips in a two-seated Caudron biplane, with an instructor; ten trips alone; one hour flying at six thousand feet; two cross-country flights, totaling about two and a half hours; two triangular cross-country flights, totaling about four hours.



A TRAINING FLIGHT AT ONE OF THE AMERICAN AVIATION SCHOOLS.

### *The Aviator's Life*

THE student's daily life during this period is strictly regulated, but not so severely as to fatigue or wear the nerve of the future aviator—since his mental poise and freshness are factors of first importance in his work. The flying student's life is affected by considerations which do not concern the ordinary soldier in training. Certain times of the day are best for flying, because of favorable light and wind; and weather conditions often make inroads on his training time, and welcome additions to his leisure. But ordinarily his day runs like this:

5 A.M., reveille; 5:30, breakfast; 6, report at headquarters for flying; 6:30 to 9:30, flying; 10, return to barracks. From 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M., lunch and a nap; 2:30 to 3, drill; 3:15 to 4 P.M., lectures. From 4:15 to 8, flying; 8:15, return to barracks; 8:30, dinner; 10 P.M., "lights out."

The advanced flying course has not yet been established in the United States at this date of writing, but we may gain an idea of it from the French practise.

This course takes you from two to three weeks, during which the aviator, first with an instructor, and then alone, gets experience in a series of five different types of fast biplanes, which gradually decrease in size of wings and increase in horse-power, therefore, in speed. The first machine used has a wing-spread of twenty-eight meters and is equipped with an eighty horse-power motor. The student flies with the instructor, and then alone. Then he steps into another machine with a spread of only twenty-three meters; then into another of only eighteen meters, but equipped with one hundred and ten horse-power. Then follows the single-seated machine with a spread of only fifteen meters, and then, a faster one of thirteen meters, equipped with one hundred and twenty horse-power.

### *The Finishing Touches*

A WEEK of acrobatic flying follows, during which the now full-fledged aviator practises banking at an angle of ninety degrees, "cork-screwing" down with the machine descending faster than in a vertical dive; side-slipping, nose-diving and flying in squadron formation.

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A CHINESE AVIATOR IN TRAINING IN A FARMAN MACHINE AT PEKING.

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A SIX-HUNDRED-HORSE-POWER CAPRONI TRIPLANE CAPABLE OF CARRYING FIFTEEN PASSENGERS.

Then comes the period of transformation, during which the pilots practise the use of machine guns on different types of aeroplanes, shooting at toy balloons and flying from four to ten hours each day, while waiting to be called to join a squadron at the front.

During all the periods of flying training the students are given every encouragement and opportunity to fly, and are not punished if they break machines during practise, as has been the case in the United States. In the last part of the training the pilots can fly as much as they like and at any time they like. This is also true of gun-firing practise: shooting at toy balloons, while flying at a speed of over one hundred miles an hour.

### *The Final Test*

BEING assigned to active service at the front means being assigned to do any of the things already mentioned. While a man's qualifications do not always insure his being assigned to the work for which he is best fitted, in time he usually gets the opportunity to show what he can do best.

The *ne plus ultra* of the air service is the pilot of the combat machine. His daily life consists of a series of duels with Boches. The gunners of large bombing machines have an equally adventurous life, as they are usually attacked whenever they go on raids over German territory, but most aviators prefer to pilot combat machines and go hunting Huns. Now that the use of large machines with two gunners, a pilot and an operator for photographing and directing artillery fire is becoming general practise, every man stands a chance of showing how good a marksman he is from an aeroplane, and a good record leads to transfer to the combat squadron.

This is the work which, through the sheer thrilling adventure and the natural gallantry and courage which goes with it, has gathered in the finest flower of daring from all the fighting countries. Guynemer, the greatest fighter of them all, who fell a few months ago under the attack of forty enemy machines, will live long in the hearts of the French people. And what evokes so much emotion for us in the war as the thought of our Lafayette Escadrille, those three hundred and seventeen American volunteers, who went to France to fight in her skies, as General Pétain said, "in a pure spirit of sacrifice"? "In severe combats," the French commander said, "it has paid the price of serious losses." Nine of its members have been killed in action, one taken prisoner, but twenty-eight enemy aeroplanes have gone down at its hands.

Recently, at impressive services held on the French front in honor of Captain Guynemer, four members of the Lafayette Escadrille—Raoul Lufbery, Robert Rockwell, Robert Soubiran, David Peterson—were decorated for conspicuous bravery in action.

The scene was the airdrome of the Lafayette Flying Squadron—the airdrome from which they and their French comrades daily go out to give battle to German airmen. In the following terms the commandant of the French aeronautical forces cited the distinctions of these young "eagles":

"Lufbery—A remarkable pilot, who on October 24 in the course of three successive patrols and seven close combats brought down his fourteenth adversary and forced five others to fall out of control.

"Rockwell—A fighting pilot, bold and skilful, who has had many battles and who met an enemy formation in superior numbers on September 24 and forced one opponent to land out of control in his own lines.

"Soubiran—An American engaged in the French air service since the beginning of the war; member of the Foreign Legion; took part in the battle of the Marne in 1914 and the Champagne attack in 1915; wounded October 19, 1915; entered aviation service and proved a remarkable pilot; forced an enemy to fall in October while protecting aviators which were attacking an enemy observation balloon.

"Peterson—An excellent fighting pilot; brought down an enemy on September 19, following the falling German to within five hundred yards of the ground, regardless of a heavy fire from an enemy battery; machine-gunned enemy trenches and reserve troops from very low altitudes on October 24."

When an aviator first joins a combat squadron he is put on patrol duty with other aviators. Squadron formation is insisted on, as a rule, because it affords protection to the members of the squadron. But the crack aviators often prefer to hunt alone and are permitted to do so.

Most aviators get an opportunity to fight alone while on patrol duty. It is hard during an attack to follow the course of the other members of the flight or squadron and one becomes isolated and has to fight his way back to his own line.

### *The First German*

IT WAS under such circumstances that Major Bishop brought down his first Hun. He tells about it in the following hitherto unpublished letter to his mother:

DEAR MOTHER:

I am writing this in a dugout (evacuated by the Germans three days ago) three hundred yards behind our new front line. To-day I have had the most exciting adventure of my life. Four of us were on patrol and three Huns met us. We did battle, as they say. I opened fire on one, and another fired on me. I hit my man, I think, for he fell out of control. I dove after him from eight thousand to six hundred feet, firing all the way. When he reached the latter height he regained control and crossed the line.

The infantry claim that he crashed there, but it is not confirmed yet. If it is, it will count as one for me, but if not, it won't. We were sixteen hundred feet over No Man's Land. God only knows the machine guns which were firing at me. I glided down into a field, made a perfect landing. (I have forgotten to say that my machine played out during the dive.)

"I was not quite sure whether I was on the Hun's side of the line or on our side, so I jumped out of the machine and hid in a ditch, then I saw English soldiers. In ten minutes the Huns were shelling my machine, but we moved it and it was untouched. I am spending the night here with the 106th Battery, R. F. A. It was some snap, believe me, and great sport.

Yesterday I went up seventeen thousand feet.

Your loving son, BILLY.

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PAINTED BY L. A. SHAFER.

THE GUNS OF FREEDOM

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PAINTED BY WILL CRAWFORD.

HE WAS PLAYING TO THE END THE ONLY GAME HE KNEW.

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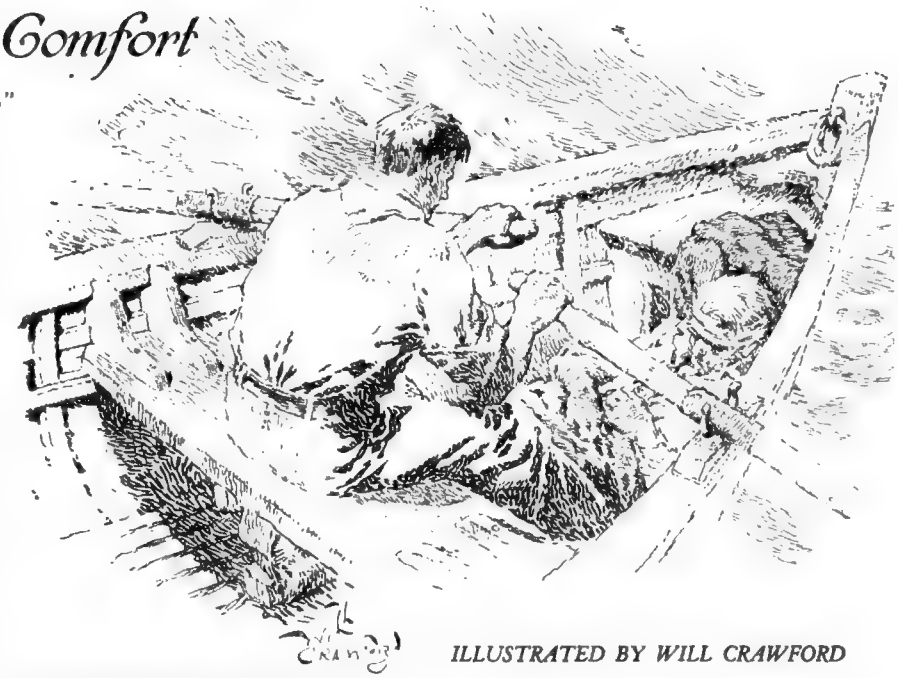
# LEAVE NO WOUNDED BEHIND

## By Will Levington Comfort

*AUTHOR OF "THE LAST DITCH," "LOT AND COMPANY," ETC.*



RED MUMBLED, "I'LL TAKE MY TRICK IN A MINUTE OR TWO."

*ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWFORD*

BILLY WITCHER sat in a hammock in front of the Oriente Hotel on the plaza of Montilupin, which is a coast town in Peru, near the border of Ecuador. There was firing at the edges of the town. Witcher was rather used to this. He twitched his shoulders in a bored fashion when the racket became particularly intense. For six months he had followed the little gold-war between Castro, leader of the defenders, and Virtu, the rebel, now knocking hard at the gates of Montilupin. The border between the two countries has never been settled with everybody satisfied; and the trouble, of course, is the gold in the river-beds that run perversely through the debatable land. This narrative, however, has far more to do with Billy Witcher's "getaway" from Peru for the bigger service, than with the little gold-war in the Andes.

The American hadn't averaged three months in New York for several years. His business was to be sent to disrupted places on the map for an international syndicate of newspapers. He was encouraged to make light "features" out of the miseries of the many, and humorous articles out of the maledictions of the few. His people wouldn't let him stay at home. He had crossed a large part of Asia by camel, and related his experiences with Kurds and Hindus, with Turks, Armenians, Persians, and Arabs. It was lonely work. They did more laughing in the office over his "stuff" than their correspondent did in the writing. Lonely work, indeed, designed to make a man over into a mystic, if not a monster. And the fact is, Billy Witcher wasn't at all the daredevil and haunter of isolation which the office made him out to be, when it sent forth announcements of a new series of sketches by their "world favorite," the "internationally famous" correspondent.

The fact is, he would have been glad to "do" drama or baseball for a period at home—(in these countries close to the line it was an effort to remember whether it was winter or summer in New York)—a period long enough to marry and get really acquainted with the woman whom he believed was designed by nature and approved in heaven for his particular fancy—Mimi Collins, supposed now to be waiting in New York. His thoughts often veered back to the last time he had seen her, the night he set out for this "brute of a service." . . . She had said she was for him that night—"for Billy Witcher, dead or alive—" Then she had laughed and added:

"But don't keep me waiting too long! I can wait a little while very well—then everything gets sick and green-gray."

Heaven knew he didn't want to keep her waiting——

Red Isbell was now crossing the Plaza rather hurriedly for him. Here was a "roughneck" in a captain's coat. Red drew forth two cablegrams and a bundle of letters, tossing the lot on Witcher's lap.

"Hello, you dude," he said. "Say, Witcher, you look more ironed up every time I see you."

This was just a pleasantry. Red was so thoroughly a ruffian as to be enjoyable. Huge, lean, iron-handed, young, laughing, fresh-shaven (the line of chin and jaw seemingly covered in a thin blue wax), a bit "steamed" with rum this morning, but a splendid outlaw to look upon, and tough as briar-root. What Red didn't know about the business end of wars would never have spoiled a brigadier. He had the adventurer's scent for blood and riot, and battle was his big game. A certain amount of ambition mingled with other passions in his crude brain—the ambition of a mutineer for swift if brief command—equal to any deviltry, but incapable of step-by-step achievement.

"Sit down a minute, Red, and let me look through this stuff."

The first cablegram opened was from the office in New York, dated eight days ago, and read:

*Report here quickly as possible. European war rumored.*

The second contained this:

*Don't leave Montilupin until I come.*

This was from Mimi, four days old, and had been filed at Guadlajara, six hundred miles up the coast. Among the much-delayed New York letters was one also from Mimi announcing her coming.

Billy read the messages twice. Finally he saw Red's face again, and heard the firing. Isbell watched him carelessly.

"Things stirring a bit after a lull," he said quietly. "Red, how and where did you get this stuff for me?"

"Castro had the mail-bags two days down from Guadlajara. The cablegrams came through from there by mail."

"That's what I thought—New York stuff badly held up. Did you hear rumors of a war with Europe or anything of the sort?"

"It's on. Castro got a straight telegram from Guadlajara yesterday"—and Red added a lot of arousing misinformation about the beginnings of the world-war. This was late in August of the Vintage Year.

He put the letters away to be read later. Witcher had business with Red just now. Manifestly, one man could not obey the two cabled commands.

"What's Virtu's particular aggressiveness this morning, Red?"

"I come to get you, kid. Virtu is breaking into town. He is going to be mayor of Montilupin before noon. I want you to sally forth with me——"

"Can't leave here," Witcher said



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briefly—"not until after the next ship from the Isthumus——"

"No ship from that way is going to stop here in Montilupin, my son, at least, not the next one."

"Why?"

"Castro's a cur," Red broke out suddenly. "He's leaving the town. He's taking his ship for San Miguel, sixty miles up the coast, and he's leaving his men to fight their way out of here."

"Why won't the next ship from the North call here? Tell me again. You're heated up, Red."

"Castro has connected with the ship at Guadlajara. He's got a boatload of ammunition aboard. It was ordered to be delivered here. Virtu got wind of it. He's trying to take the town so as to receive the ammunition."

"Same old fight at steamer-time," Witcher muttered. He swiftly recalled his own coming to Montilupin. He had arrived with a cargo of ammunition for Virtu six months before, but Castro took the town on the steamer's arrival, and the big order billed to the rebels went to the defenders. *Opera bouffe*. Witcher had often thought recently if he could happen in to Belcher's on Sixth Avenue and relate without a smile what had happened to him since his arrival, when he had taken his first impression of the fish-tin water-front of Montilupin in a haze of powder-smoke, it would have meant a classic night at the chop-house.

WITCHER realized at this rushed instant that he wasn't through with Red Isbell. It had been queer from the beginning. The big fighter had "fallen for him." Red had never fallen before for anything but rum and ruction. Now Billy Witcher "had him." Red said so. Witcher had left New York with credentials designed for Virtu, who held Montilupin when the American's steamer sailed. He had fallen into the hands of Castro with the rebel ammunition, and was interned three weeks. His confinement would have continued except for this same Red Isbell, who undertook at first sight to devote himself to the case of the American.

There was silence now between the two. Red sprawled in the vacated hammock. Witcher stood near, the letters and messages in his hand. Called home—the thing he had longed for so hard—but only to a greater war! And Mimi not in New York, but coming—doubtless on the next ship, the one that was not to stop at Montilupin. Mimi had red-gold hair—ruddy in shadow—straight gold in the sun. Her voice was like the stirring of palm foliage that one hears deep within a jungle, the flicker of birds' wings blended— "Dead or alive," Billy muttered. Mimi was coming. It was very wonderful to the lonely humorist.

Red Isbell yawned and came to. "Come on, kid. We got to get out of here. Virtu will have the town in a couple of hours. He's flush just now—paying his men real money: found big loot under a cathedral at San Isidro—gold and silver. He wants this coming shipload of ammunition and rifles. He'll get 'em. Our little ol' red war is done for when Virtu begins to pay his men *one day, one peso—every night.*"

They were walking toward the water-front now.

"You're sure, Red, about the next steamer skipping this port?"

"Just that—sure—that's why Castro's leaving. He's a yellow dog and I hate his heart. Two or three days for lushin' and sea-air, while his men fight their way through Virtu's lines and join him at San Miguel. Yes, he's delicate to the saddle all right. But why should we disturb ourselves? We're invited on the *Almeda*. Staff, general and newspaper party—to say nothing about the crew—two or three days at sea."

"But San Miguel's only sixty miles up the coast—" Witcher said.

"Have to go out a hundred miles or so before turning north on account of the coral reefs, my son. Very cool way to get out of town for a clean gent like you. The boys will have to fight their way out."

That's what hurt big Red, and his fellow American liked him none the less for it. The firing was sharp and nearer.

"Castro didn't send me a bid," Witcher remarked.

"I give you that now—better take it—you'll get mussed."

They were moving toward the steamer together. Isbell dragged his friend into a *fonda* for a flask of rum. "Handful of opals," he called it.

Everything was speeded up at the last minute. Billy relinquished the idea of going back to the plaza for his duffle. Defense was done for. Montilupin had practically changed hands already. They were casting off as Red Isbell pulled the American aboard.

"Let's have a little touch of 'opals' on our getaway," he said. "Then I'll wander up and report to his Indolence, General Castro."

They drank and Red cursed his commander in and out and through.

FIRST the *Almeda* was as slow as a West Indian servant; second, she had an iron-bound keel. Had the latter fallen off with wet-rot or had she been able to run more than eight knots an hour, her prow would have caved like a cigar-box when she struck a lofty spire of coral, at four o'clock in the afternoon, land sixty miles distant. With the impetus left over, the *Almeda* faltered a little way up the roof of the coral castle and lodged there. The engineer, finding that he lacked force to climb higher, stopped the engine altogether. Then it occurred to him to reverse. He did this and the *Almeda* tugged like a puppy, but it was no use. The submarine rib was mightier. It was as if she said: "You're on, old girl. Don't try to back out of a fair bet of your own making."

When the lurch had given way to rock-like fixity, and the horrid crash and grating sound was supplanted by the cries of men, "Captain" Isbell made his way forward and leaned over the railing, his eyes upon the roiled and bubbling mass below. Gradually, as the water cleared, a patch of yellow seemed to rise and swell out of the green. It was the reef. Presently a long, slim, white-bellied monster rambled up from the dark and slid over the coral masonry—the ever-hungry and nerve-crawling shark.

"NOW there one goes!" spoke up Isbell. "You don't see *them* very often!"

Billy was laughing a little at the horror of Red's humor. He was standing alongside General Castro and there was a throaty gasp from the latter as Red spoke.

"What, captain—what is it you do not see very often?"

"Gray nurse."

The mailed hoofs of fear were slowly stamping color and mind from the face of the Spaniard. Isbell was cold with hatred for the man who had abandoned his army. Witcher saw it clearly, though his own mind wanted silence in the midst of the rock-like fixity of the *Almeda*. A ship held rigid as a church feels queer underfoot.

"That's the real man-eater, general," Isbell resumed, like a tourist's guide. "Gawd, there's another! Aren't they cold and gauntlike? Another hour and there'll be a dozen here. They're the best waiters in the business. They wait for days. This here's a rotten old ship. Does that look like a wind-cloud risin' south? She do, an' she'll amputate this here ship's nose."

Mingled with the pitiable terror on Castro's face there formed a structure of hate—a kind of hate that does not grow in the north.

Isbell's eyes roved for a moment over the sea. Ahead to the left and right, he suddenly perceived yellow patches on the green of the deep.

"Oh, general, this is terrible!" he exclaimed. "Look at the yellow blotches—they're everywhere—a whole school of reefs."

It was true; the *Almeda* had slipped fatefully into the midst of a high range of coral formation. The yellow blotches which Isbell pointed out were the peaks, which broaden incredibly fast in the light, warm surface water. The *Almeda* was anchored to one of the foundations of a future tropical island. The general left the spot. Isbell tossed his leg over the railing, lit a cigaret, smiled somewhat, and pondered a great deal. The "wind-cloud risin' south" had given

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SEÑOR CASTRO'S BODY PLUNGED DOWN, HEAD FIRST.

up the task of arousing a lazy sky full of azure serenity, and had withered back into the size of a man's hand. The sun went down between the ship and San Miguel; at least, neither palm nor palace rose between.

Castro's staff and bodyguard consisted of about twenty men, and there were seven or eight belonging to the ship. When the *Almeda* struck, all hands had been genially accumulating drink. The shock sobered all, but there was more drinking than before. Billy felt a mean, snaky silence abroad now. Rum didn't bite. The crowd stayed close to the single long-boat. Isbell moved up and down the deck like an animal-trainer in a well-filled cage. He was cut and burned and rum-shot, but had his swagger working and a blue glint, cruel as sea distance, in his eye. Low voices from the passages; a smell of steam from below, and the strangest silence from the whole ship's fabric. It was like walking with a stiffened knee, this keel of the ship impaled like an insect on the coral spine.

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Witcher watched it all, standing apart. It was hard for him to realize why he was here, and yet he couldn't have remained in Montilupin. Though he had never drawn the six-shooter from his belt for war reasons during his stay in Peru, he was not friendly with the rebel leader, Virtu. Pure observer, absolutely cool, and trained under fire, but first and last a non-combatant, was Billy Witcher. Still, there had been much association with Red Isbell of the defenders, and Virtu had many eyes and fingers at work in the ranks of the enemy. Had Billy Witcher stayed for Montilupin to change hands, he saw now that the chances for joining Mimi Collins would have been small.

What chance was there now?

His own affairs had never been in quite such a chaos as this—real pain at stake. A man afield with only his own carcass to watch out for, gets the habit of doing that much automatically; but with a loved woman about to appear in the troubled zone! It was hard for Witcher to hold still and think of her being carried past Montilupin, possibly landed in San Miguel, and he stranded on a reef far out to sea. About this time, after much useless and racking reflection, Billy realized that his Peruvian adventures were far from finished.

BILLY READ THE MESSAGES TWICE.

Voices sounded cavernous. Many eyes turned often to the sky. Two sailors whetting their knives, as they leaned against the long-boat, discussed how they should deal with the gray nurses overside. Cold talk. Some one described how the wind would come up and break the *Almeda*. Witcher saw that all hands were filling with *ron blanco's* pale fire, that the ship's deck was like a stoop of hell, and the sun was going down like a window into red space.

Somebody spoke to Isbell—Juan Muscuitzo, personal servant to Castro. Red caught him by the throat saying: "I don't like dog-robbers, nohow. I don't like you. I think I'll heave you to the gray biddies——"

At which there was a cry and a rising from Juan's three friends. Isbell lifted the Spaniard and chucked his body straight out from the shoulder against the breasts of the three men. Then he tucked a gun under his sleeve and rolled a cigaret.

Billy got colder and colder. This was more than being under fire; this had a look of being surrounded by an enemy intent on massacre. Apparently Red was running amuck. Hate and rum had turned him loose. And he had been so quiet in the morning, too. Still, Witcher did not seriously believe his friend ready to start mutiny. He was below when the real *mêlée* began—the little adventure with Juan and his friends being a mere foretaste. Standing in the stifling bunk-room he had been ordered to share with Red, the American heard presently the strain and scrape and the hot horror of curses on deck, which told of a battle royal—the sort of battle that no other animal but man can pull off.

Witcher stepped to the companion-way but did not ascend. He heard Red's voice as if rallying certain friends. He halted, his face upturned to the light at the top of the ladder. Just at that moment Señor Castro's body plunged down, head and epaulets first. Then his second in command, then Muscuitzo, the dog-robber, and several others.

Finally, Red Isbell's face darkened the passage. None below, so far, had thought of putting a bullet into that red head. Isbell had the ship.

"Hello," said Witcher.

"Come up—" Red said briefly.

The correspondent glanced about before obeying. All was suppressed below. Castro had not lain where he fell. He was sitting up. You would never know by his eyes what he was looking at. No one undertook to impede Witcher's ascent of the ladder. The men on deck were divided into two parties—one party of nine men, containing three Americans, having declared to stick by Red, who now ordered the remainder of Castro's party still on deck to go below. This was done and the hatch closed upon the last murmuring head.

Red's nine now moved closer to the long-boat. Billy Witcher was thinking hard.

"What's the idea, Red?" he asked.

Isbell jerked a look sidewise. There was madness deep back of his eyes—as if the last of his sanity were burning out, madness and the struggle to keep it a secret—the look of a man or an animal amuck.

"I'm going to take my outfit back and leave Castro's crowd on board! I've got nine men here who'll go to hell for me."

"You mean to shut Castro and his lot down there and let the wind break up the ship?"

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"Castro left his army to fight its way out of Montilupin. I told him not to do that. Castro's a cur——"

"Do you mean to batten down the hatches and leave 'em here?"

Isbell winced. "You know that dude stuff of yours goes a long way with me," he said, "but don't make it ride a man—"

"You mean to shut 'em up and drown 'em?"

"Dam' you, Witcher."

"That's worse than leaving wounded behind."

"I never left wounded behind."

"You might as well. This isn't clean soldiering. It isn't revolt. It isn't black man or white man—it's yellow——"

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"I'll stay along with the ship."

"You'll do as I say. You come along with me. You're not consulted, see? Castro stays here, kid—He left his army and he's a cur, but I ain't goin' to hurt you."

"You've got the force, Isbell," Witcher concluded, lighting a cigaret. "But as for you personally—I lose interest."

The big redhead was pained, angry too. He weighed the words, biting his tongue, shaking his jaw forth with an effort, like a man shouldering a heavy weight. Then rum boiled up again. He became the bull with reddened eyes, knowing nothing but his own stubborn hate.

RED CAUGHT HIM BY THE THROAT, SAYING: "I DON'T LIKE DOG-ROBBERS NO-HOW."

"Fill the boat, men. Bring the 'opals'—a vat or two. Sit light—one boat—eleven of us—food and water—two days. See to the likker. There's no wind and there'll be a heavy pull home—them sixty miles——"

So he talked to his nine—hard, brutal men who answered; men of many wars, deserters, bobtails, but fighters all. Isbell was their style. They had seen him work—seen him drink. They rallied about him now.

Billy Witcher was sullen and cold. He had forgotten his own part. Here was a big chap gone wrong—deep in the turning of a trick that no white man could tolerate. Witcher was one against ten. He had no idea of using force. He did not resist when Red hurried him a little down the ship's ladder to the long-boat, already launched. The fact that because of Red's plan for returning to the mainland, Billy stood a better chance of being in San Miguel to meet Mimi's ship, did not take the ugly flavor from the work at hand. He glanced icily into Isbell's face as they pushed off from the side of the listing *Almeda*, and spoke in a low, slow voice: "'Under no condition may wounded be left behind in case of withdrawal from the field——'"

Isbell's shoulders hunched up in the dark, and his mouth looked like a white welt in the gathering night.

"I don't know why it is—but I take a whole lot from you, Witcher," he muttered.

The long-boat was well stocked with wine, water and provisions, though the *Almeda's* abundant supply was not drawn upon heavily. There was a roar across the water—drunken soldiers putting off from the stabbed ship—night and silence, the sea motionless, except where a fin cut lazily across the water, with a sulfur glow in the cleavage. No answer from the ship, and those in the long-boat a bit nervous at their own voices. Isbell was let down. The hate he felt from his friend made him less than he really was.

"We'll come back and get you, General," he called. "We'll come back just as soon as we take San Miguel."

Then he frowned darkly because one or two of the nine laughed. Billy Witcher thought of the girl who was coming. He smiled at the thought that she would look well under these southern stars. They were smoky and large and low as the darkness deepened—like lit white grapes. Then the marvel of a boatload of drunken men under these stars took and shook his breast again—big Red Isbell with night in his soul—the sea gentle as a mother's hand—back yonder Castro decapitated of all power, and his helpless ship draining out her vital fluids.

Wine and rum. All rowing stopped early in the evening. Billy got the answer as to what sort of commander Red Isbell was and what chance he stood of taking a city—a man who got drunk with his men. The sun arose upon a sleeping mess. Figures lifted and writhed and drank and slept again. It was a Dante picture of stupor and thirst. Now and then a face opened to drink, a hand fumbled with a cigaret or match, features rubbed out in strong light. Mid-forenoon, Isbell came to for the third time, cocked his eye at Witcher, helped himself to a couple of "handfuls of opals," and presently began to beat the nearest bodies into a semblance of conscious life.

Rowing began. Fuddled lips praised one another for not throwing water-casks overboard. They rowed in sets of twos, Witcher taking his trick, two hours on, three or four hours off. Land neared. In the night, somewhere between Montilupin and San Miguel, they grated upon the gravel of the mainland.

Witcher reflected that the steamer with Castro's ammunition and possibly a much more priceless burden, was due to arrive in San Miguel according to schedule within one or two days, perhaps to-morrow night. To get there in time, since it might be two days' march, the start ought to be made at once—at least, the first thing in the morning. But the rum was not finished until after several hours of carousal on the shore—fire and racket to arouse a province.

Next morning Billy Witcher, opening his eyes to the gray, saw the movement of a head upon the sand-dunes that climbed back leisurely from the strand. Isbell and the nine lay snoring without a guard. He glanced at the long-boat still safely moored a little out in the low surf. Finally he pressed his knee against Isbell's chest.

"Wake up, Red. Come forth. I

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think we are about to be ambushed in the open. Get your men into the boat."

Red was up. He asked it all over again quickly, meanwhile slapping his face and forehead to get belated ideas working. Presently he jumped up with a roar.

"The hell I will—get 'em into the boat. I've got nine. Hear me? I've got nine that can whip the world. Bring 'em on."

Red Isbell was given a chance to make good his dramatic declaration. The nine had unfolded their blankets under the camp of one of Virtu's captains with a scouting party of twenty-five or thirty men. This outfit trooped down now without coffee, and Billy Witcher waded out into the ocean to the long-boat, yanked up the heavy anchor, and climbed in after it, getting a camera up for service. Never in his Peruvian experience had he felt so thoroughly a non-combatant as that morning.

THE rising sun was in his eyes, spoiling the chance for a vivid picture of the massacre on the shore. Two of Red's men didn't really get aroused, didn't rise to their knees, before the first volley turned them over backward. Billy Witcher saw Red Isbell fumble over the bodies of these two and peer into their faces, before he drew back. Red's voice was a roar:

"Give 'em hell, fullahs—we can lick the world. . . . Pull back a little—don't fire until you kill—shoot to kill, men—we'll have 'em asking for quarter in a minute."

But they didn't. Virtu's party was three to one and no hurry. They lay in the sand and potted at the seven—at the six—at the four. And every time a man dropped, Red Isbell bent over him, searching close for life or death. And always as he retreated he dragged one man with him and kept his little party supplied with the rifles of the fallen.

Witcher was fascinated. He lost all that had to do with his own story. His heart went out to his big red-haired friend just now playing the only game he knew to the end, which was the fighting death.

"It's a battle," Witcher muttered softly—"just a handful, but a battle. Nobody would call this a skirmish or engagement if they could see from here. . . . Rum-shot and sun-mad—but fighting to the death—three to one. "Oh, Red!" he yelled suddenly. "Swim out, Red—you're a demon, old heart, but don't let 'em hammer your brains out. You've lost your party, Red—but come on out."

The answer of Virtu's captain to Witcher's call was a little volley directed at the long-boat.

"The hell I will," came back to him in a blurred, choking voice. Red was backing toward the water, heating a pair of six-shooters. His last man had fallen.

"Come on out to me, Red. Hai, Red—we're all square on leaving Castro—come on! That's the eye—swim low——"

Witcher, now under fire, poled in shore toward the swimmer—a face freshly sheeted with blood after every wave. Fascinated by the thing approaching in the water, the correspondent strained forward with a single long oar. Isbell's face turned red and gray-black as the brine washed the blood away. Fire kept up from the shore. Isbell's eyes were wide with madness.

"I'm coming hot, Billy——"

It was a gasp through the water.

"Billy, it's all right—I didn't leave any wounded behind. The beggars were shot—the beggars were all shot to death. The one I dragged along so far—that beggar died."

Red was making his report. A shaft from the soul of things entered Witcher's mind just here, as the face of agony was uplifted to *him* from the brine: Red was telling him his struggle, as one coming home would tell the Father. The great body was panting now in the bottom of the long-boat, and Witcher said:

"I saw it all, Red. It's all right, old heart. Nobody could have held off twenty-five of 'em so well."

Witcher was suddenly flogged with the thought that he was letting Red bleed to death. Red meant *friend* now to the end of the road. A man who comes in like that, making a report to another.

He was hard hit. Five times. Witcher was binding the last wound with lint from his haversack when the other stirred under his hands:

"I'm going to take 'em the boat——"

Witcher hardly heard. This binding seemed intolerably useless. It was a mere occupying of hands. Red had poured out enough blood already to end a life. He was bleeding within as well.

"You what, Red?"

"I'm going to take 'em back the boat. Not me—I won't leave no wounded behind. They were cripples, too. Castro's a cripple——"

"That's a real saying, Red."

"Not me—I won't leave 'em hung on a reef."

"I'll stand by, man. I'll go back with you."

"I should think you would! You started all this hell about me coming."

Red was staring up at the sun. Billy Witcher was in a queer mood. Externals were of little account. Only vaguely he realized that Castro's prone fighter, lying in the bottom of the boat, was like a fairy-tale picture seen years ago—the fall of a red-haired and most horrible giant. He found himself rowing prodigiously, but where was he going?

Back to the reef—with Mimi Collins on the ship for San Miguel? He shuddered and shook his head against that. She wouldn't know where he had gone. No word would be in San Miguel of the *Almeda's* wreck on the reef. She would be alone in a town full of soldiers and disruption. Perhaps she would stay aboard the ship—and be carried on. His mind created a dramatic reel of pictures that burned every emotion red—the chase of Mimi Collins over all the ports of South America.

"Row like hell," Red mumbled. "I'll take a trick in a minute or two. I feel better lying still just now. But we've got to keep the boat movin'—out to the reef, I mean——"

The undertow seemed actually turning the nose of the long-boat out to sea. Billy had been holding her to the shore.

"Sure, Red," he said queerly.

He thought coldly of a party of men breaking up and going to the sharks—because he wasn't man enough to risk a girl's feelings for a few days—a dozen lives in the balance and the dying wishes of a man who chose to make his final report to him.

"I feel better when the boat's movin'," Red mumbled wearily.

"Sure you do. I'll call you when I'm tired. I'll keep going for a while."

"God—for a handful of opals—but we scattered 'em all last night."

"I put by a little touch or two, Red; I wasn't drinking any last night, but saved a touch or two."

There was momentary satisfaction in turning over that flask in Red's opened neck. But Red was running down. He didn't know it; reviewed moments of the fight—fragments of action—no wounded to be left behind. Over all he begged for haste to the reef.

He spoke often of the "kid," which was his name for Witcher at the last. He didn't always know that his friend was near. Sometimes he spoke of him as a child, sometimes as a woman, sometimes as father. Billy Witcher had this much satisfaction, as he started the long pull out to sea—that he had called forth some real heart-stuff from this bad man of the comic-opera wars.

RED'S brain heated as the day arose, but his voice flagged; delirium was deeper. Witcher put down the oars at last and took the hand that was twisting up to him.

"You'll get 'em off the reef?"

"So help me, God."

The face was very sober and strange for an instant.

"I wouldn't give a dam'—but he—the kid told me not to leave 'em. I knew I ought to mind at the time, but I was rotten. You'll fix it with him for me."

"That's what, Red."

"All right. So long. I've got to get some sleep. So long."

(Continued on page 80)

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# BRAND WHITLOCK'S OWN STORY

## A Foreword to the Readers of EVERYBODY'S

*Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium is to be told to the American people through* EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

*We of* EVERYBODY'S *are sure that Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium is the biggest unpublished story in the world to-day; the most significant story of the war; vital, fundamental in its bare human elements; powerful for good beyond calculation in these the early days of America's fight for humanity and justice. We are printing what follows—a plain narrative of the personal experience of Mr. Wheeler, editor of* EVERYBODY'S*—in the hope that these experiences may give to the readers of* EVERYBODY'S *what they have given to us—a clearer understanding, a deeper appreciation than otherwise we could have had of the story that Brand Whitlock has to tell.*

Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

LE HAVRE, France.
October 21, 1917.

ON A certain day in early September, I left an American port, bound for Europe to secure for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium.

On that day I was convinced of two things: First, that America was at best but half-awake to the gigantic task ahead; second, that no individual American in the world could do more than could Brand Whitlock to arouse the nation.

It was only a few days before that I had returned from a journey through the Western states which had carried me to the Pacific Coast. I had talked with a great many people, since my purpose was to get a first-hand knowledge of the sentiment of the country toward the war.

I did not find the apathy I had expected to find. But I did find a tremendous lack of understanding.

*The country was not awake.* Our people were not *behind the war* in the sense that individuals had their own profound convictions. They were behind *Woodrow Wilson*, particularly in the great Middle West, because they plainly trusted *him*. That Woodrow Wilson, alone, could not win the war, was a fact they had not yet faced. The pressing need, so it seemed to me, was to give our nation the truth; to drive home the terrible facts that our neutrality had forced us to ignore, discredit, or minimize.

Brand Whitlock presented a singular opportunity for a powerful effort in this direction. Who in the world could stir the American people more profoundly than could Whitlock? He has seen. He knows. He can tell—powerfully.

That was the way we of EVERYBODY'S felt about it when I sailed for Europe to talk to Brand Whitlock. I do not say that we failed to appreciate that success would be a notable literary achievement. But I can honestly say that the desire to serve was the impulse driving us. [illegible]

WE LAY outside the harbor all of the night of that day on which we had sighted the coast of France. The weather was too thick to go in. "Dripping," the Navy crew had called them—the dark, murky days, with fog, and rain, with the slightest drop in temperature. And it was afternoon of the next day before we had begun filing, one by one, our rails drab with the thousands of eager American lads in khaki, into the inner moorings of the quaint old French harbor town.

Our ship was next to the last. Nosed by French tugs, we steamed slowly into the harbor. The gusts of wind off the land carried to us the cheers of the crowd of French folks that had come down to the shore to give us welcome. Once our skipper took his marine glasses from his eyes, and shouted through his megaphone to the soldiers that crowded the decks below:

"There's a girl standing on that stone wall right over there, boys. She's waving a big American flag. Give her something!"

And they did. Oh, they did! And then the band; and another cheer. And just as, barely moving, we found our way into the outer basin, the sun, after three days, broke through a cloud-bank low in the west, turning to vivid colors the red and the white and the blue of the captain's pennant flying at the masthead. And just then—the band again—"The Star-Spangled Banner"—every man at salute aboard—every head bare ashore. A moment's pause then, as there always is, as though for a breath-taking before the cheer.

And now—up and out from the deck where the band was, came the first strain of the "Marseillaise"! Bared heads aboard now, and bared heads ashore—until the last note of the sublime war-hymn of France. The cheer—I think that never before in all the world had there been a cheer just like it. There was a sort of a sob in it. Yet not exactly that. It was partly a cheer, partly a prayer, I think. France, mourning, weary, weakened—but brave! America,



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vigorous, fresh, powerful—and brave. It was a clasping of hands. It was France's "Old friend! At last! God bless you!"

I was not the only one on that boat who suddenly came to a fuller understanding, just then, of Woodrow Wilson's great declaration of our cause for taking up arms for humanity.

"I wish all America could be here now," I said, finally, to the ship's commander, a cool, efficient fighting man. He only nodded. He was gnawing his under lip. His eyes were on an old lady, standing close to the iron rail on the shore below; a little, withered old lady in black, with a touch of white at wrists and throat. She was alternately waving a handkerchief and pressing it to her eyes. There seemed to be France's welcome to America.

All America could not see that welcome. No. But all America could read Brand Whitlock's story — if Brand Whitlock would write. Havre was further on.

PARIS; a brief impression of a great city with the hand of war resting heavily upon it; down the Seine through Rouen, and presently, in a queer, dilapidated four-wheeler I was rattling toward the American Legation through the narrow, crooked streets of Le Havre, this dingy old port in old Normandy, which is now the seat of all the Government of Belgium.

Just as we were pulling up before Number 9, Rue Jacques Louer, I saw Whitlock. He was returning from his morning walk. Spare, erect, vigorous, vitally American, he was walking briskly.

His greeting was whole-hearted, as it always is. I felt that right there, on the little narrow sidewalk outside the Legation, was the place to say why I was there.

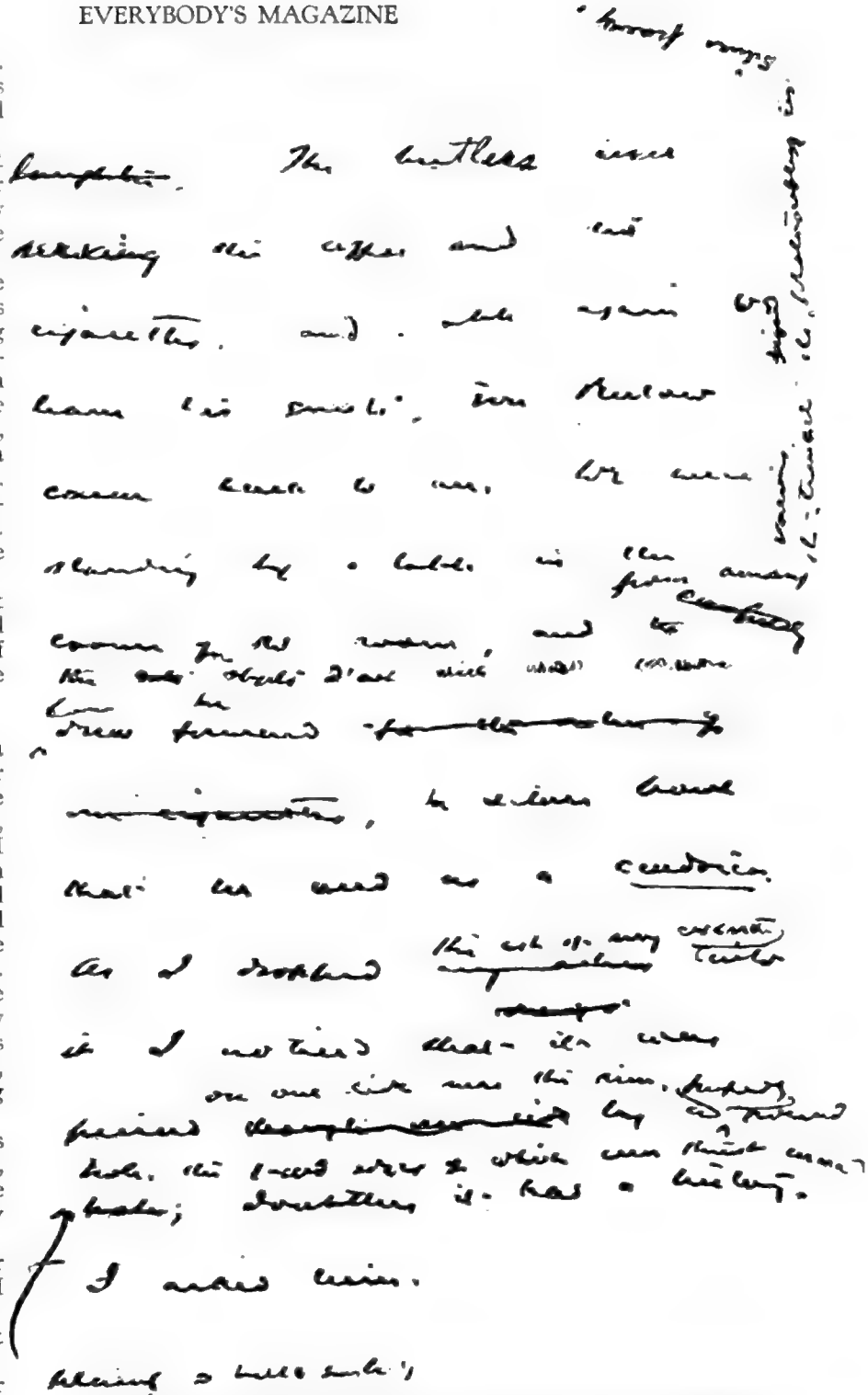
"I have come to Havre to get your story of Belgium, Mr. Whitlock," I said.

"Come in," he said. "We'll talk it over."

We did, during the next half hour Brand Whitlock and Mrs. Whitlock listening to what I had to say, he putting in a question now and then, until we had raised what seemed to be the important points and had thrashed them out. Then we came to this—I can quote accurately, because the incident made a very deep impression on me:

"I want to write this story," said Whitlock. "In fact much of it is already written. But to publish the story I should probably have to resign. I don't want to resign. I am going to tell you one of the reasons. No doubt you will not understand it. Few people, I think, would. The reason I speak of is this: I want to go back to Brussels—with the King."

The thing was simply said. But back of the words was a depth of feeling that I could but vaguely comprehend. He was right. I did not understand. I did not begin to understand until days later; though I knew, of course, that all Belgium wants him back.



A PAGE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE GREATEST DOCUMENT OF THE WAR—BRAND WHITLOCK'S OWN STORY OF BELGIUM—WRITTEN DAY BY DAY AS THE TREMENDOUS TRAGEDY WAS BEING ENACTED BEFORE HIS EYES.

Days passed. Then one morning I was asked to come to the Legation. From Washington had come the word permitting Whitlock to publish his memoirs. It was more than a week later, in London, that I had formal word that the story was to go to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. But that day at the Legation I heard a part of Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium.

After luncheon, not in the official drawing-room of the Legation but in the comfortable family living-room, Whitlock read to me from his own manuscript. (That manuscript! It was his journal, kept faithfully, day by day, that nothing should escape his memory. That afternoon Mrs. Whitlock told me of the labor that had gone into it. How, late at night, sometimes very near to exhaustion from the strain and sheer labor of those dreadful days in Belgium,

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he had persisted—stubbornly holding himself to the task of keeping that historic record. Only two days before, that manuscript, with scores of photographs and other records, had safely got through to Havre from the place where they had been left for safe-keeping.)

As Whitlock read, I began to understand what I had been unable to understand before. And I honored him for it.

I heard only a small portion of the story this great American has to tell. But I heard enough—more than enough—to say this:

It is a stupendous story. There are magnificent things in it; astonishing things; pitiful things; inspiring things; horrid things.

Things sensational there are in it, to be sure. For Whitlock is to write the whole story of ravaged Belgium. But as Whitlock tells the story, somehow the sensational shrinks to insignificance beside the great human drama that he builds of his facts. It is a classic—this story of Belgium.

Many times as I listened I wished, again, that all of America could be there to hear.

America has heard Woodrow Wilson say:

> **We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are, and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.**

I have not yet been to the front. I go soon. But I have talked to many men who have been there—men who, through training and hard experience, have come to know the meaning of what they see.

These men say if America can strike quickly and hard the end of this frightful thing that is going on in Europe is in sight.

Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium, which he hopes to begin next month, will stir America to the depth. That much is certain. It is a story that must help immeasurably to bring closer the day when America can strike with all the might that lies within her.

And Europe, including Germany, knows this:

So soon as our nation can be brought to strike with *all* her strength, just so soon will Woodrow Wilson's declaration of American ideals come true for all mankind.

So soon can bleeding France rest, and build again in security.

Britain can turn again to her work.

Justice can be done in France and Belgium.

And Brand Whitlock can go back to Brussels—with the King.

HOWARD WHEELER, Editor.

# THE GAIN

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

WHAT can be worth this cost of gold and tears,
These lands laid desolate with fire and blood,
This ruin past the mending of our years,
These generations blighted in the bud?
To seek until we find reality;
To know ourselves, our brothers, and our Lord;
In our own hearts to feel the searching sword
That kills the false, however dear it be.
O God! give us to know
The holy heart of suffering, and kneel
To give Thee solemn thanks that we can feel
A little of the pain that these have borne
Who for Thy sake the crown of thorns have worn!
We dare not say—"Be ours as Belgium's heart;
Ours as the heart of France!" We only pray,
Help us to do our part,
And to the children of a brighter day
Give an enduring peace that shall not stray
From Thy dear law of Love, whate'er befall—
God, that were worth it all.

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# INVADED AMERICA

## By Samuel Hopkins Adams

### Wisconsin Joins the War

"FIGHTING BOB" LA FOLLETTE, WISCONSIN'S PACIFIST SENATOR.

BACK in the middle of the last century, Wisconsin was extensively advertised to Germany. Leaflets were distributed through the Prussian villages, urging young men and women to seek the liberty and opportunity offered by the undeveloped riches of the overseas commonwealth. As a special inducement, it was represented that immigrants would not be forced to enter upon a new and alien civilization, but might transport and establish, unchanged, their own Teutonic culture, provided only that enough of them responded to the call. Press, schools, courts, legislature, in short, the state, would adopt officially the German language. A Little Germany was to rear itself, *imperium in imperio*, within the broad hospitality of the United States.

#### *The "Promised" Land*

FALSE though these representations were, based upon a political assumption impossible of fulfilment, their influence survives. Later immigrations arrived, to unite themselves to the earlier and to broaden a circle, the outer fringes of which alone became Americanized. In all but the political and official sense, the promise of the leaflets was made measurably good. Translated to the new soil, the German idea, "*Deutschtum*," persisted. It still persists. That the definite ambition to establish an actual German state in this nation endures in any conscious sense, except perhaps in the souls of some few fanatics, is improbable. But the Teutonic dream, vague, subconscious, deep-seated, is a potent factor to-day in the most Germanized of our commonwealths. It is not German-Americanism within its borders that constitutes Wisconsin's vital war problem. It is Germanism.

"We are forced to call ourselves citizens of this republic," declared the president of the Wisconsin Federation of the German-American Alliance, of whose forty-two thousand local members nearly one-half are alien born, "but we are still prouder to be German-Americans." Lest there should be any doubt of where the weight of emphasis in the compound adjective lay, he added: "The hyphen is for us an honor, and we carry it as a distinction."

That declaration was made before this country entered the war. It unquestionably represented not alone the German-American Alliance, but general German-American sentiment in the state at the time. They were prouder of their blood, these people, than of their nationality. With our entry into the war, the best and most progressive among them stood to the flag. Another and a larger element, Ray Stannard Baker has justly characterized in his report to the Vigilantes as having their "hearts with Germany, heads with America." Beyond these are the "dark forces:" the Germans of birth, marriage, training, or sympathy, and their allies in politics, who openly when they dare, by subterfuge when they dare not openly, serve the cause of their nation's foe.

Against them Americanism has organized and taken the field. The fight is now on, a conflict of opposed ideals, principles, and loyalties. More than any other commonwealth in the United States, the Badger State is to-day a battle-ground.

That Wisconsin stands impugned in the eyes of the country, none understands better than her own loyal sons. Although they bitterly resent it, they are not so blind as to ignore the bases of a judgment which they deem fundamentally misconceived and unfair. Press, politicians, and public all did their share to aline Wisconsin on the side of Germany against the Allies at the outbreak of the world war. At least two of these elements—press and public—have since changed base. The third is still an undetermined quantity. Unhappily, Wisconsin has been judged largely by the utterances or reticences of its politicians. Senator Robert La Follette, whose obstructionist tactics while the Government was preparing for war were a daily asset to the enemy, stands in the minds of millions of Americans as rightly representing Wisconsin. As yet the state has had no opportunity to pass upon the point officially.

*THIS is the second article in a series through which Mr. Adams is rounding up and bringing to the light secret German activities and pro-German disloyalties in America. The first article dealt with the influence of German propaganda upon the press of the country. The subject of Mr. Adams's third article, in the February number, will be "Re-Americanizing the Nation."*

THE EDITOR.

#### *A Battle-Ground of Deutschtum*

TO APPRECIATE properly the Wisconsin situation, it is necessary to bear in mind the extent and power of the alienizing influences. Fervid adherents of *Deutschtum* claim that a majority of the populace is German by birth or extraction. The most credible estimate places the ratio at between thirty-five and forty per cent.



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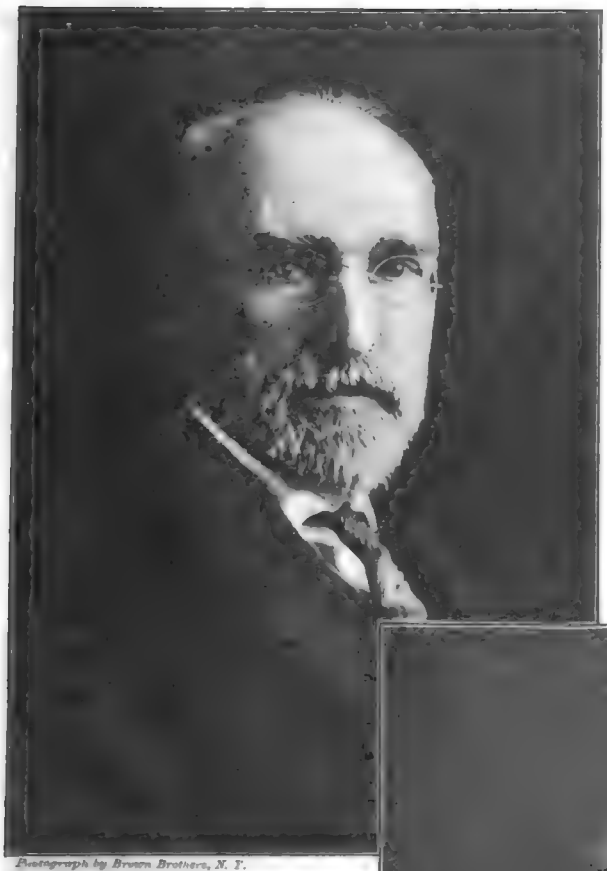

Photograph by Brown Brothers, N. Y.

PRESIDENT CHARLES R. VAN HISE, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, WHO HAS HAD A DIFFICULT WAR PROBLEM TO HANDLE IN HIS LARGE GERMAN DEPARTMENT.

Because of the financial, social, and mercantile, as well as political strength of this faction, it has drawn to it many sympathizers of other blood. Shortly after the outbreak of the world war I spent some time in the state and became convinced then that the preponderance of sentiment was pro-German rather than pro-Ally, with an inconsiderable minority honestly striving to remain neutral. Had that feeling survived on entry into the war, there would now be little to do with the Badger State other than to set a guard upon it. When, however, the question shifted to a choice between the United States and Germany, a majority of the native-born, at least, declared for their own nation. That left the avowed or secret German partisans, and the larger body of those malcontents who harbored a stolid determination to continue passive.

Giving them credit, or discredit, for remaining neutral as between the United States and Germany, they nevertheless constitute a weighty obstacle to Americanization.

Politically they have been a bogy. No man knew their real strength. No man knew how far they would resent manifestations of hostility to the Fatherland. That they were in sympathy with La Follette and La Follette-ism in national politics was accepted as a fact. Out of the political misgivings due to the general uncertainty, arose a situation unparalleled elsewhere, when in the face of war Wisconsin failed to support the Government. Let me quote from an official statement of the Wisconsin Loyalty Legion, a non-partisan body:

The first and most important support should be in the acts of the thirteen men who represent the state in Congress. If these men fail in their duty, the state fails. The test was twice applied, and twice the state failed. The first instance was early in March, when the President asked the power in the form of the "Armed Neutrality Bill" to enable him to keep the country out of war. In that test, *eleven* of Wisconsin's thirteen representatives failed.

The second test came early in April in the form of the resolution declaring that Germany had already made war upon the United States and that war existed. In this test *ten* of Wisconsin's thirteen representatives failed. In other words, only one in the Senate and only two in the House of Representatives supported the Government.

### *Lonesome* Loyalists

THE men who stood by America in the first test were Senator Husting, since dead by a tragic accident, and Congressman Lenroot, one of the strongest and ablest men in the lower house; in the second vote, these two and Congressman Classon, who was not a member at the time of the first test.

But the most astounding exhibition in the unedifying performance of hide-and-seek, was that of the Wisconsin Legislature. From what I can ascertain, this body of shattered neurotics, following our declaration of war, was possessed of one overmastering ambition, to find the thickest available cover and crawl so far into it that not even their tremulous toe-tips remained in sight. It was the bogy of the German vote that wrecked their fragile nervous systems.

To bring their misery to a head, a dozen members who were immune from hysteria insisted upon trying to put the whole body on record as to its loyalty. The test came in the form of the vote upon Senator Wilcox's bill to appropriate a small sum of money to print and distribute the President's war message. Most legislatures would have passed it without debate. But to the racked political sensibilities of Wisconsin's elect, it was fraught with the most horrid possibilities. Publication of the message would be interpreted as support of the President.

GOVERNOR E. L. PHILIPP OF WISCONSIN, WHO, BEFORE OUR ENTRANCE INTO THE WAR, FAVORED AN EMBARGO ON ARMS AND OPPOSED CONSCRIPTION, BUT HAS SINCE STOOD FOR COMPLETE LOYALTY TO THE GOVERNMENT.

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Support of the President would imply indorsement of the war. Indorsement of the war in a state which had fairly hailed Embargo Conference and World Peace Council with letters and telegrams—why, it would be flying in the face of Providence.

The air was full of din and horrific voices chanting, "The German vote'll get ye, ef ye don't watch out." With mad haste they voted to table it. And whenever Senator Wilcox or the other realists who weren't afraid of ghosts trotted the project out, they frantically voted it into retirement again.

### *Dodging the German Bogy*

THE little patriotic group lost patience. And then they lost their tempers. And then they got together and decided that if the legislature was *that* kind of legislature, they were just a little bit too good for it. So they cooked up a plan to present the bill once more, with a rider. The rider unofficially provided that unless the question was fairly met and openly voted on, they would resign in a body and give their reasons therefor. Fancy and pity the plight of the ghost-dodgers! Here was another specter risen to torment them—the specter of the American vote. For that there might well come into existence such a thing as an American vote in Wisconsin, was a dreadful but obvious possibility. How dangerous it might be politically they couldn't even guess.

In travail of spirit they got together—the project of the intrepid dozen had leaked out—and substituted for the Wilcox measure a resolution that was a mess of oratorical generalities. The graceful act was a bit belated—three months after the country had gone to war. But, at last, Wisconsin had decided that it was not a state without a country.

In the early days of our war the executive branch showed symptoms of the same species of phobia which afflicted the legislature. Governor Philipp had gone on record in support of the pacifist position on two most important measures. He favored an embargo upon arms and opposed conscription.

Now he continued to exhibit a notable tenderness toward the susceptibilities of his constituents. Language calculated to hurt their feelings in any question connected with the war he conscientiously eschewed. When the State Council of Defense was projected, he selected a list in which the pacifist element was conspicuous, if not dominant, and relinquished his choice only upon protests which approached the point of violence.

After some weeks of repression of patriotism on the part of the governor, it was forcefully represented to him that his official status imperatively called for a statement; the plainer the better for all concerned. Governor Philipp was a laggard but not a skulker when it came to the point. He made his decision for unqualified support of the war, and his attitude since then has been beyond criticism.

Lieutenant-Governor Dethnor early sought refuge from the rigors of war by wrapping himself in a cloistered silence. Not to the most attentive ear has any indication of his emergence manifested itself. He is credited with remaining a follower of La Follette. On the other hand, Secretary of State Hull is and has been from the first a fighting patriot, and Attorney-General Owen (since appointed to the Supreme Court), an old-time supporter of La Follette, has been unequivocally "right" since the United States went to war.

Do the cover-hunting congressmen and the specter-obsessed legislators actually represent and serve the sentiment of the people of Wisconsin? I can find no adequate basis for believing so. What they do represent is the strongest, most cohesive, and most articulate *minority;* and this they serve in fear and trembling lest their own petty and selfish interests be compromised by its hostility. Before this article is published, probably, Wisconsin will have determined whether or not it is still under the sway of the minority, according as it elects, as successor to the courageous and loyal Senator Husting, a straight-out patriot of unblemished record, or a swaying vacillator between the favors of irreconcilable national partisanships.

One political party was captured bodily by the enemy. Victor L. Berger heads the Wisconsin Socialists. His paper, the *Milwaukee Leader*, is or was until recently their voice and oracle. Upon American participation in the conflict, he became a Pacifist, the whole German wing of the party following him. Thereupon the leading American Socialists quit the party. Half a dozen of them, led by Gaylord and A. M. Simons, are now active in loyalty work. In Wisconsin, Socialism is politically impotent, and is at present the ruling power in Milwaukee. The capture of the party is one of the symptoms which helped to arouse the dormant loyalists to the seriousness of the situation.

REVEREND DAVID THOMAS, FORMER PASTOR OF THE SHEBOYGAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

W. J. GOODLAND, A FORMER LA FOLLETTE FOLLOWER, IS NOW ACTIVE EXECUTIVE OF THE WISCONSIN LOYALTY LEGION.

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To this extent Wisconsin is clearly open to criticism—that she woke slowly to the impending conflict within her borders. German propaganda had literally years of start of American propaganda. A few important newspapers, such as the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Madison State Journal*, foreseeing the inevitability of war and appreciating the Teutonizing power exerted upon public opinion by the enemy agencies, had been sounding the alarm for months before our entry into the conflict—and, incidentally, getting themselves bitterly abused by the pacifists for "waving the bloody shirt."

Even after war was declared, public sentiment failed, for a time, to crystallize. The corrupting element of Germanism withheld the mixture from precipitating. The instinct of the people was to take time and think it over—as if the decision of the nation had not sufficiently committed its citizenry.

"I want to get this fact into the heads of you people!" shouted A. M. Simons of the Loyalty Legion (one of the ex-Socialists who expect to be Socialists again when the party is re-Americanized) to a meeting of shufflers and hesitants. "This isn't an election. It's war!"

But the Germans had a scheme of their own to handle it like an election. Down in the strongly pacifist town of Monroe, in the last days of March, the City Council passed a resolution providing for a referendum vote on the war on April third. This would have made the vote official had the town authorities not become alarmed at the last moment and reversed their action in turning over the voting machinery to the precious scheme. So it was done unofficially, the question being put in a manner which commended itself only to the pro-German element.

### *A "Referendum" on the War*

MEANTIME the plan had passed on to Manitowoc and thence to Sheboygan. Although the originators will not admit it, there is no doubt that the intention was to organize this "referendum" system over the state, and then put Wisconsin on record as opposed to war with Germany—a procedure, by the way, which would have infinitely strengthened Senator La Follette's position by enabling him to advance the claim that he was accurately representing the sentiment of his constituency.

In Sheboygan, one of the most German cities of the state, the ballots bearing the question, "Shall the United States Enter the European War?" printed in both English and German, were distributed to the churches which were expected to urge a negative vote. The vote was set for April 1, 2 and 3.

Among the churches which were solicited to help the movement was the First Congregational Church, a broadly liberal institution, whose pastor, David Thomas, had built it up to a position of notable success and influence. Mr. Thomas made his answer from the pulpit in these words:

> The gauntlet has been thrown at my feet as minister of this church. I accept the challenge to urge peace—to be disloyal to my Government and to be a traitor to my country. I accept the challenge to urge peace to embarrass the President, knowing that the challenge emanates from the Beast of Prussia, whose breath is more foul than the seven plagues, and whose head bears the name of Blasphemy.
>
> And through its adherent it challenges the citizens of this republic to be disloyal, to urge peace, to divide the country. . . . Our answer to the challenge is WAR, not peace. War, if it is the President's decision. War, in the name of Liberty, in the name of Jesus Christ . . . for Germany under dominion of the Beast is now committing acts of war against the United States.

The effect was instantaneous and electric. Mr. Thomas's sermon got on the wires and into the papers, and that one lone voice of patriotic protest effectually checked the spread of the "referendum." Indeed, the local vote was stopped before its completion, but the incomplete result was announced as 4,112 noes to 17 ayes. A glorious German victory!

His action cost the intrepid clergyman his church. He was requested to tone down his utterances in future. His reply was to resign. Assistant Pastor Stowell went with his chief. But to Mr. Thomas is in large part due Sheboygan's subsequent wakening, as expressed in its oversubscription to the Second Liberty Loan.

VICTOR BERGER, HEAD OF THE ANTI-WAR SOCIALISTS OF WISCONSIN.

### *Germanizing the Schools*

WITH their genius for getting down to fundamentals, the proponents of Teutonism long ago arrived at the state's school system. To make a public *think* German, it is necessary to make it *speak* German. Representing ostensibly the University of Wisconsin, but actually as an exponent of the German-language propaganda—the true seed of Kultur—a speaker before the conference of the State German Teachers' Association several years ago, said:

"Above and before all, we must firmly establish the German tongue in our grade schools."

At one time the German language was generally taught in the schools at public expense. It has been an essential requirement, up to this fall, in the Milwaukee public schools. More than that, it has been a specially favored study, carrying with it extra credits not given for collateral branches such as mathematics, grammar, and the like. To inspire the pupils with the true spirit of the hyphen, the Milwaukee educational system taught them to sing not only "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," but also "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*," but through some strange oversight neglected to march them into school with the goose-step or compel them to stand and salute when the Kaiser's name was spoken.

I have it on the authority of one of the teachers herself that in the eighth grade of one school not a single pupil could name the American national hymn, nor could one be found who could repeat a stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Two members of the board have recently taken it upon themselves to criticize high-school principals for permitting patriotic exercises in honor of recently enlisted soldiers. An echo of this anti-American feeling came from the state Capitol, where the pro-German superintendent of schools vehemently objected to a principal's presenting a loyalty pledge for affirmation by the pupils.

To what a degree the state university itself had become involved in the Teutonic educational toils, is an open question. When the war accentuated national feeling, it was discovered and pointed out by resentful

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alumni that no other college in the country (barring avowed German institutions) maintained so disproportionately Teutonic a staff. At the time we declared war on Germany no less than twenty-seven teachers of various academic grades composed the Department of German. Half a dozen of the lower grades have since been dropped. All other modern languages combined command the services of but twenty-six representatives. This in spite of the fact that there are to-day in the institution about twice as many students taking French as German.

Up to a few years ago, an astonishing situation prevailed. Except in the purely classical course, the least popular in the college, it was impossible to graduate from the University of Wisconsin without German. It was not a matter of election. French, Spanish, Italian—these were all optional. But German was required. It is true that even without this there would doubtless have been a preponderance of demand for German on the part of students prepared in the Lutheran schools and the Germanized high schools.

CHIEF JUSTICE WINSLOW, ONE OF WISCONSIN'S LEADING LOYALISTS, WHO IS MENTIONED AS POSSIBLE SUCCESSOR OF THE LATE SENATOR HUSTING.

RICHARD LLOYD JONES, ONE OF THE STATE'S MOST ACTIVE LOYALTY WORKERS, IS THE SON OF REVEREND JENKIN LLOYD JONES, A NATIONAL PACIFIST LEADER.

But, up to the present writing, the Department of German continues out of all proportion to both its appropriateness in the general scheme of cultural and practical education and to the demands upon it. Why, the university, through its constituted authorities, has failed to explain, although at a recent meeting of the State Council of Defense, with the president and Board of Regents of the institution present, Richard Lloyd Jones, himself a member of the Official Board of Visitors of the university, challenged it as the greatest German-teaching university of the day, declared that the Germanic studies were so far out of proportion as to constitute obvious propaganda, and called upon the Council to demand a correction of these conditions, his charges being greeted with acclaim.

In the face of President Van Hise's injunction upon the faculty members, at the outbreak of the world war, that they should maintain neutrality in their class-rooms and in public, certain pro-German instructors engaged in outside propaganda of dubious justification. After diplomatic relations with Germany had been broken off and war was an all-but-accomplished fact, Professor J. F. Haussmann, of the German Department, published a letter in the *Madison Democrat* (a loyally American paper which opened its "forum," properly enough, to both sides, before our participation in the war), presenting a list of six rhetorical questions, all radically pro-German—Germany the truest friend of this country, England our bitterest enemy, doubters of our German-Americans stigmatized as "wavers of the bloody shirt"—all the stock arguments.

Out of the six headings, four were practically verbatim the phraseology of a letter from a pastor of Charlotte, Iowa, published a week previously in the *Chicago Tribune*. The two communications apparently emanated from some central German agency of propaganda. That is, a professor of the university was distributing "canned" Teutonism through the press. Professor E. C. Roedder, another representative of the German Department, wrote to one of the state's representatives a letter declaring that it would be a "crime" for this country to war upon Germany, the phraseology being too similar to "form" letters of the propaganda to be explained by coincidence.

Even after America's participation in the world crusade, certain pro-German elements in the university remained "unreconstructed." No branch of university activity is more competent to render expert aid to the Government than the Chemical Department. It has been conspicuous for its lack of volunteers. How closely this may be connected with the fact that Dr. Louis Kohlenberg, director of the course in Chemistry, leans strongly to the German side of the hyphen, I am unable to say. Influential alumni have not hesitated to make this charge.

Years ago an attempt was made to lessen the German influence over the Wisconsin educational system. In 1890 a bill was passed providing that children of school age must attend institutions in which the English language was the medium of instruction. On this "Little Red Schoolhouse" issue Governor Hoard ran for re-election. He was badly beaten by George W. Peck, author of that classic, so inspirational to the American child, "Peck's Bad Boy," the forerunner of our "comic" supplements of to-day. Under Peck, the bill was promptly repealed, and German became again the supplementary tongue of Wisconsin. It was the German teachers and the preachers who beat Governor Hoard.

Another agency which has been potent in indirectly binding the Wisconsin Germans to the Fatherland is the Lutheran Church.

In the original home of Lutheranism the sect is not more German than it is in the country districts of Wisconsin,

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and to a great degree even in the large cities. Except in a few churches services are entirely in German; the German hymns and prayers are used; the language of communication between pastor and people is German. Indeed, not a few of the clergy would find it difficult to make themselves understood in English, their own theological training having been exclusively in German. The Lutheran common schools, some of which rival the public schools in size, are under the control of the church, and maintain the same Kultur. English is taught, but is not employed outside of its own special class-room.

Is it surprising that the influence of school and church was for peace when this country came into conflict with the church's home-land? What bond have these people with Americanism?

### *The Dominant Teuton*

CHURCH, school, and politics have thus been used in the slow, patient upbuilding of *Deutschtum*, until it has permeated the commonwealth and become potent in communities of every size. In Milwaukee, the metropolis of the state, the leading financiers and manufacturers are of German blood. Most of the names in the retail district are Teutonic. The richest and best-equipped club in the city is the Deutscher Club. Politically, the Germans hold the balance of power, and through the Socialist party, which, since the war, is their exclusive property, have elected one of their number mayor. Another German Socialist, ex-Mayor Seidel, has just protested the proposed investment in Liberty Bonds by the municipality, in a speech wherein he impugned the nation's motives in entering the war—and he is still at large. One of the important papers, the *Leader* (Socialist), is openly anti-war, and another, the *Free Press*, is as nearly pro-German as it dare be.

In every department of activity, except, perhaps, the professions, the German pre-eminence is obvious. Yet on every summons to patriotic duty, from the Red Cross to volunteering, Milwaukee has made instant and splendidly generous response; and in every case the men and women of German lineage have been among the foremost. Without them, success would have been impossible. Wisconsin has as sound cause to be proud of the best of its Germans as it has to be ashamed of its worst of them.

Turn, now, to the small city, Sheboygan. This place is overwhelmingly German, in business, politics, finance, church life, social life, clubs, school system, everything. Were all the American names eliminated from its business section, trade would scarcely be interrupted. Many of its signs are in German. German is largely the language of the streets, particularly among the working people. In the early days of the war the city was hardly neutral; it was sullen, resentful. While the rest of the nation was ablaze with flags, a visitor to the town in mid-April counted less than a dozen on the main business street. Repeated and stirring appeals by the *Sheboygan Press*, a fearlessly patriotic paper, has remedied this to some degree, but even now the showing is meagre. One storekeeper said, as he watched the flag which he had ordered staff-headed:

"That will cost me a steady loss of trade."

"Who will quit you on account of it?" asked the Loyalty Legion man who had persuaded him to the patriotic showing.

"My church people. They'll go down there." He pointed to a rival shop where no colors floated, nor have floated since.

Nevertheless, Sheboygan is rapidly purging herself of the earlier reproach. She has liberally oversubscribed to the Second Loan, and the spirit of the people is palpably changing. From talking with a number of America-loving inhabitants I gathered that there were two principal agencies at work: the influence of the state patriotic organizations, which had persuaded the best class of the citizens to read and study publications setting forth America's side of the war; and Walter Kohler.

Mr. Kohler has been the leader in the bond campaign and the Americanizing propaganda that is inseparable from it. He is the richest man and the largest manufacturer of the place. He is a German-American, brought up in a thoroughly Germanized community. When a foreigner comes to work in the Kohler factory, he is at once urged to educate himself for citizenship. Every naturalization day, Mr. Kohler provides automobiles decked with the Stars and Stripes and takes his men to and from the naturalization court. The motor-cars are free. The men's time is paid for. That is the kind of German-American Mr. Kohler is.

It is in the outlying districts of farms and small villages, however, that Teutonism maintains the true strongholds. In some of the hamlets flourished, up to recent years, that sign so familiar in Berlin, "English spoken here." Every activity in these places is carried on through the medium of German. The gathering-place is the German saloon. In one such, with the surprisingly un-German name of Ryan Center, American propagandists found recently fifty-odd voters, nearly all Socialists, and all hostile to the United States on the war issue.

In Sheboygan County is a small area claimed to be the "richest four miles of farming land in the world"—which probably isn't. But rich it certainly is, and the farmers would be regarded in the East as agricultural magnates. Yet, strangely enough, when the Liberty Bond salesmen made their rounds they encountered this identical response at every farm: "*Kein Geld*"—"No money." The men didn't want to argue. They had nothing to say about the war. "*Kein Geld*"—and there was an end of it. The whole community, German to the core, reading nothing but German, speaking nothing but German, thinking nothing but German, having none but German associations, singing in German, praying in German, was secretly but immovably in sympathy with Germany and against the United States. From that district there came into court as witness a bright-eyed, well-dressed native-born youth of twenty-one. He had to have an interpreter!

Such is the soil upon which an unadulterated Americanism must be cultivated if Wisconsin is to justify herself in the eyes of her sister states. Let us look, now, at the agencies of cultivation. Foremost is the State Council of Defense.

Until I visited Wisconsin, I failed to appreciate the appropriateness of the generic title, "State Council of Defense." The "Defense" feature appeared to be something of a furbelow; a mouth-filling rounding-out of a title which otherwise would be too inexpressive. Wisconsin enlightened me. The dominant concern of the Wisconsin State Council of Defense is to defend the state, and therewith the nation, against activity, open or hidden, from within the state which threatens or impairs competency for the war. Some fifteen hundred members, organized in county councils and town councils or subcommittees, cover the map like so many soldiers on sentry duty. Very little escapes their notice. Reports coming in to them, often by secret routes, are considered, sifted, and, if of serious importance, passed along to the parent body in the state Capitol at Madison, the chairman of which is Magnus Swenson.

### *A Patriotic Policeman*

UP TO the time of America's entry into the war, Mr. Swenson was occupied with his large water-power projects to the exclusion of other interests. Now, as a friend of his informally observed at a meeting, "Magnus wouldn't know a dam if he saw one, unless it was tacked on to a pro-German." His job is that of a war guardian of the peace. It is his business to detect the earliest symptoms of disaffection in any phase and stop if he can not forestall them.

Besides he has under his management the propaganda machinery incidental to such an organization: Speech-making, the enlistment of personal service, popular education on the

*Continued on page 54*

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# HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE

## By Berton Braley

*ILLUSTRATED BY CRAWFORD YOUNG*

"AND THE KID RARELY MISSED THEM, COMING DOWN, EITHER."

FOSTER GORDON'S father claims that as soon as the boy reached the rattle age he displayed signs of a dexterity unusual in babies. Where the ordinary infant finds his greatest joy in dropping rattles or toys or timepieces and watching grown folk picking them up, Foster's childish endeavor was to toss them up and try to catch them.

"And the kid rarely missed them, coming down, either," the elder Gordon insists.

One must allow some latitude for fatherly pride in crediting such tales of our hero's earliest youth, but there isn't any question that as soon as he got out of dresses and into knee-pants Foster revealed a penchant for tossing things in the air and catching them. Also for twirling sticks about in his hand and for endeavoring to balance anything and everything on his finger-tips, his forehead, the tip of his nose or his chin.

The Gordons believed in making a youngster useful about the house, and Foster was required to help clear the table and wash dishes not infrequently. There was vast carnage amidst the family china following his first circus, because the boy would persist in trying to keep a cup, a plate and a pitcher in the air at the same instant, or spin a platter as he had seen the circus performer do. Also he succeeded in setting himself and the house afire by juggling with a lighted lamp, and was discovered just in time one day with all the kitchen and woodshed cutlery in his possession, about to do a knife-throwing stunt with Rover, the dog, as the object. Rover, trustfully sitting up against the woodshed wall—his one and only trick—had no idea how grateful he should have been to Mrs. Gordon for missing the bread-knife just when she did.

Some of these attempts of Foster had a painful aftermath, of course, but he could no more help juggling everything he laid his hands on than an embryo artist can resist marking up each drawing surface he discovers.

HE WAS DISCOVERED JUST IN TIME, ABOUT TO DO A KNIFE-THROWING STUNT WITH ROVER.

And Foster didn't break all the dishes he handled, for rapidly he gained a dexterity most wonderful.

But he never could perform before a crowd. An overwhelming self-consciousness made a bungler of him. In the bosom of the family, in the casual gathering of his boy chums, he could balance and toss and whirl, catch and spin objects with a sureness and facility superb—but let him try to exhibit at a kid circus and the attempt was ever a dismal failure. He couldn't stand the thought of an audience, the congregation of spectators always unnerved him.

He wasn't much use to a church entertainment, and after half a dozen failures at amateur minstrel shows he ceased to be in demand for them.

And yet, when he went away to the big city to make his fortune, he planned to be a juggler. After all, it was the trade that interested him most, and the thing he liked best to do. Why be a clerk or business man when your hand and eye were quick enough to keep half a dozen things in the air at once, all behaving with a seeming disregard of all the laws of gravitation? Why, indeed, particularly when salaries in vaudeville were so high?

Foster Gordon didn't lack self-confidence or assertiveness. He could beard a vaudeville agent or manager in his lair and tell him how good Foster Gordon was without a qualm. It was only crowds that cowed him.

And Foster was as good as he said he was. His idea for an act was good, too. A kitchen set, with utensils and dishes galore, and even a few things stewing on a property stove. Foster, as the small boy sneaks in for a snack, samples nearly all the viands on the table or the stove, burns himself, and gradually thus works into comedy, juggling with everything in the place, from the teaspoons to the wash-boiler.

Done before a couple of managers whom he'd corraled for the purpose, Foster's act was a wallop.

"Kid, you're a wiz," said the fatter one, who ran a half-dozen houses. "I don't often tell a new act he's as good as that, but I gotta slip it to yuh.

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We'll try yuh out in the Bronx house Friday night and if yuh get over big—and I think you're gonna, we'll have yuh inside the Palace inside three weeks. Your stuff's high-class and most of it's new. Suppose we say two hundred a week to start, eh?"

"I'd rather wait," said Foster, "and talk business after I've got over. Maybe you won't be able to get me so cheap, then."

It was six months after this conversation that Foster Gordon stood looking rather hungrily at the flapjack tosser in the White Front restaurant. Foster had not got over. He'd thought that when he left home and reached the stage of a regular theatre the very impersonality of the big audience would cure his stage-fright. But it didn't—it intensified it. In private his act was a wallop. in public it was a flop. One look at the massed faces beyond the footlights and all the vim went out of him, he was a "frost"—not awful enough to be funny, just bad enough to be "rung down."

He had had a dozen try-outs, with the same result. He dropped from the three a day to the movie house and from the movie house to the "honky-tonks." And not once had he done his work well. He couldn't conquer his inhibition, he didn't "get over"—he went under.

Six months had put his little initial roll into limbo, and as Foster stood and gazed into the window of the White Front his mouth watered at the sight of the brown "wheats" the swarthy Greek was turning on the slab. Foster was hungry.

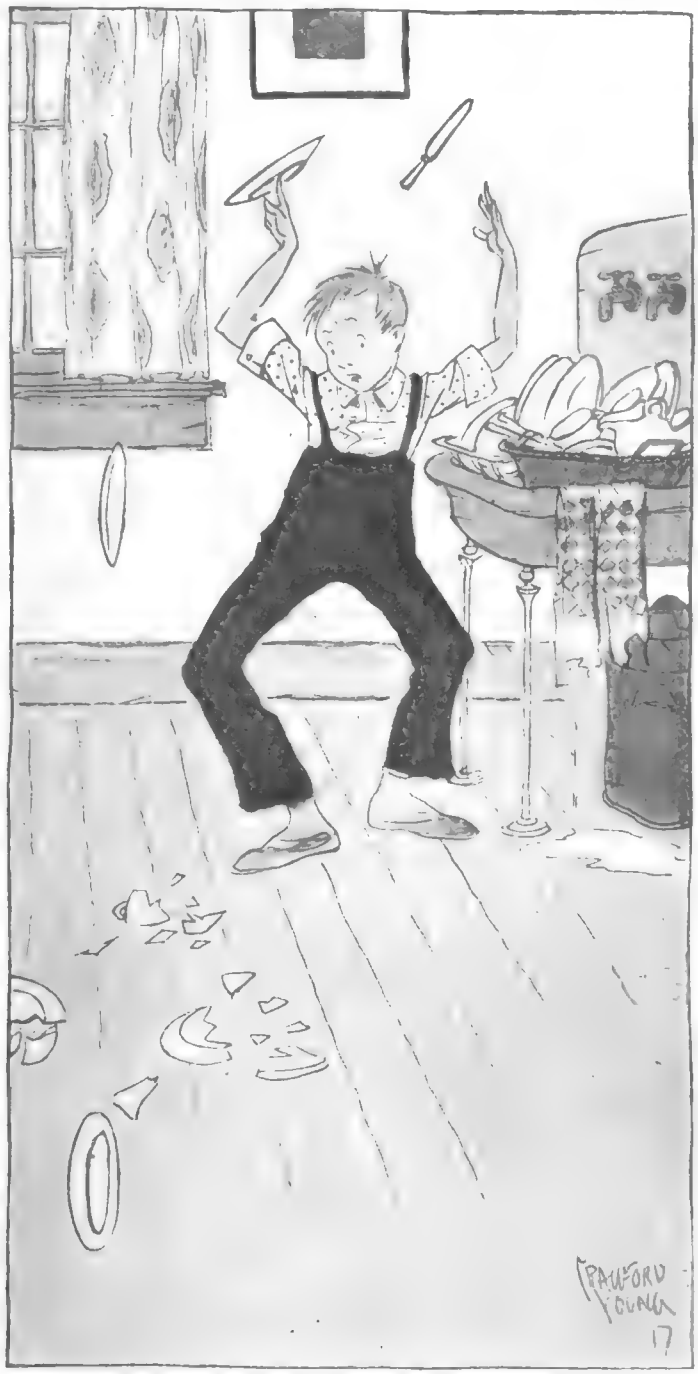
To his mind, obsessed with the thought of food, a job in that restaurant seemed about the most desirable position in the world. To work in a place where victuals were sold—what bliss! He watched the Greek a little longer. Then,

"Oh, hell, why not?" he said to himself, "I'm a failure, a bum, anyhow. I might as well be a dish-washer in a restaurant as a ditch-digger or a delivery-wagon driver—here goes."

"Nope, I don't need no waiters or dish-washers," said the manager when Foster inquired for work, "I don't think there's a thing I could use you for except—wait a minute. The Greek's gonna quit to-day and if you wanna' try it you might flap the wheats like he's doing. Are you handy with your hands?"

"Some," said Gordon meekly.

"Well, come around to-night at seven and I'll give you a try on the night-shift when there ain't so much doing. Course there's nothing much to toast at night, but it'll help to get your hand in."




THERE WAS VAST CARNAGE AMIDST THE FAMILY CHINA FOLLOWING HIS FIRST CIRCUS.

In this manner it came about that Foster Gordon, juggler, after a week or so on the night-shift for practise, appeared in the window of the White Front restaurant one morning as a full-fledged pancake flapper, in white cap, coat and apron, and armed with the weapon of his trade, a pancake turner. By this time Foster had become somewhat used to the constantly shifting little crowd of people that always paused to watch him at his duties, and though the day-shift bunch was larger, it did not trouble him. There was something too, in being behind glass, a sense of removal from the spectators which helped him. Furthermore, he wasn't up there solely for exhibition purposes, he was baking cakes and the people he had to please were those behind him, not those in front.

At first he had kept his eyes rather closely to the work of making toast, turning flapjacks and frying butter-cakes, but after a while his eyes occasionally raised to meet those of the audience without the window and in a few days he found he could gaze at them quite unconcernedly—even to the length of flirting casually with pretty girls who happened to pause to inspect his operations.

That crowd out there was rapidly turning into a little knot of curious but kindly people interested in the way a man was doing his job. And Foster Gordon's way of doing that job was becoming daily more interesting.

He began to play tricks with pancake turners, pitchers of batter and flapjacks, toast and butter-cakes. Very simple stunts at first, such as tossing the cakes so that they made a triple somersault before they landed on the wet side, or throwing the turner spinning in the air and catching it nonchalantly by the handle. One morning when Maisie Kelly, the pretty waitress with whom he was constantly exchanging light banter, called for a stack of "wheats" "in a hurry," Foster answered "Hold the plate," and with a deft flip of his turner tossed four beautifully browned wheat cakes four feet through the air upon the dish in the hands of the astonished waitress.

The little crowd outside the window laughed and gasped in one breath, whereat Foster Gordon flipped a butter-cake over his head and caught it behind him with the turner, and then flipped it back again to the hot slab to continue its cooking.

At this three or four people applauded, and the manager, lounging at the cashier's desk, came to the window to see what had caused the excitement.

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"WHERE'D YOU HIRE THAT JUGGLING ACT?" HE DEMANDED.

He arrived just in time to see Gordon pour out a cake on the slab, toss the pitcher lightly from his right to his left hand, juggle the turner in the other hand, and then flap the cake by a queer twist of his wrist, which made it spin like a top in the air before it landed. Also the manager gasped as Foster, for a concluding stunt, somersaulted the pitcher so quickly that not a drop of batter spilled, and bowed to the astonished and rapidly augmenting gathering outside.

"What's this, what's this?" demanded the manager. "What's the idea of this funny business with the eats?"

"Just adding a little variety to my work," replied Foster. "You'll notice I haven't spilled any batter or spoiled any food."

"H'm," said the manager. "Can you do any other stuff like that?"

By way of answer Foster seized a pile of plates, and while he tossed three of them in the air with one hand, spun one on the corner of the pancake turner with the other hand.

"H'm," said the manager again. "You *are* handy with your hands, aren't you?" He looked with a grin at the jam outside. "Good advertisement," he observed, being a wise manager, "go as far as you like but don't lose no batter. And any plates you break comes out of the old pay envelope," he added.

"Sister," remarked Foster smilingly, when Maisie Kelly called out her next order for butter-cakes, "can you throw with any accuracy?"

"I used to be pretty good for a girl," said Maisie. "Why?"

"All right," commented Gordon, "next time you come up for an order of wheats or something you call out the stuff and then throw the plate my way. I'll get it."

"But suppose it busts!" cried Maisie. "And besides, what'll the manager do to me?"

"It won't bust, and if it does I'll pay for it," said Foster, "and the manager is with me. You and me will stage a little act for that populace that'll make the police call out the reserves to handle the crowd. Take a chance."

"I'm one of the 'anything once' kind," agreed the girl, "I'm game."

Which is how Maisie Kelly, bright-eyed, immaculate, and pretty as only a blue-eyed, black-haired Celtic girl can be, was "added to the act," as Foster put it. For the manager was a wise man, as has heretofore been noted, and after he'd seen Maisie throw plates at Foster a few times he took her away from her table and made her assistant to the "flapperjack," a "feeder" to the stunts which Gordon was daily and hourly adding to his repertoire.

The juggler was near right when he prophesied that there would be a call for the reserves to handle the crowd. Nowhere are there so many people with a few minutes to spare as in a great city, and this window-display was much more interesting than watching a chauffeur fix a puncture or a demonstrator prove the superiority of Slide Easy ties over the old kind that catch in the collar. It did become necessary

PEOPLE BEGAN TO COME FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE TOWN PURPOSELY TO WATCH MISS KELLY TOSS PLATES AT GORDON.

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to keep an officer in front of the restaurant to make part of the sidewalk clear and to shoo along those who loitered for too much time.

Nor was the difficulty lessened when one of the spectators, a *Courrier* reporter, working on space, wrote a column feature on the cake flapper who juggled everything but the stove. Where prior to that story the audience was composed only of loiterers whose path led logically past the White Front, after it appeared, people began to come from other parts of town purposely to watch Miss Kelly toss plates at Gordon, who caught them unconcernedly and flipped beautiful brown flapjacks and light yellow butter-cakes upon them with many twirls, spins and flourishes.

Foster Gordon was enjoying himself because he was juggling things, and not less because he'd made the manager come through with thirty dollars a week when he saw what the act was worth in fame and increased trade for the White Front restaurant.

AGAIN HIS ACT HAD FLIVVERED.

Besides this, it was fun to work with the girl whose ready tongue and sparkling eyes had been winding his heart round with bond after bond, ever since he had come in, hungry, to ask for a job, and had been fed by her hands, and—as he learned afterward—at her expense.

So perhaps she wasn't as surprised as she seemed to be when Foster Gordon, tossing a butter-cake lightly over his shoulder for her to catch on a plate and picking another plate she threw him out of the air, remarked casually:

"Say, kid, don't you want to make it a team for good? I'd rather have you throwing plates at my head for the rest of my natural life than any other frail I've ever seen, no kidding."

"Are you trying to sign me up for a window act?" replied Maisie evenly, "or are you referring to something more permanent?"

"Matrimony was my idea," said Gordon. "What would you say to it?"

"If you want an answer this minute with all that mob looking on," replied Maisie, "it'll be No!—none whatever. But maybe if you'd come around this evening to the little old flat where my mother and I hold out, and you put it to me proper with some romance to it—well, I might consider it differently."

Which reply caused such a surge of gladness into Foster Gordon's heart that it unsettled his head and his hand, and he dropped the batter pitcher and smashed the three plates he was spinning and disorganized his work for the time.

So it's doubtless lucky that Sam Feldbaum, the vaudeville agent, didn't happen by at that moment, but an hour later, when Foster was doing dazzling and spectacular things with his utensils and his foodstuffs. Feldbaum stood and watched him until the cop told him to move on, and then he moved on—into the restaurant.

"Where'd you hire that juggling act?" he demanded of the manager.

"None of your damn business," said the manager, who did not like Feldbaum's peremptory tone.

"Excuse me," said Feldbaum, "I didn't mean to speak so rude. I'm a vaudeville agent and that act looks good to me. Did you get it from a cabaret agency?"

"I hired the young fellow as a pancake turner and the girl as a waitress," said the manager, "and if you want 'em in vaudeville you've gotta pay me for 'em. They're worth cash money to me."

As has been suggested before in these pages, he was a wise manager.

"I'm a business man," said Feldbaum, "How much?"

"Ten per cent. of what you get for them every week. Cash money down in the hand."

Feldbaum thought quickly. "You're on," he agreed, "lemme talk to 'em."

GORDON buried his head in his hands in despair. Again his act had flivvered. The confidence that he thought he had gained deserted him when once more he stood before a theatre full of people in spite of his

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familiar griddle, the pitcher of batter, the cake-turner, and the pretty waitress, Maisie Kelly—who assisted him on the stage as she had in the restaurant.

Feldbaum, the agent, had just finished his say. It had been a complete job. There wasn't much of anything possible to call Gordon, Feldbaum had not called him.

"Lay off, lay off," finally said the juggler, "enough's enough. I know there's a rotten yellow streak in me somewhere. But I thought I'd worked it out. I'm done. I'm through. I'm sorry you're stung the way you are, but remember you made the proposition yourself."

"I thought you was a juggler with nerves like a man," said the agent, "not a bungler with nerves like a sick child. I thought——"

Maisie Kelly interrupted him.

"Don't jump on him any more, Mr. Feldbaum," she begged, "he's had plenty. Foster," she said to the discouraged partner, "you beat it out of here, go down to the corner where the other acts are having a drink and have one with 'em. Never mind if they kid you, brace up. I want to talk to Mr. Feldbaum."

"DON'T JUMP ON HIM ANY MORE, MR. FELDBAUM," SHE BEGGED.

Meekly, with a sigh, Gordon rose and shambled out of the door.

"Well, what's the idea now, sob stuff?" asked Feldbaum, as the girl faced him.

"Not a bit of it," said Maisie. "I've got a hunch, that's all. I know what's the matter and I want you to take one more chance on our act. Will you? Listen," she continued, as he shook his head, "all I'm asking for is just *one* more night's performance. And it doesn't need to cost you a cent. I've got a little money put away and I'll pay you anything you lose if we don't get over this time. You get us another date—say in three days, and I'll get the act ready—I'm betting about all I've got on it and if I lose—well, I guess Foster and I can get living wages down at the White Front again."

"Kid," said Feldbaum, "You're game and I'm for you. I'll give you another date up at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, but positively the last chance. Friday night then—and you look after the props and stuff."

"Friday night it is," Maisie acquiesced.

As Foster Gordon took his place behind the practical griddle of the set he and Maisie had used in the fearful flivver of a few days before, he felt the old sick fear of the assembled audience coming over him. And the presence of Maisie, whispering, "It'll be all right, brace up, Foster," didn't seem to help him any. To-night, he knew, meant only one more failure—a complete, final and irrevocable cataclysm. He could never hope to put an act on again, he was doomed to toss flapjacks for ten hours a day all the rest of his life. He'd have to stand up in that old White Front window with the crowd looking in from the outside——

The curtain slid up, the lights flared for an instant, then the footlights died and Foster Gordon looked out over his griddle to see—a little knot of people gathered in front of the window of the White Front restaurant, even to the small letters on the glass. He blinked in wonder at the sight. The front rank of the little knot of people pressed closer to the window and he recognized one or two of the "regulars" who used to watch him at the White Front. Why, for all practical purposes this *was* the White Front!

He seized the batter pitcher and poured out a cake on the griddle. He tossed it high in the air making it somersault in the fashion which had won plaudits from the crowd at the White Front. It won them now—they craned forward a little, staring. Then as he began to add flourishes to his stunts and Maisie started tossing plates, his eyes were—as they had been at the White Front—too busy to notice the crowd in front of the window, which melted away so that the audience in the amphitheatre could watch the act. Maisie's psychology had been correct—Gordon needed the familiar crowd and the old familiar window to start him.

And Feldbaum in the wings and Maisie "feeding" him behind the griddle—knew, as the audience laughed and applauded together, that Foster Gordon had found himself at last.

So the high-class juggling act—"Gordon and Kelly," the Flapperjack and the Flapper"—thanks to Maisie, landed with a wallop—and is now playing twice daily to the tune of seven hundred and fifty a week—though the title has been changed to "Gordon and Gordon." And every week Doolan, of the White Front, is drawing his little ten per cent. Which, as Gordon says when Feldbaum kicks about it, is fair all around, since it was Doolan who gave him the chance to work up his act.

"But it was Maisie who thought of the glass window and the crowd outside and who rustled 'em for you and put over the act," argues Feldbaum.

"Sure," replies Gordon, "I know it. And while Doolan's getting one-tenth of my salary, my wife's getting all the rest that *you* don't take. So there isn't anybody's really got a holler but me!"

"And are you hollering?" Maisie asks.

"Well, I think I ought to have more than ten dollars a week for spending-money," says her husband wistfully.

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# JOHNNIE GOES MARCHING IN

*By Edward Hungerford*

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

STILL IN THEIR OWN VARIEGATED CLOTHES, BUT ON EVERY ARM THE YELLOW BRASSARD WITH THE N OF OUR NATIONAL ARMY.

THE troop-train was due to leave the big Pennsylvania Station at just eleven o'clock in the morning. But for more than an hour before that time there had been a steady influx into the subterranean depths of the big terminal that is given over to folk coming and going from Long Island points. There had been boys—boys and their mothers, boys and their sweethearts, sometimes boys with their sisters, and here and there boys with their wives. And once in a while, boys alone.

In that room a thousand farewells. In that hard, cold, marble-floored and marble-walled place, lighted only by the cold, unflickering radiance of electricity, a thousand warm hearts were all but breaking. Farewells were being whispered in many tongues.

Above the din and clatter one might hear the monotonous callings of the men at the train-gates as they summoned the men from the exemption districts to their wickets—and to war. For beyond the gates old Rules and Regulations said that farewells might not reach. And good-bys meant the calling of final words of cheer, the waving of dampened handkerchiefs to a slow-moving double file of young men—young men now clad in a vast variety of garments, but each wearing upon his left arm a narrow yellow brassard. This signified his selection as a member of the new National Army which his Uncle Samuel was calling into being for the protection of not only the dignity and democracy of the nation, but the dignity and democracy of the world.

There were times when the hour was enlivened. A delegation of the "gas-house gang" from over East Fourteenth Street way, came marching in, headed by a row of silk hats and a vigorous drum-corps playing that classic of our last war, "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town To-night."

*HERE is an article about the raw material of the new National Army on its way to the cantonments. Next month Mr. Hungerford will tell how the new men are shaped up into soldiers—how they live in camp and what the training does for them.*

The crowd from Yorkville had a band instead of a mere fife-and-drum corps. It, too, had a flag and, in addition, painted signs and transparencies threatening so many dire things to the Kaiser that one almost wondered how they ever came safely by the Teutonic belt in the neighborhood of East Fifty-seventh Street.

Ten minutes of eleven! The last of the eight hundred men for the contingent train are being counted and passed through the train-gates. The boy—his name, John or Patrick or Pietro or Henri or Abraham or Isaac—has had his final farewells, has promised for the last time to write many letters and long ones too; to come up at the first opportunity and let the whole block see how fine he looks in his new uniform. Five minutes of eleven! The band and the drum corps cease their din for a moment—to catch more breath and find fresh inspiration for the last supreme moment of all. Government officers are hurrying through the station, rounding up stragglers and last-minute men, all with yellow brassards round their arms. They find some of them asleep, a few drunk upon the station benches or the floor.

Eleven! The gates close. The big room is all but deserted, and disheartened scrubwomen are trying to set it to rights once again. There is a fringe of fathers and mothers and sweethearts and wives along the high iron fence that shows the roofs of the train below it. The boys are aboard. Only the station employees, the bands, and a few of the silk hats are in sight. A man in uniform raises his hand. Noiselessly the train roofs begin to move, to disappear directly underfoot. There is track now where there were roofs. The boys are on their way to war.

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All over America this drama in repetition. All over our broad land the boys of the National Army — more than half a million of them—marching toward their training cantonments. For three days the Pennsylvania Station had been drawing in the youth of Manhattan. There were similar trains for the Yaphank cantonment starting daily from terminals in Brooklyn and in Long Island City. And this was only New York. The same was true in Boston, in Chicago, in San Francisco—all the way across the land.

### *The Gathering*

AND what was true of the cities, also was true of the little towns. Up in an old northern New England village it is six o'clock in the morning and raining steadily. But you see two dozen boys moving off in the rain—and six thousand folk standing under the trees and in the drenched grass of the common to see them go. And all the while the little French-Canadian bell-ringer rings a merry carillon on the new chime of the Catholic church—"God bless you, bonny soldier boy."

Down in the South they are playing "Dixie" and grandfather is thinking of the day when he had ridden away with all the boys to enter the Louisiana Tigers and the four liveliest years of his life. And there were men in blue all the way from Maine to Iowa, in the little tree-stud ded villages of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Illinois, who last fall lived again the days of 'sixty-one—and fifty-six long years gone by between.

From Vermont and from Arizona, from Kentucky and from Oregon, New York and Texas. Forty-eight empires giving their best to their motherland. Nor was this all. There was a troop-train run on the White Pass & Yukon Railroad and almost all of the boys who rode upon it had never before been outside Alaska. Theirs was a long preliminary trek. And so, months later, was the first journey of the draft from Hawaii, made up very largely of brown-skinned boys with odd Chinese and Japanese names. The cantonments were ready, and so were the boys. A remarkably small percentage of them had tried to avoid the national service.

I stood at Camp Zachary Taylor, outside of Louisville, last September and watched a huge train filled with conscripts pull in from somewhere up in the mountains. It was a train of some distinction. For upon the front of the battered and wheezy old locomotive, that was having its own troubles with sixteen heavy passenger cars, was pasted a legend that all might read: "Berlin or Bust." And upon the suitcases that the Kentuckians insisted upon bringing with them—despite the army advice to do nothing of the sort—were sundry other messages which threatened a variety of fates to one William Hohenzollern. And one grinning youth held in his hand a bunch of faded goldenrod. To a reporter for the *Courier-Journal* he confided his intention to place it upon the Kaiser's grave.

The South was waking up to the real seriousness of the situation. Being the South, it took the war as a rather personal matter—as a sort of feud or a personal dispute to be settled by two gentlemen—and two heavy revolvers—at the earliest opportunity. There were merchants and bankers of repute, not only in Kentucky, but in Missouri and in other dignified old commonwealths, who offered prizes ranging all the way from one thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars, to the American soldier who first should bring the Kaiser's body in as his personal booty. And the gentleman from the "gas-house gang" who rode beside me in the conscript train to Yaphank assured me that he expected to bring back the Kaiser's ear in his teeth—a feat for which he has had some rehearsal.

### *From City and Backwoods*

FROM that train into Camp Zachary Taylor there poured forth, among others, the delegation from the sparsely settled county which forever will have as its chief distinction the fact that it holds the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. These were tall, fine boys—sixty-two of them—the full quota. not the forty per cent. that the cantonment authorities had requested. Larue County was a law unto itself.

When Camp Zachary Taylor had asked for five per cent. of the quota in the first week in September it had sent but a single man, a canny, inquiring sort of fellow, who rode out to the camp

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HIKES, "PHYSICAL TORTURE" AS EXERCISE IS CALLED, AND TALKS ARE BEGUN, WHETHER UNIFORMS HAVE COME OR NOT.

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as if he were more than half suspicious of the whole business.

"They sent me down to see what sort of a place this was," he remarked, and then added that the quota from his neck-of-the-woods had been sixty-six men and that every man on the first draft had passed the physical examination. And not a man in Larue County had claimed exemption. The record was absolutely clean.

The men in charge of Camp Zachary Taylor treated their caller with extreme tact. When he said that he guessed that he would sleep that night in a down-town hotel, they told him that it would be all right, but to spend all the time he could with them. They showed him around to his heart's content. And finally he bunked in with the rookies—in a big, bare barracks-building. But he liked it.

"I'll tell the boys it's all right," said he; "that their Uncle Samuel's a-goin' to take good care of them."

And faith in the Government having been established in Hodgenville, Hodgenville planned to do its part—and did it thoroughly.

A SEEING-OFF PARADE OF N. A.'S IN NEW YORK.

Photographs by Brown Brothers.

THEY'LL NEVER RUN FROM ANYTHING—BUT THEY ALWAYS RUN FOR THE MESS-HALL.

A good part of its boys had never ridden on the cars before, and that was not an uncommon experience. A fast express rolling down into Bangor, Maine, bore two hundred and forty-eight future soldiers and of them but forty-two had ever boarded a railroad train. The back country literally was giving up its best. They were pouring out from the plains and down from the hills. The world was very new to them—and rather dazzling.

On one of the coaches of a train down from the Blue Ridge country of Virginia into Camp Lee, at Petersburg, rode a young man of at least two hundred pounds, almost literally bellowing like a calf. Inquiry developed that he had ridden for sixty miles out from the heart of old Pittsfield County and that he never before had been farther away from home than horse or mule might carry him in the course of a single day. He had never seen a railroad train before, let alone ridden upon one. He was scared and, more than that, he was disappointed. For he had brought his sweetheart out from the country into Danville, expecting to find a parson, and there in that bustling Virginia metropolis to marry her. But Danville was too big. Its streets were thronged with people, and in the confusion he had lost the bride-elect. And some one had shoved him on the conscript train—alone. Hence the tears, hence the roaring sorrow.

One of the secretaries of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. who have accompanied almost every one of the fifteen hundred conscript trains, sat down by him and in his awkward mannish fashion tried to comfort him. He told him of Petersburg and the big camp there waiting to receive him. The citizen from Pittsfield County brightened. He gazed out of the window and then turned to the entire car and said:

"If this world is as big the other way as 'tis the way we've come, she's a reg'lar hell-buster, ain't she?"

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There were many such as he—big, clean-brained, strong-limbed young men to whom the open world has been, until this last autumn, as a sealed book. News of it has trickled in by hearsay and sometimes, if a man could read—and there are many of them who can not—by printed word. But to see it with one's own eyes, to get far beyond familiar haunts, to actually ride upon the cars instead of standing in the fields and watching them rush past, out of the unknown and on into the unknown again—here is an experience almost worth the dangers of war. It is an experience that tens of thousands of American boys and men are to-day realizing. It is difficult for city folks to realize how untraveled some sections of this land really are. Last year I met a prosperous middle-aged storekeeper and his wife at Phœnicia, New York, a little town at the base of the Catskills. And they admitted that in all their lives neither had seen the Hudson River—barely twenty-six miles away.

Photographs by Brown Brothers.

THE ARRIVAL AND ROLL-CALL OF THE FIRST QUOTA AT ONE OF THE N. A. CANTONMENTS.

There are many, many more men of this sort from out of the Tennessee mountains. Their taste at all times goes largely toward song. But they rather scorned the patriotic verse in the neat little leaflets which the Y. M. C. A. men handed out. They had their own. And one was something after this fashion:

He can heal every cripple,
Give sight to the blind.
He can learn our neighbors how to walk,
He can raise the dead from under the ground,
And bring them home to God.

These mountaineers of Tennessee do not bother much with harmony—but there is a tremendous swing and rhythm to their singing.

But all the men who went surging into the camps of the National Army in October were not yokels or members of gas-house gangs. There were many boys just touching manhood, just out of college and ready to enter business or a profession, among the others. The son of George W. Perkins, who is a conscript at Yaphank, is quite typical of these. Only there was little that was dramatic about their departure. Nothing dramatic may ever come to them, even in their existence at the front. But they represent truly the rank and file—the bone and sinew, if you please—of our new National Army, which is to be the chief arm of America's part in the winning of the war.

There were many upon the conscript train that bore the New York boys east from the Pennsylvania Station in the heart of New York who had never before ridden upon the cars; many of them who had never been off the narrow, congested island of Manhattan. Theirs had been a world of brick walls and deep-cañoned streets where traffic thundered and endangered all the day and half the night. Wise boys these, who went to the gallery of the Palace Theatre on Monday nights, who knew every politician and every fire-plug in the ward, and who could drive a motor-car through the thickest traffic that the city might devise and a keen policeman disentangle; strong boys, like my friend the gunman who was going across after the Kaiser's ear. But their wisdom was like their strength, untutored. It was the job of the cantonment to take this material and weave it, under training and under discipline, into the finest soldiers in the world—for the bitterest of our enemies have always conceded us that.

Now the train was clear of the city and running through the open country. The new life—the life which held so much of mystery and possibilities—was fairly begun. The landscape, after the fashion of so much of central Long Island, was fearfully monotonous. But it might have been the Grand Cañon and the valley of the Columbia rolled into one. For most of these eyes were unseeing eyes; even though they were pressed rather tightly against the car windows. The exuberance of starting, the excitement of the farewells were waning. The joys of the city—the roar of the elevated, the jarring warnings of myriad automobiles, the fight at the corner or the fire on the next block, the clang of ambulance or patrol-wagon—were gone. In all their place the dull roar of the train, that was tearing one away from home and out into the unknown.

There was nothing *de luxe* about these cars. Once they might have been of the elect in the Long Island Railroad equipment—back about the time

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JUST OFF THE CARS, WHICH SOME OF THE NEW SOLDIERS OF DEMOCRACY HAVE TRAVELED ON FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES.

of the Philadelphia Centennial, when they were bearing the blue blood of New York and the old city of Brooklyn down to Rockaway or to Manhattan Beach. Long since they had lost distinction, and kindly folks were not hesitating to criticize the railroad for carrying the boys down to camp in these old wooden boxes instead of the handsome red steel coaches which are the pride of the island.

But the Long Island Railroad, despite all its shortcomings in the maintenance of its service, is not open to much criticism in the operation of its line to the Yaphank camp. It has created cantonment specials and given an extremely low excursion rate—in advance of any of the railroads which serve the other cantonments.

### *The First Taste of Freedom*

AND the treatment, by the raw material for the army, of the equipment in which it rides, is not such as to induce any road to place in war service any car for which it has even a passing regard. It is not so with any branch of the Regular Army—the men who wear khaki and so gain respect both for it and for themselves. It is not the Regular Army man who smashes windows and writes his sentiments in rough chalk upon the smoothly varnished car sides. You may be very sure of that. Not that he lacks the desire. But discipline, the hard drill of army life, has subordinated it. The Army has subdued the exuberancy of boyhood and made a man of him. And this, in itself, is a tremendous argument for the universal military training of our boys.

On our train we had a rather orderly crowd; less than half a dozen windows were broken. True it was that the bell-cord was torn asunder; but the engine crews had been warned, before the army movement began, to pay no attention to its orders and to rely entirely upon the hand signals from the uniformed trainmen. On the preceding day a train had pulled out of the little town of Hicksville and left its last three cars alone and unguarded upon the line. It was half an hour and a dozen miles away before the loss was discovered and the engineer compelled to go back after the three battered coaches.

The most of these pranks were under the control of a single genius. His name is John Barleycorn, and he rode all too many of the troop-trains. You could see him on ours—the pint flasks and the quart bottles upon the seats.

It was a sadly misguided kindness that had filled the pockets of three-quarters of the conscripts with hard liquor. Yet all the picture is not nearly as black as this. The Mayor of Cumberland, Maryland, rode east upon a Baltimore and Ohio train toward Camp Meade with a group of young men whom the draft had called out from his town. And he had not gone far before he found that Cumberland had shown a similar kindness—that almost every boy in the car had a small pocket-flask of whisky given him as he was starting out.

### *John Barleycorn Goes Along*

THE mayor climbed upon a coach seat near the door and addressed them.

"I notice that some of you boys have got some liquor with you," he began, genially enough, in his slow drawl—a drawl is a wonderful help when a man must think quickly and talk at the same time. "I'd like a drink," he continued, "I'd like to drink with every blessed one of you, for I've seen the most of you grow up from mighty small boys indeed." He halted. "I don't know that I can drink with every man of you," he added, "but I'll try. Thank you, Harold."

Harold was coming down the aisle, a small flask clasped in his chubby fingers. The mayor stepped down from the seat, quickly uncorked the flask, touched it to his lips—then threw it out the open window.

"Now, I'm ready for another," said he.

One by one they came to him, and one by one the small flasks went

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whirling out the window after the mayor had gone through his little ritual of touching them to his lips. And when it was all done the same genial smile was upon the mayor's face. It was his turn and right to smile. And the boys in the car were smiling with him.

From time to time the dulness and the sadness of the Yaphank trip was enlivened by the conductor making his trip through the train and shaking his head rather sadly at the wreckage, the train-boy lamenting the fact that the men in the second car from the rear had looted his stock and commandeered all his little boxes of figs without offering one cent for them, and by the traveling secretaries of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association.

### *Making the Journey Easy*

THE work of the Y. M. C. A. at the Army camps and cantonments needs no comment here and now. It is generally understood and universally appreciated. But in the Y. M. C. A. there is a youngster whose success has hardly been second to that of the parent organization. I am referring to the Railroad Branch, whose special mission it is to take care of the physical and religious needs of the railroaders at the more important yards and terminals across the land. This branch was anxious to do its bit in war work, even though it looked at first glance as if the parent organization had fulfilled every need. But Dr. John P. Munn, its chairman, and John F. Moore, its extremely efficient secretary, are men not contented ordinarily with first glances. They look deeper.

The trains. No one seemed to be particularly interested in them. And yet here was the average boy's first step into the Army—the extremely alert and tension-filled period when first impressions were apt to become lasting, when the digressions and diversions of army life have not yet become familiar, and the thoughts of the home just left behind bring a fellow close to nostalgia.

No plans had been formulated for taking care of the men on this part of the journey—that was quite evident to any man who rode the conscript trains. At the last moment the Railroad Y. M. C. A. stepped in and saved the situation—as far as it was possible to save it at the last moment. Two hundred secretaries of the railroad associations were assigned to the Army trains. They are invariably ready, tactful fellows, skilled in the handling of rough men and in softening them.

Take the man who came through the Yaphank train. His name is Rice, and he is secretary to the big Y. M. C. A. that spreads over one of the upper floors of the Pennsylvania terminal. He knows men, does Rice. And when he stepped upon his seat to speak to the delegation from Yorkville and a big fellow tried to mock him, Rice kept his good-humor and his dignity. Also he kept on speaking. The big fellow was a very recent graduate of the John Barleycorn school of self-expression. In his exuberance he had thrown his shoes out of the window as the train pulled out of the East River tunnels.

Rice, who might have made a politician if he had not preferred to be a Y. M. C. A. secretary, humored him. And between times spoke to the rest of the men, told them of the routine that awaited them from the very minute they stepped from the train, how they would be fed and housed, in four days put in uniform, and in seven permitted to go into New York on furlough.

There was only a little of the Young Men's Christian Association in his talk and the most of that an invitation to use its facilities not only at Yaphank but at any other of its club-houses either in America or overseas. When his little talk was over he answered questions—and there were plenty of them to be answered. And the boys in the car gathered in its center and cheered the Y. M. C. A. up to the very top of things.

I followed the Y. M. C. A. man into other cars and invariably his reception was the same. In the language of the same streets from which those boys came, he "got across." And when he was gone, the men settled quietly down into their seats, studying the leaflets he had left them—a group of patriotic songs, a little explanation of the cantonments and the National Army, and another invitation to visit the Y. M. C. A. buildings. Some of them did not read. There was a game of "craps" at one end of the car and one of poker at the other end. The stakes in neither game were particularly low. The drunken men sometimes made themselves offensive, whereupon some one would take upon himself the police job of silencing them. There was little conversation. The most of the time the boys looked out of the window at the flat landscape—still with unseeing eyes—their hearts and thoughts afar.

### *The End of the First Lap*

AND then—the Army. Camp Upton was barely fifteen miles away when a lieutenant and an orderly stepped aboard and began the work of roughly classifying the conscripts—putting the men from each exemption board in cars by themselves. The boys from the East Side and from Harlem and the Bronx stared open-eyed at the two men in khaki. They were at the threshold. The new life actually was beginning.

One of the big fellows from the gas-house crowd was in the Yorkville car and refused at first to move into his own group. The lieutenant wasted very little conversation on him. Conversation was chiefly on the part of the East-Sider, helped by liberal potations all the way out from Manhattan. He preferred to offer reasons why he should remain in the Yorkville car. The lieutenant looked at him and said:

"I will give you sixty seconds to obey orders."

The man moved. But he was not yet entirely subdued. As he went across the car platform he pulled his flask from his pocket. The lieutenant saw it, took it, and in a flash of a second threw it far into a Long Island swamp. The man began to blubber.

"I didn't want to go into the Army," he protested. "They made me. I hated it. I won't obey orders. I won't——"

The lieutenant came closer to him. The man dropped to his knees.

"You can strike me if you wish. You can shoot if you want and have it over. You can strike me."

Plattsburg asserted itself.

"We don't strike in the Army," said the lieutenant quietly, "but if you are not quiet and do not keep your seat, I will tie you up with the bell-cord."

And quiet reigned. The young officer went into the other cars.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE NEW LIFE HAS FAIRLY BEGUN.

(Continued on page 86)

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# PEN AND INKLINGS

## By Oliver Herford

### A Ouigous Experience

*Being a Story of a Ouiga-Board, a Posthumous Kitten, and a Leading Lady*

PERHAPS you don't believe in the Ouiga board? You regard it as a silly toy, and the magazine stories purporting to be written on it, as impostures? So once did I, and the most telling arguments moved me only to laughter; the most convincing experiments only strengthened my disbelief; but I am no longer a skeptic. I have been converted, and now, not only do I believe in the Ouiga board, I even believe in the Ouigous magazine stories, and I spell Ouiga with a capital "O".

And I was converted by a cat! After all human arguments had failed, it was Hafiz, the late Persian kitten, or rather his departed spirit, that won me over.

We were sitting round a table: Mr. A., Mr. and Mrs. B., the Countess C-sky, Miss D., and myself. For nearly an hour we had waited in patience and semi-darkness for the rappings that never come when I am one of the party. Then something happened—several things happened. First a loud scratching sound, exactly like that of a cat scratching for admittance at a closed door, followed by a series of plaintive mews at regular intervals, that seemed to come from nowhere, then three sharp raps.

Communication being established in the usual way, we asked, "Who are you?"

To our astonishment, the answer came in scratches instead of raps. We counted breathlessly: "A Persian." "What do you want?" was our next question, answered again by quick scratches, "A Ouiga board."

A Ouiga board was brought and the Countess C-sky, who can hardly speak a word of English, took the pencil. The result was a poem in perfectly good English, but with no apparent meaning, in which the name of my cat Hafiz and Rufti and Jane, two people totally unknown to me, were strangely mingled.

After a few ineffectual attempts to solve the puzzle, we dismissed it from our minds. All except Mr. A. Mr. A. does not believe in the Ouiga board, and the fact that the Countess C-sky, who professed to know no English, wrote the verses, aroused his suspicions. He reported her to the Secret Service; what happened to her I do not know, nor does it concern the story. Possibly she was shot. Who can say?

Two weeks later, in the New York *Times*, was printed the picture of Rufti, the posthumous kitten of my old cat-friend, Hafiz, clasped in the arms of Miss Jane Houston, leading lady in Mr. Faversham's play, "The Old Country."

The meaning of the poem was explained, but the strangest part was to come. When I made inquiry at the photographers, I learned that at the date of our séance at which the poem was written, *the picture had not been taken!* The following is the poem:

*To Rufti—The Child of Hafiz*

*Caught (by the camera) in the arms of Jane Houston*

Ah me!
If Hafiz could have lived to see
His offspring on Jane Houston's knee,
Or (to be accurate) her chest;
One year agone the tiniest,
The fluffiest of fluffy midgets,
Now a great Cat! How Tempus fidgets!
Or as old Hafiz would have put it:
"Great Cats! How time does pussy-foot it!"
A Leon now, in all but size,
With brave mustache and blazing eyes,
That to the world their challenge flame:
"Breathes there a Cat who dares proclaim
In any land, in any age,
In any part, on any stage,
The peer of Jane? Whoe'r he be,
That Cat shall measure claws with me
In mortal combat!"
*Verbum sap!*
I warn him not to court mishap;
In Feline circles 'tis averred,
Rufti's a lady of her word!

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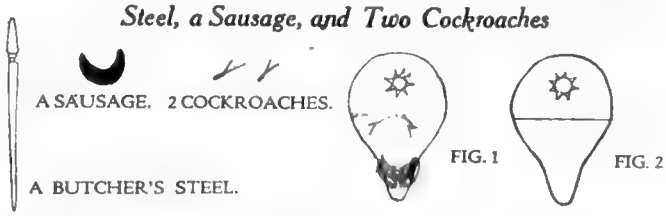
### How to Make a Picture of the Kaiser with a Ham, a Butcher's Steel, a Sausage, and Two Cockroaches




BY THIS method any child can make a perfect picture of the Kaiser without the aid of a correspondence school of cartooning.

The necessary articles, enumerated above, may be procured at any butcher's. All that remains is to combine them according to the following directions:

In choosing the ham, care should be taken to select one with the brand (Star brand preferred, if there is such a brand) situated as it is in Fig. 1.

First, you bisect the ham with a horizontal line, as in Fig. 2; having done this, you pierce it with the steel as in Fig. 3.

You then insert the two cockroaches, antennæ downward, as in Fig. 4.

All that now remains is to place the sausage between the lower end of the ham and the point of the steel, as indicated in Fig. 5 and, if the directions have been properly carried out, you will have a perfect picture of the Kaiser.



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# JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

IT WAS UNDER LEE'S PROTECTION THAT SHE WENT BACK THROUGH THE MEADOWS AND TO THE HOUSE.

*By Jackson Gregory*

*AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP," "THE OUTLAW," ETC.*

*ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON*

BLUE LAKE RANCH, with its ten thousand acres of cattle and horse range, dairy-farms and olive-groves, was acquired and built up by the energy of Luke Sanford. It should be prosperous, but, on Sanford's death, it fell into the hands of three part-owners: Sanford's daughter, Judith; Pollock Hampton, a young spender; and a third person, who does not appear in the story. Its management is entrusted by them to Bayne Trevors, who is deliberately planning to ruin the ranch so that it may fall cheaply into the hands of the Western Lumber Company, owners of a neighboring estate, for whom Trevors is secretly working.

Judith Sanford, who has been educating herself to fill her father's place, acquires a second share of ownership in the ranch, and unexpectedly appears on the scene to take charge. She dismisses the enraged Trevors at pistol point, and immediately impresses the men with her capability by riding the most intractable bronco of the ranch. Preparing for Trevors's revenge, she sounds the loyalty of her men, and calls to her assistance "Doc" Tripp, a trusted employee of her father's who was discharged by Trevors because of his interference with the ruinous and treacherous practises of the manager. Judith, inspecting the ranch, finds these methods everywhere being carried out by the men, most of whom are Trevors's henchmen. She discharges some, and many others leave, under encouragement from the Western Lumber Company, threatening thereby to cripple the ranch.

Rumors that the ranch is insolvent are spread among the men, and a messenger, returning from Rocky Bend on pay-day with the ranch salaries, is waylaid and robbed in a lonely pass. Bud Lee, using fast horses in relays, makes a second trip to Rocky Bend for the gold. On the return his horse is killed under him by a silent shot from some covert in the cliffs, but he arrives in time to save the good faith of the men in Judith and the ranch.

At this temporary frustration of his plans, Trevors, who has been paying a social visit to the ranch as Hampton's guest, takes his leave, just before Judith discovers evidence of an attempt to introduce cholera among the ranch pigs. Later Judith, on a tour of inspection, encounters Bud Lee at the scene of the hold-up and robbery. While attempting to get some clues as to the number and identity of the bandits, they are ambushed and attacked in the dusk by unseen foes. They take refuge in a cabin in the hills, which Lee has built as a retreat for himself, bringing in with them one of their assailants wounded and dying. He proves to be Bill Crowdy, and carries the pay-money stolen from the messenger. During the siege Lee recognizes the voice of one of the besiegers of the cabin, a certain Quinnion, who Judith believes is the man who murdered her father.

Meantime, Pollock Hampton, despite the confidence of the men at the ranch in Judith's and Lee's safety, has ridden out to seek them. By sheer bravado he puts the besiegers to rout, capturing barehanded one of them called Shorty, who is taken to the ranch and locked up, but is mysteriously released, and escapes during the night. Bill Crowdy dies of his wound without revealing the identity of his companions or their instigators.

During the siege Bud Lee has seen Judith's composure in danger, and has new respect for her; and Judith in turn through the cabin and its books, which she discovers to be his, has glimpsed a new side of Lee's nature.



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*CHAPTER TEN (Continued)*

UNDER fire, in the dark cabin, with life grown suddenly tense for them, Bud Lee and Judith Sanford had touched hands lingeringly. No one who knew them guessed it; certainly one of them, perhaps both, sought to forget it. There had been that strange thrill which comes sometimes when a man's hand and a woman's meet. Bud Lee grunted at the memory of it; Judith, remembering, blushed scarlet.

For, at that moment of deep, sympathetic understanding touched with the romance which young life will draw even from a dark night fraught with danger, there had been in Bud Lee's heart but an acceptance, eager as it was, of a "pardner." For the time being he thought of her—or, rather, he thought that he thought of her, as a man would think of a companion of his own sex. He approved of her. But he did not approve of her as a girl, as a woman.

He had said, "There are two kinds of women." And Judith, knowing that his ideal was an impossible but poetic "she," rich in subtle feminine graces, steeped in that vague charm of her sex like a rose in its own perfume, had accepted his friendship during a dark hour, allowing herself to forget that upon the morrow, if morrow came to them at all, he would hold her in that gentle scorn of his.

"A narrow-minded, bigoted fool!" she cried in the seclusion of her bedroom. "I'll show you where you get off, Mr. Bud Lee! Just you wait."

When she and Lee met, she looked him straight in the eye with marked coolness, oddly aloof, and Lee, lifting his hat, was stiff and short-worded.

In the long, quiet hours which came during the few days following the end of a fruitless search for Quinnion and Shorty, he had ample time to analyze his own emotion. He liked her; from the bottom of his heart he liked her. But she was not the lady of his dreams. She rode like a man, she shot like a man, she gave her orders like a man. She was efficient. She was as square as a die; under fire she was a partner for any man. But she was not a little lady to be thought of sentimentally. He wondered what she would look like if she shed boots and broad hat and riding habit and appeared before a man in an evening gown—"all lacy and ribbony, you know." He couldn't picture her that way; he couldn't imagine her dallying, as the lady of his dreams dallied, in an atmosphere of rose-leaves, perhaps a volume of Tennyson on her knee.

"Shucks!" he grinned to himself, a trifle shamefacedly. "It's just the springtime in the air."

In such a mood there appeared to Bud Lee a vision. Nothing less. He thought. In an instant she was in the little meadow hidden from the ranch-house by gentle hills, still green with young June. He had been working Lovelady, a newly broken saddle mare. Standing with his back to a tree, a cigaret in the making in his hands, his black hat far back upon his head, he smilingly watched Lovelady as with regained freedom she galloped back across the meadow to her herd. Then a shadow on the grass drew Lee's eyes swiftly away from the mare and to the vision.

Over the verdant flooring of the meadow, stepping daintily in and out among the big golden buttercups, came one who might well have been that lady of his dreams.

A milk-white hand held up a pale pink skirt, disclosing the lacy flounce of a fine underskirt, pale pink stockings and mincing little slippers; a pink parasol cast the most delicate of tints upon a pretty face from which big blue eyes looked out a little timorously upon the tall horse-foreman.

He knew that this was Marcia Langworthy. He had never known until now just how pretty she was, how like a flower.

Marcia paused, seemed to hesitate, dodged suddenly as a noisy bumblebee sailed down the air. Then the bee buzzed on and Marcia smiled. Still stepping daintily she came on until, with her parasol twirling over her shoulder, she stood in the shade with Lee.

"You're Mr. Lee, aren't you?" asked Marcia. She was still smiling and looked cool and fresh and very alluring.

Lee dropped the makings of his cigaret, ground the paper into the sod with his heel and removed his hat with a gallantry little short of reverence.

"Yes," he answered, his gravity touched with the hint of a responsive smile. "Is there something I can do for you, Miss Langworthy?"

"Oh!" cried Marcia. "So you know who I am? Yet I have never seen you, I think."

"The star doesn't always see the moth, you know," offered Lee, a little intoxicated by the first "vision" of this kind he had seen in many years.

"Oh!" cried Marcia again, and then stopped, looking at him, frankly puzzled. She knew little first-hand of horse-foremen. But she had seen Carson, even talked with him. And she had seen other workmen. She would, until now, have summed them all up as illiterate, awkward and impossibly backward and shy. A second long, curious glance at Lee failed to show that he was embarrassed, though in truth he had had time to be a bit ashamed of that moth and star observation of his. Instead, he appeared quite self-possessed. And he was good-looking, remarkably good-looking. And he didn't seem illiterate; quite the contrary, Marcia thought. In an instant she catalogued this tall, dark, calm-eyed man as interesting.

She twirled her parasol at him and laughed softly. A strand of blond hair that was very becoming where it was, against her delicate cheek, she tucked back where it evidently belonged, since there it looked even more becoming.

"Mr. Hampton isn't here, is he?" she asked.

"No. Come to think of it, he did say this morning that he would be out right after lunch to help me break Ladylove. But I haven't seen him."

"He wanted me to stroll out here with him," Marcia explained. "And I wouldn't. It was too hot. Didn't you find it terribly hot about an hour ago, Mr. Lee?"

As a matter of fact Bud Lee had been altogether too busy an hour ago with the capers of Ladylove to note whether it was hot or cold. But he courteously agreed with Miss Langworthy.

"Then," she ran on brightly, "it got cool all of a sudden. Or at least I did. And I thought that Polly had come out here, so I walked out to surprise him. And now, he isn't here!"

Marcia looked up at Lee helplessly, smilingly, fascinatingly. It was quite as though she had added, "Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

Pollock Hampton had fully meant to come. But by now he had forgotten all about Bud Lee and horses to ride and to be bucked off by. A telegram had come from a nasty little tailor in San Francisco who had discovered Hampton's retreat and who was devilishly insistent upon a small matter—oh, some suits and things, you know. The whole thing totaled scarcely seven hundred dollars. He went to find Judith, to beg an advance against his wages or allowance or dividends or whatever you call it. Judith was out somewhere at the Lower End, Mrs. Simpson thought. Hampton saddled his own horse and went to find her. All this Marcia was to learn that evening.

AFTER the swift passing of a few bright minutes, Marcia and Bud Lee strolled together across the meadow to the spring. Marcia, it seemed, was interested in everything. Lee told her much of the ways of horses, of breaking them, of a score of little ranch matters, not without their color. Marcia noted that he spoke rather slowly, and guessed that he was choosing his words with particular care.

She was delighted when they came to the bank under the willows where a pipe sent forth a clear, cold stream of water from a shady recess in the hillside. Here, at Lee's solicitous suggestion, she rested after her long walk—it was nearly a half mile to the ranch-house—disposing her skirts fluffily about her, taking her seat upon a convenient log from which, with his hat, Lee had swept the loose dust.

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WHEN HE CAME UNEXPECTEDLY UPON MARCIA RIDING WITH HAMPTON, THERE WAS NO QUICK STIRRING OF THE PULSES.

"I'm dreadfully improper, am I not?" said Marcia. "But I am tired, and it is hot, isn't it? Out there in the fields, I mean. Here it's just lovely. And I do so love to hear about all the things you know which are so wonderful to me. Isn't life narrow in the cities? Don't you think so, Mr. Lee?"

The breeze playing gently with the ribbons of her sunshade, brought to him the faintest of violet perfumes. He lay at her feet, obeying her tardy command to have the smoke which she had interrupted. His eyes were full of her.

"I'd so love," went on Marcia dreamily, "to live always out-of-doors. Out here I feel so sorry for the people I know in town. Here women must grow up so sweet and pure and innocent; men must be so fine and manly and strong!"

And she meant it. It was perfectly clear that she spoke in utter sincerity. For this long, summer day, no matter how she would feel to-morrow, Marcia was in tune with the open, yearned for the life blown clean with the air of the mountains.

In the morning her mood had been one of rebellion, for her mother had said things which both hurt and shocked the girl. Her mother was *so* mercenary, *so* unromantic. Now, as a bit of reaction, the rebellious spirit had grown tender; opposition had been followed by listlessness; and into the mood of tender listlessness there had come a man. A man whom Marcia had never noted until now, and who was an anomaly, almost a mystery.

Fate, in the form of old Carson, turned a herd of bellowing steers out into the fields lying between the meadow and the ranch-house that afternoon just as Marcia, making a late concession to propriety, was shaking her skirts and lifting the shield of her parasol. It was scarcely to be wondered at that the steers seemed to Marcia a great herd of bloodthirsty beasts. Then there were her pink gown and sunshade.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Marcia.

So it was under Lee's protection that she went back through the meadows and to the house. At first she was frightened at the strange noises his led horse made, little snorts which made her jump. But in the end she put out a timid hand and stroked the velvet nose.

When finally Bud Lee lifted his hat to her at the base of the knoll upon which the house stood, Marcia thanked him for his kindness.

"I've been terribly unconventional, haven't I?" she smiled at him. "But I mustn't again. Next time we meet, Mr. Lee, I am not even going to speak to you. Unless," relenting brightly, "you come up to the house and are properly introduced!"

As she went through the lilacs Lee saw her wave her parasol to him.

## *CHAPTER ELEVEN*

### *A New Tie between Lee and Judith*

THREE days later Bud Lee learned that Judith Sanford was, after all, "just a girl, you know;" that at least for once in her life she had slipped away to be by herself and to cry. He stopped dead in his tracks when he came unexpectedly upon her, suddenly awkward, embarrassed, a moment uncertain, but yielding swiftly to an impulse to run for it.

"Come here, Bud Lee!" commanded Judith sharply, dabbing at her eyes. "I want to talk with you."

He had known that she was at the Upper End where he had ridden for half a dozen young horses which were to be taken down into the meadow for their education. And here she was, on a bench outside the old cabin, indulging herself in a hearty cry.

"I—I didn't know you were here," he stammered. "I was going to make some coffee and have lunch here. I do, sometimes. It's a real fine day, isn't it, Miss Sanford? Nice and warm and—" His voice trailed off indistinctly.

He knew that girls cried, very much as men swore—to clear the atmosphere. But he couldn't remember the time he had ever entered into the seclusion of a pretty girl's tears.

"Oh, scat!" cried Judith at him, half laughing, still half crying. She had wiped her eyes, but still two big tears, untouched, trembled on her cheeks. In spite of him Lee couldn't keep his eyes off of them.

"I'm just crying," Judith told him then, with a sudden assumption of cool dignity which had in it something of defiance. "I've got a right to, if I want to, haven't I? What do you look at me like that for?"

"Sure," he answered hastily. "It does you good to cry; I know. All ladies do, sometimes——"

Judith sniffed.

"You know all that there is to be known about '*ladies*,' don't you? In your vast wisdom all you've got to do is lump 'em in one of your brilliant generalities. That's the man of you!"

Maybe I'd better go make the

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coffee?" he suggested hurriedly. "It's after twelve. And it'll do you good. A nice hot cup."

"Maybe you had," said Judith icily. "Perhaps I can postpone my conversation with you until the water boils."

Lee went into the cabin without looking back. Judith, watching him, saw that he ran his hand across his forehead. She sniffed at him again. But when Lee had the coffee ready she had washed her face at the spring, had tucked her tumbled hair back under her hat, and, looking remarkably cool, came into the cabin. Lee thought of his meeting with Marcia, of her repeated assurance that she knew she had violated the conventions.

"You *can* make coffee," Judith nodded her approval as she sipped at the black beverage, cooled a little by condensed milk. Lee was busied with a tin containing potted meat. "Now, have you got over your shock so that I can talk with you?"

He smiled at her across the little oil-cloth-covered table, and answered lightly and with his old assurance that he guessed he had steadied his nerve. Hadn't he told her a cup of coffee would do wonders?

"Would it go to your head," began the girl abruptly, "if I were to tell you that I size you up as the best man I've got on my pay-roll?"

"I'd try to keep both feet on the ground," he said gravely, though he wondered what was coming.

"I'll explain," she continued, her tone impersonally businesslike. "Next to you, I count on Doc Tripp; next to Tripp, on Carson. They are good men; they are trustworthy; they understand ranch conditions and they know what loyalty to the home range means. But Tripp is just a veterinarian; simply that and nothing more. His horizon isn't very wide. Neither is Carson's."

"And mine?" he grinned at her. "Read me my horoscope, Miss Sanford!"

"You have taken the trouble to be something more than just a horse-foreman," she told him quietly. "I don't know what your advantages have been; if you haven't gone through high school, then at least you have been ambitious enough to get books, to read, to educate yourself. You have developed further than Carson; you have broadened more than Tripp."

"Thanks," he offered drily.

"Oh, I'm not seeking to intrude into your private affairs, Mr. Bud Lee!" she cried warmly at his tone. "I have no desire to do so, having no interest in them. First of all I want one thing clear: You said when I first came that you'd stay a few days, long enough for me to get a man in your place. We have both been rather too busy to think of your leaving or my seeking a substitute. Now what? The job is yours as long as you want it—if you'll stay. I don't want you leaving me in the lurch. Do you want to go? Or do you want to stick?"

What did he want? He had anticipated an interference from the girl in his management of the duty allotted him and no such interference had come. She left him unhampered, even as she did Tripp and Carson. He had his interest in his horses. It was pleasant here. This cabin was a sort of home to him. Besides, he had the idea that Quinnion and Shorty might again be heard from—that if Trevors was backing their play, there would be other threats offered the Blue Lake outfit from which he had no desire to run. There was such a thing as loyalty to the home range, and in the half-year he had worked here it had become a part of him.

"I'll stick," he said quietly.

"I'm glad of that," replied Judith. "Oh, you'll have your work cut out for you, Bud Lee, and, that you may be the better fitted to do it, I want you to know just what I am up against."

AS THE EYES OF THE TWO GIRLS MET, A SUDDEN HOT FLUSH FLOODED JUDITH'S CHEEKS.

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She paused a moment, stirring her coffee with one of Lee's tin spoons, gathering her thoughts. Then, speaking thoughtfully, she explained:

"It's a gamble, with us bucking the long odds. Dad left me a third interest, clear, valued, counting stock, at a good deal more than four hundred thousand dollars. He left me no cash. Dad never had any cash. Just so soon as he got his hands on it he put it to work. I knew he had planned taking over another one-third interest, and I went on with his plans.

"I mortgaged my share for two hundred thousand dollars, which I got at five per cent. That means I have to dig up each year, just interest, ten thousand dollars. That's a pretty big lump, you know."

"Yes," he admitted slowly. "That's big; mighty big."

"With the money I raised," Judith continued, "I bought out the third owner, Timothy Gray. He let his holding go for three hundred and fifty thousand. It was a bargain for me—if I can make a go of it. I still owe, on the principal, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I owe on my mortgage two hundred thousand. Total of my indebtedness, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And that's bigger, Bud Lee."

"Yes. That's bigger figures than I can quite get the hang of."

No wonder she had been crying. Even if everything went smooth on the Blue Lake she, too, had her work cut out for her.

"Now," she ran on, her voice stirring him with the ringing note in it, "I can make a go of it—if they will just let me alone! I am playing close to the table, Lee, close! I have a little money in the bank, enough to run along for two or three months, that's all. I said that dad left no cash; I didn't mention his insurance." Her eyes grew suddenly wet but she did not avert them from Lee's face, going on quietly: "There was ten thousand dollars. Close to seven thousand had to go for his current obligations. I have about two thousand to run on."

"Close hauled," grunted Lee. And to himself, he remarked as he had remarked once before, "She's got her sand."

QUITE naturally Bud Lee thought swiftly of his horses. He had told Trevors that he wanted to make no sale for at least six months. Given until then—if Judith could make a go of it without forcing a sale—he'd show her the way to at least seven or eight thousand, with a good percentage of clear profit.

"To begin with," Judith's voice interrupted his musings, "I am going to have trouble with Carson. I admit that he's an exceptionally good cattle foreman; I admit, too, that he has his limitations. He is of the old school, and has got to learn something! Already he has his weather eye cocked for the lean season; he'll be coming to me in August or September, telling me I've got to begin selling. That's the way they all do! And the result is that beef cattle drop and the market clogs with them. What I am going to do is make Carson start in buying then. Oh, he'll buck like one of his own red bay steers, but he'll buy!"

"We're pretty well stocked up," he offered gently. "Turning the hills over to the hogs makes a difference, too. We're going to be short of feed long before September is over."

"Short of the feed the Lord gives us, yes," she retorted warmly. "But we're going to put our trust in our silos, Lee, and make them do such work for us as they have never done before. Then, when other folks are forced to sell off for what they can get, we'll hold on and buy. We won't sell before December or January, when the market is up."

He shook his head. Though not of the old school which had produced Carson, still he put little faith in those tall towers into which alfalfa and Indian corn were fed to make lush fodder.

"I don't know a whole lot about silos."

"Neither does Carson," said Judith. "He looks at such things as silos and milking machines and tractors and fences even as the old Indians must have looked at the inroads of the white men. But, do you know where he has been these last few days?"

"In San Francisco? Heard him say he was going to take a few days off."

Judith laughed.

"That's Carson for you! He wouldn't admit where he was going. I sent him down to Davis where the state experimental farm and laboratories are. He's going to see silo, study silo, think silo until he gets a new idea into his head. I have ordered a big extension in our irrigated area, I have ordered the construction of two more silos. When Carson gets back he's going to look around for some more shorthorns at bargain prices. I have an idea it wouldn't do you any harm either, to look over what we are doing down at the Lower End."

Again she paused. Then, her eyes suddenly darkening, she told him what, after all, lay topmost in her mind.

"I have said that if I am given the chance, I can make a go of this. It's up to you, Bud Lee, to help see that I get that chance. An attempt was made to spread the lung-worm through my calves. Now it's the hogs. Do you know what the latest news is from the pens? There's cholera among them."

"Where did it come from?" he demanded. "Tripp's been keeping the health of our stock up right along."

"Where did it come from?" Judith repeated after him. "That's what I don't know. We've been so careful. But where did the calf sickness come from? Bayne Trevors imported it."

The inference was clear. He stared at her with frowning eyes.

"I don't see how he could have done it without Tripp's getting on to it. He hasn't bought any new hogs."

"But you understand now why I wanted to talk to you? If I win out in the thing I have taken on my shoulders, it is going to be by a close margin.

"I've thought it all out. We can't slip up in a single deal! But, it's up to you to give me a hand. To find out for yourself such things as, Where did the cholera come from! And to look out, that the next time they don't burn us out, when the range is dry! To see that nothing happens to your horses. To keep your two eyes wide open. To help me find the man, working with us right now, who is double-crossing us, who turned Shorty loose, who is watching a chance to do his knife act again, somewhere else! Do you get me, Bud Lee?"

"I get you," replied Lee.

FROM without, gay voices, calling merrily, interrupted them. Lee went swiftly to the door while Judith finished her coffee and pulled her broad hat a little lower to throw its shadow in her eyes.

"Ahoy, there!" It was Pollock Hampton's voice. "We saw your horses down there and thought we'd catch you picnicking. Got a fire going, too! Say, that's bully. Come ahead, Marcia."

Marcia, a long riding-habit gathered in one hand, her cheeks flushed with her ride, her eyes bright as they rested upon the tall form in the doorway, came on behind Hampton. Judith, too, came to the door. As the eyes of the two girls met, a sudden hot flush flooded Judith's cheeks. She hated herself for it; she wondered just how red her eyes were.

"Say, Judith," called Hampton, "I'm glad as the dickens we found you. Sawyer, the sheriff, telephoned just now. Said to tell you he'd located Quinnion. The funny part of it is that we made a mistake. It wasn't Quinnion at all that tried to shoot you and Bud up the other night."

"How's that?" demanded Lee. "Who says it wasn't?"

"Sawyer. Found Quinnion at a sheepman's place thirty or forty miles north of here. The sheepman swore Quinnion had been with him two weeks, was with him that night."

"A sheepman *can* lie," grunted Lee.

Judith's brief moment of confusion passed, she ushered Marcia into the cabin. True to her promise, Miss Langworthy, though she flashed a quick look toward Lee, did not speak to him. He found himself flushing quite as hotly as Judith had done.

(*Continued on page 88*)

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PAINTED BY F. LUIS MORA.

THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN.

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THE THING BEGAN THE SUMMER BOB BURNETT CAME HOME FROM YALE.

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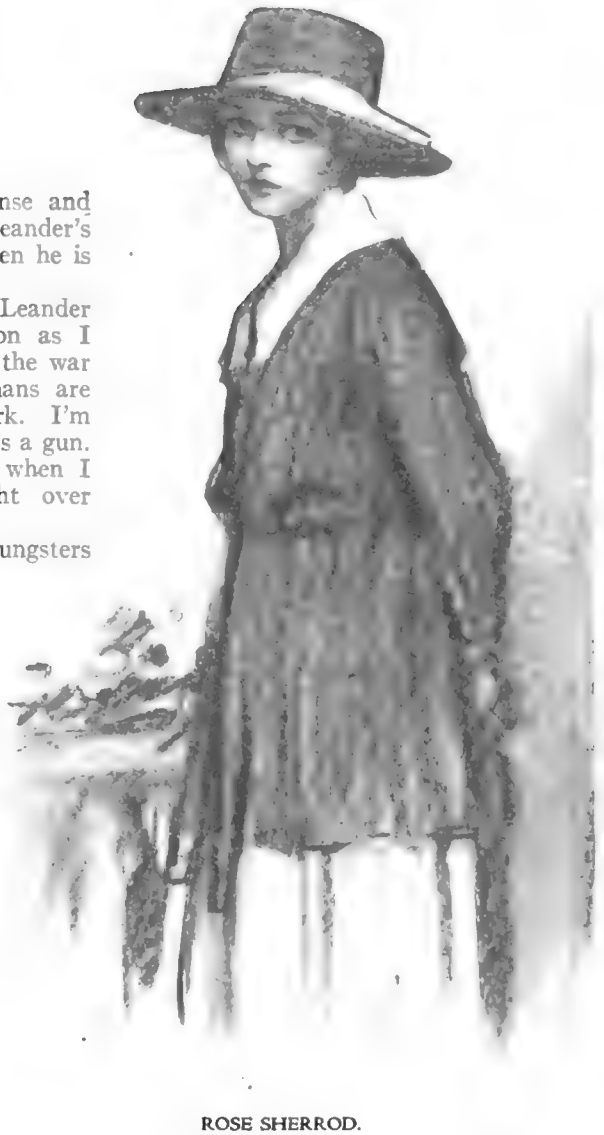
# ALL UNDER THE FLAG

## By Mary Brecht Pulver

*ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL*



ROSE SHERROD.

ON THE day the United States declared war on Germany, Leander Haley was helping Squire Sime Randall put up new chicken wire on the run for his Black Orpingtons behind the barn. Micah Briggs told about it afterward. Micah stopped to give them the news.

" 'Well, we've declared war all right. News just came over from Ovington. Wes Bailey's puttin' the big flag up over the town hall,' I says.

" 'In that case,' says Leander quietly, 'I'll be goin' on right away. Here's your hammer, squire.'

" 'Goin' on where, fur Lord sake?'

" 'To war,' says Leander quietly. 'They'll be needin' every hand they can get, I guess,' and he walked right out of the runway.

" 'I'd hurry if I was you.' "

Micah winked at the squire and laughed the way folks do when Leander gets one of his notions.

Leander never let on he heard. He kept on walking. He walked down past the town hall and the schoolhouse and the Presbyterian Church and out by Wayland's Forge and the cemetery and down the Greensville Pike toward Ovington. And he kept on walking until he got to Ovington, and when he got to Ovington he walked through the crowds in the street and past all the flag-trimmed houses, in and out among the motors and trolley cars until he came to the armory. He couldn't miss it, for a big crowd was streaming in that direction.

Now Leander hadn't expected to visit Ovington that morning, having had no other intention than that of augmenting the safety of the Randall Orpingtons, so that he was still wearing his field costume, so to speak: overalls, work-shirt and old shoes mired from the chicken yard. He had omitted to bring his hat, and as Ovington is a good nine-mile stroll he had added to his ensemble the honest flush and perspiration that physical effort and intense earnestness will bring. But he was undismayed and persevering, and after the fashion of the simply direct, and with the terrible intensity of purpose that is Leander's, he got through the crowd and onto the drill floor and past all the minor offices and straight to Colonel Reeve's desk before any one could stop him. And Colonel Reeve looked up to see Leander, tall, slight, fair-haired, looming before him, staring at him with the intense and glassy absorption that Leander's blue eyes can manage when he is deeply moved.

"How do you do?" said Leander quietly. "I came as soon as I heard, sir. I unde'stand the war has come and the Germans are firin' shells into New York. I'm a good shot an' all I need's a gun. Just dropped everything when I heard. I walked straight over from Barbour to enlist."

There were a lot of youngsters loafing about in the hall outside the open door—new recruits Company X had been filling up on, preparatory to going out at full war strength, and there was the usual crackle of laughter and innuendo Leander's personality always awakens.

"Wow! Look at the bully boy!"

"Ain't he got the pep?"

"Look at Nutty."

"Somebody fetch a squirrel."

Even Colonel Reeve bit on his mustache.

"This is not the recruiting office, my boy—and I doubt if your services will be needed immediately—" then as he read more exactly the calligraphy of Leander's features — that spiritual handwriting with which Nature, in moments of capriciousness, inscribes the countenances of her unfortunates, his face sobered. He got up and put a kindly hand on Leander's shoulder. "Your spirit is A No. 1, my boy, and I'm glad you came. Go back to Barbour now and wait. The opportunity to serve will come to you somehow. You have the right sort of courage."

A wave of grateful crimson poured over Leander's face. He stood fumbling his belt with his hands, still marked and stained from handling the chicken wire.

"I jist—jist wanted you to know I was willin'. I ain't scairt a mite an' I'm a good shot," his lips trembled and twisted a little. "I—I ain't too proud to fight," he said, giggling at his joke.

Somehow they had him out in the corridor again, a couple of little rookies shoving him good-naturedly.

"That's right, too, Nutty."

"You're the little hot stuff, all right."

Farther down the street Leander found a cheap restaurant, and here, fishing an unexpected dime from his pocket, he refreshed himself with a sandwich—Western egg, very Western.

At a near-by table a man with a red nose discussed patriotism and volunteer enlistment with a nondescript friend, inhaling coffee between comments, with long whistling intake.

"It'll be hell on business, that's all. We'll be sendin' everything over to the Alleys, an' not enough to go round at home here. I say, every man mind his own business and America first."

"That's right, too, Jim."

"An' this volunteerin', now. They won't get nobody. Nobody that's got brains'll enlist. Wuth-while fellers, young business men with backbone, ain't goin' to drop everything and let business go slide, to whoop it up fur a



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lot o' politicians. They won't get nobody——"

"They could ha' got me—" it was Leander who spoke, leaning forward over the last crum of his Western egg, with that curious pale basilisk stare of his. "I volunteered this aft'noon. Walked all the way from Barbour."

The red-nosed man paused, his knife poised before his parted lips. "You don't say! Look who's here!"

"Loony," snorted the other.

They rocked together suddenly, the red-nosed critic choking and sputtering.

"What'd I tell you—that's the kind o' stuff they'll draw—that's what our army'll be made of."

"That's right, too, Jim."

But Leander did not pause. He was used to being laughed at. He never even thought of objecting. He stopped at the desk and bought a Rose of Old St. Louis for three cents—two for a nickel.

He smoked it—cold—the whole way back home. He went rather thoughtfully, pulling away at his unlit weed. He bore the tidings of his errand and its fruit to his natal village. And it got to be a joke—along with Leander—for the next few weeks.

"Captain sent for you yet, Leander?" They would stop and ask him banteringly.

"Got a special job in the army, yet, Leander?"

"Mebbe you're trainin' fur a spy, Leander—well-growed-out feller, like you, twenty-six years old, had ought to come in pretty good, sleuthin' round with them bushes over there."

And Leander would flush and smile and nod back, taking it all good-naturedly, quite guilelessly, as though he rather relished the joke—or the importance of being joked about. Yet at odd times he seemed a little puzzled—frowning a trifle, putting on that glassy, earnest stare of his.

"Don't jist see why he didn't take me right off," he confided once, relating his experience down in front of the Barbour House one evening. "Abe Vinney lets me shoot at mark with him, an' I can shoot pretty good, an' I hate them durn Germans somepin' awful."

"They're a coarse crowd, Leander, pretty rough stuff for a little boy like you," Ed Wallace chaffed him. "Cap'n was right; you may get your chance yet."

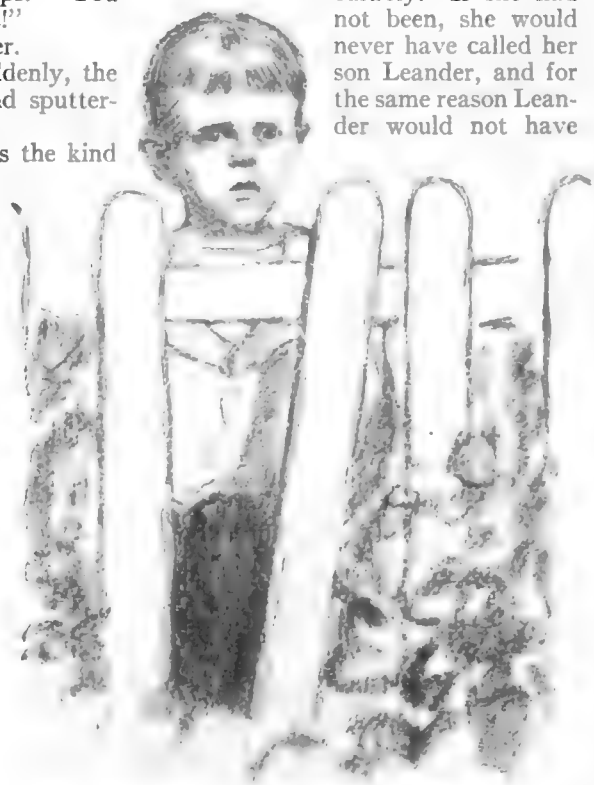
"Anyhow," Leander comforted himself, "no matter what you do, it's all under the flag."

And that made them all laugh again, [illegible]

because Leander had touched off his pet obsession—the thing that seemed rooted deep in his nature and that never failed to afford a proper leaven of merriment.

The fault lay with Tilda Martin.

Or, no, perhaps more truthfully it lay with Minnie Haley, Leander's mother. Minnie was romantic—incurably. If she had not been, she would never have called her son Leander, and for the same reason Leander would not have been called Nutty by half his town's population.



"YOU NEEDN'T STAND THERE LOOKIN' AT ME SO, LEANDER HALEY."

For a long time before the advent of Leander, a little picture, greatly beloved by Minnie Haley, had stood on her dresser along with the shell pincushion, the blue china bottles and the red celluloid hair-receiver. It was a tinted glass reproduction of the Bodenhausen painting of "Hero and Leander;" wherein the sea brings the dead Leander to Hero's feet when for the last time he tried to swim the Hellespont.

Minnie could never look at the picture long without a desire to weep, having a penchant for substituting herself for the heroines of fiction, and being married to a gentleman in the coal and coke business, with red mustaches, who was utterly unversed in aquatic lore. So it was perhaps the logical, natural thing for Minnie to confer the title of the lost lily-pale swain of the picture upon her son, and get at least some sort of outlet for romantic va-

But as we have said, Minnie remained romantic, and it is hardly to be expected that the night Charmos, performer of black magic, clairvoyant and snake-charmer should set up his teepee in the village, that Minnie Haley should resist his lure. So, putting on her bonnet, she pressed Tilda Martin, eldest daughter of a neighbor, into service. And Tilda, swearing fealty, remained to guard the infant Leander.

But *semper mutabile et varia est femina*, as a certain wise old gentleman told us some years ago, and there being presently a certain potent and earsmiting masculine whistle at the garden gate, Tilda forsook her post and left Leander to guard himself temporarily.

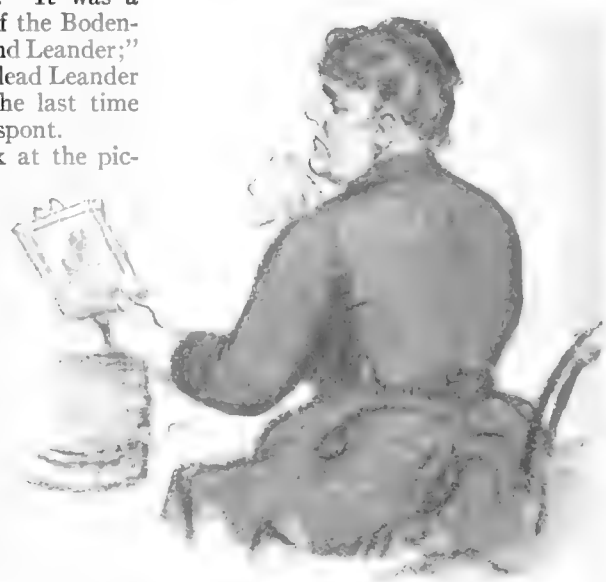
On which as though by signal prearranged, that young gentleman, *ætat* eight months, pulled himself erect in his bed, balanced precariously over the edge of his crib and took a graceful header onto the floor, where, having cried himself first purple, then pale, he was presently found by the conscience-smitten Tilda in a semi-conscious condition.

And old Doc Williams was called, and there was vinegar and brown paper, and mustard at Leander's feet, there being some symptoms of convulsion, presently. And it was related that Leander "didn't act right and cried something terrible" for the next few weeks. And it was presently agreed that from a bright normal baby, he was developing into a child that was a little "queer."

But Leander himself had no cognizance of this until he was nearly four years old. Then a little neighbor, a flower-pretty morsel in pink gingham initiated him through the fence-palings.

"You needn't stand there lookin' at me so, Leander Haley. I won't never play with you because you ain't right."

He went into the house with his lower lip out to inquire, but he got at



MINNIE COULD NEVER LOOK AT THE PICTURE LONG WITHOUT A DESIRE TO WEEP.

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best an evasive reply and it was only a short time before the world in general let him understand. At first he used to cry about it—go into literal rages, flinging himself down on his face, beating his fists and heels into the earth—when the youngsters taunted him, but even this faded presently and he grew philosophical, absorbed, even, moving at times, perhaps, in a world of his own making.

His parents died before he was six years old and he went to live with an aunt. He made her no trouble. Indeed, as Mrs. Purfleet often said in his presence:

"Leander ain't right, of course, but he ain't as much trouble as them that is, I guess. He's a quiet lad an' has his own ways."

Quiet he was and becoming more so daily. As for his ways, some of them were original and exceedingly diverting to the juveniles of the town. A little boy who played by himself, talking incessantly, who drew circles on the ground and squatted down and peered at them; who played elaborate games with bits of stone that none but himself could decipher; who addressed earthworms and toads as though they were individuals, and who became violently excited, lunging at and attacking the bushes in his aunt's garden—surely such a boy was a feast for the soul. The younger fry had early made a song of him:

"Leander Haley is a daisy,
Everybody knows he's crazy."

They sang it at him cheerfully without stint, and some of them went so far as to say that Leander sang it to himself.

Leander did not always play alone. Times when a captured Indian was wanted, it was Leander who was tied to the stake and died with noble stoicism; or say an escaping convict or runaway slave was desired, it was Leander who fled before his pelting tormentors. As Eddie Wallace and Snarkey Wright put it: "It don't hurt Leander none. He can bear an awful lot."

He needed all his powers.

But long before this Leander had discovered his obsession. It began on the day Mrs. Tillinghast, the dressmaker, unleashed her impedimenta in his mother's spare-room for the spring sewing.

The floor being covered with a top stratum of fan-shaped gores and godets, where Mrs. Tillinghast, stout and pincushiony, knelt in the midst, her beady eyes transfixed, her tape over her shoulders, and his mother, in under bodice and petticoat, her torso pinned up in unattractive pieces of drab lining, revolved slowly before her, somewhat anxious of face, there seemed to be no safe retreat for the young Leander other than the high, puffy white spare-room bed itself. To which spot he accordingly climbed and in so doing he made an exciting discovery. He had left the world of the floor and moved up to the world of the wall. For the first time he was on eye-level with the pictures in the room and—his observations being unnoted in a season of stress—he lost no time in making careful examination of those within his reach, using nose, tongue and all available digits.

The first, the Infant Samuel—seemed lamentably dull and uninteresting, and was tied a close second by a portrait of a simpering little creature called, "Our Darling," a Victorian miss with bottle-shaped shoulders, a mouth like a pink shoe-button and a bored-looking kitten in her dumpling hands. Leander wasted no time on these, but the third gave him decided pause.

It was a picture of "Betsy Ross Making the Flag," done in more than cheery coloring, and Leander fell instantly under its spell. He could not have told why the juxtaposition of red and white and blue stirred him so strangely nor why the rich folds of the almost finished product spilling out of Betsy's lap should have enthralled him, nor why the scissors in Betsy's hand should start such singular constructive ideas—new and suggestive concepts in his mind. He had seen flags before—pieces of red and white and blue colored cloth carried in processions in the hands of children. He had always wanted one—and here was one in process of construction—an illuminating vision.

At his elbow was the pillow-sham, a glacial slide of pristine whiteness and just below it a breadth of cherry satin, embryo "trimming bands" to adorn his mother's frock. The floor sparkled with scattered pins and there were two extra pairs of shears on the sewing-table, also in the seclusion of the parlor, there was a velvet "lambrequin" of a shade exactly matching Betsy's field-of-blue.

Leander climbed to the floor; there was nothing furtive or stealthy about it, just his usual direct preoccupation.

WATCHING THE GIRLS GO BY.

His mother and Mrs. Tillinghast were in close conclave. They did not make their discovery for almost half an hour. Then they found Leander under the vines of the side-porch with the beautiful thing he had wrought out of havoc and imagination and patience. He cried when they took it away from him.

"I made a flag. I made a pretty flag," he sobbed.

When he was older he used to go

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with Mrs. Purfleet to trim his parents' graves on Memorial Day. This was an absorbing process of itself and one that invited the fantastic quality of Leander's crippled mind. The cemetery itself was a ceaseless source of speculative interest and in particular the flag-trimmed graves of the veterans.

"Why don't they all have flags?" he asked.

"I've told you a hundred times, Leander Haley. It's the soldiers and the men folks that fought at war that gets 'em. You ask the same thing so often, boy, but I s'pose, not bein' right, you can't help it," and Mrs. Purfleet would thrust a snowball, an iris, a red rose, and a sprig of lilac in the blue glass tumbler on her sister's grave.

It did seem a little unfair, a pitiable discrimination against the helpless—that only one grave in seven, say, sported the cheery little red-white-and-blue emblem. It wasn't that flags were expensive or scarce. The town was full of them on a day like this, and surely there would have been enough to go around. Of what avail a marble urn, or a weeping willow, or a shrouded angel, or a wreath of bay-leaves when one might have had a pretty flag? Leander reflected.

Not his father, nor mother, nor any sleeper in his family plot possessed one, and pondering this injustice, Leander resolved to equalize it. If all the sleepers couldn't have flags, at least they might have turn and turn about.

So he sneaked back to the cemetery one May evening and pulled up all the flags he found—and some of them a good stiff job. But he found to his chagrin when he had drawn them that he didn't know who had been deprived and who had not. So he distributed them according to some geometric arrangements of his own, and some were returned to their original and some to odd locations. And one was found on Squire Randall's wife's grave, and one on the unnamed baby belonging to the Lee family, and one on old Miss Catwoode, and one over Wiley Barnes, the village bad man and drunk; and there was some talk about sacrilege and some talk of having Leander "put away in an institootion," but, at heart, a village is patient with its afflicted, and so beyond augmenting Leander's reputation and giving an extra handle to the wags, the thing died out.

At seven, Leander was duly sent to school. He did not get on fast. It became the customary thing for him to enter the first grade every September and refreshing his memory on "A-b, ab," move progressively up through the second, and hover parrot-wise, a tolerated and coerced presence, on the outer fringe of the third. For learning to Leander was like writing in the sand. If the sun shone and no wind arose, it might last till the next tide, but the first slight emotional rain-storm washed it completely away.

But Leander liked going to school. In particular he liked the opening exercises, the singing and the salute to the flag. To click one's heels and, holding one's hand to one's brow, repeat in recitative singsong:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

He had not the least idea what the words meant, but there was an element of pageantry in it—a touch of romance that was vastly pleasing. And there was, of course, the flag itself, the ever-fascinating object of adoration.

Leander had one of his own now. He hung it out scrupulously on June fourteenth and Fourth of July, and all other suitable occasions. And the town wags had their fun with this also.

"Say, Leander, your flag's upside down—do you know it?"

There would be a horrified scrutiny on the part of Leander, a puzzled, tormented pondering of the gay pennon whipping from the pole he had set up—sometimes a frantic, futile rearrangement of it under the delighted suggestions of his tormentors that ended in his utter confusion.

But, as I have said, a small town is essentially a kindly thing, and when, at fifteen, Leander rose in church, following a big revival, and with the confirmation class "confessed Christ," there was a sudden real wave of sympathy for him. Reverend Alty laid benignant hands on him.

"Leander, do you believe Jesus Christ to be your Saviour, your hope of eternal salvation?"

THEY GAVE LEANDER A GREAT CHEER, THEN ANGUS WATLEY ADDRESSED THE CROWD.

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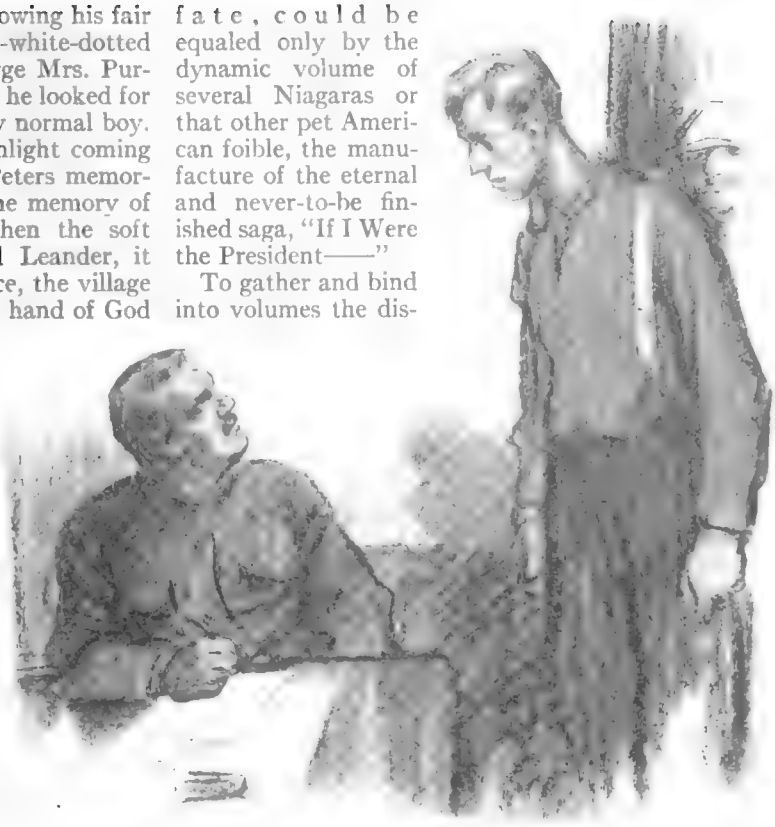
"I do," said Leander bowing his fair head over his blue-and-white-dotted tie and the neat blue serge Mrs. Purfleet had bought him, and he looked for all the world just like any normal boy.

There was a bar of sunlight coming in through the Addison Peters memorial window "Sacred to the memory of our son Willie," and when the soft purple-rose-color touched Leander, it was as Mrs. Matt Prentice, the village poet said, "as though the hand of God was laid on Leander's brow and made him whole for a little."

But people can not live at concert pitch, and when Leander, with his mounting years took to participating in public life—to appearing at "socials," town-meetings, to joining the crowd down at the Barbour House, to figuring generally in the town's life as general handy man and odd jobman, a surface floater on the tried channels of life, he fell very naturally into the old rôle. He was the village laughing-stock, its popular and inexhaustible source of cheap merriment.

For what is life to a country village—to humanity for that matter—without its butt?



"HOW DO YOU DO?" SAID LEANDER. "I WALKED STRAIGHT OVER FROM BARBOUR TO ENLIST."

THERE is probably no spot in these United States where two or three have been gathered together in the past two years, where the Great War has not been fought, finished and disposed of with a precision and finality to evoke chagrin and envy from Mr. Lloyd George and General von Hindenburg. The amount of maxillary energy consumed in the first war alone, in adjusting the case of the Belgians; in managing the English campaign; in regulating the Russian attack, in cataloging and disposing of the Germans' fate, could be equaled only by the dynamic volume of several Niagaras or that other pet American foible, the manufacture of the eternal and never-to-be finished saga, "If I Were the President——"

To gather and bind into volumes the discursive and illuminating wisdom on this subject that has emanated from the benches and chairs in front of every country-town hotel and village in this last and crucial year, would be a task as consumingly hopeless, as maddening a proposition, as to discover How Old Is Ann; or to compute the number of people who rise at seven o'clock in every movie house in the country, each evening, when "The Star Spangled Banner" is played, and Old Glory in turquoise, cream-color and old rose is flashed on the screen; or the number of devout, black-clad First Citizens in the realm, who having tacked a few cents extra on bread and potatoes the day before, bend their necks of a Sabbath morning while the minister reads the Prayer for a Nation at War, and asks aid and consolation for the women and children left behind.

"LEANDER HALEY IS A DAISY, EVERYBODY KNOWS HE'S CRAZY."

Neither in wisdom nor in patriotism is the town of Barbour to be outdone by its brethren. The whole nation is there in embryo, and it gathers—the male part of it—on the worn and paintless chairs on the Barbour House gallery.

Here, as soon as the forsythia on Jem Madden's lawn thrusts out its pale yellow fingers, can be seen the pride and flower of Barbour's manhood; Mine Host McGiffey, a little like an English hunting squire, his red flannel underwear appearing like wristlets beneath his rolled-up sleeves; in full seasons, Pod Larrimore, his sleepy clerk, wearing his white coat; Angus Watley, banker and town potentate, not too proud to loaf; his rivals "Judge" Williams and Squire Sime Randall, trim, tight Republicans; Niles Gibbons, the photographer, looking like an 1840 gambler with his spiral-spring mustachio and low-brushed black satin forelock; Webster Gear, diamond in the rough, Democrat, atheist, and nature's gentleman, to use his own description; Barlow Mills from the feed-store, a thirty-second-degree lodge brother and walking Who's Who; Eddie Wallace, the village gay-dog and youthful rake-hell, with a half-dozen of his kindred spirits; Maje Judah Biles who left a leg and an arm at Antietam and brought away an enlarged spleen in exchange; Doc Halsey, who is addicted to soda mint; Arnold Trindle, who prefers square-cut, and, in the summer months, a summer boarder or two and a few more or less bored-looking drummers.

Here, in clubby and brotherly fashion the ball of conversation is tossed about. Here mighty matters are settled; the single-taxer is arrayed against his brother; the President's notes are discussed along with the submarine warfare, and the Village Corporation's decision on the street-oiling proposition; the German Empire has been cut up and devastated a thousand times, like a pound of sirloin in a family of ten.

But whether it be the *Lusitania* and 1916 under discussion, or to revert to the antique, Free Silver and the chances of Bryan's making it, there is and always has been one point on the face of the clock, when the village parliament slackens speed and holds its breath for a space. And this is when number ten, with the last mail for the evening comes in on the track across from the Barbour House; when the post-office begins to hold its evening levee and the youth of the town, the feminine portion especially, begins to trickle slowly down from the dusky residential streets into the white-light district.

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Then the village Nestors carelessly lift their hands for a space from the helm of the rocking nation, and without even telling off a watch, fall to a man, quite humanly, to watching the girls go by.

They come out from under the trees, indefinite blurs to pale gray or white, but by the time they reach Vinney's Drug Store, they are properly deciphered and the Barbour House gallery knows—and remarks appropriately—that the little Saltus girl is expecting her regular Wednesday letter from Davey Bowers over at Ovington; that the Peel twins are coming down to flirt with the boys in the post-office again, and that young Mrs. Wainwright certainly gets a suspicious amount of mail.

And all of last summer the gallery has known exactly who would come out every Tuesday and Saturday evening from under the trees, last of all, and most unfailingly. Rose Sherrod, of course. For those were the nights when Lieutenant Rob Burnett's letters were due from Mexico.

Rose is a pretty girl, slim, tall, blue-eyed, American, but there's a suggestion of the classical about her, a freedom of limb that is Early Greek, and apparent—even in a disguising tennis-skirt and middy. She has, besides, a certain fine high-headed arrogance that compels respect, just as her family caste and her old white house with its traditions and mahogany, and her silver-haired visionary bookworm father compel it. The tongues of the Barbour House gallery have always rested gently on "Lady Rose," but the gallery is human and the naive revelation of humanness displayed by those Tuesdays and Saturdays has been irresistible.

The thing had begun the summer Bob Burnett came home from Yale and went into his father's law office in Ovington. Shortly after, it was perceived that he renewed an early affection for his maiden aunt, old Sallie Burnett, who lived in Barbour, an affection that manifested itself in weekly outbreaks, lasting from Saturday noon to Monday morning, and that went through a sort of febrile crisis on Sunday afternoons and evenings up on the Sherrod veranda. Not that the veranda was really large enough.

The two young creatures took possession of all outdoors, strolled on the river-bottoms and the upland pastures, and came back bearing totally irrelevant wild flowers in their hands, and utterly relevant radiancies in their eyes.

Rob's a good-looking fellow, black as a handsome Spaniard, big-shouldered, lithe, strong. They stepped it off together beautifully, and after the fashion of villages their little town looked upon them and blessed them quite paternally.

A winter passed and spring came, and it was evident the blessing was entirely appropriate. Rose Sherrod wore a platinum-set diamond on her finger and other diamonds in her eyes. But suddenly the light of these last dimmed a little. For Rob belonged to Company X and in due course Company X went out to Mexico, and what with chigers and rain-storms, and fever and sunstroke and Villa, there was plenty to whiten a girl's cheek, to send her flying a little defiantly, quite proudly even, down-town after the missives that came to her.

But presently Rose ceased going, for Company X came back home, bringing her handsome Rob intact. And with the spring both Rose and the Barbour House gallery had other food for thought.

Diplomatic relations were broken; part of Company X was detailed to Cold Spring, and with the advance of warmer weather came the declaration of war.

The reaction of Barbour was similar to that of any town of its size: six of the high-school boys left for Fort Slocum; seven of the well-known young men enlisted respectively in the Regular Army and the Marine Corps; a small detail of the National Guard arrived from Ovington to guard the railroad bridge; "Mrs. Doctor Halsey," president of the Civic Club, forsook flower-boxes and rubbish collectors to organize a Red Cross and First Aid class, and flags and bunting were distributed through town.

The big idea, of course, emanated from the gallery. Squire Sime Randall propounded it.

Although opinion is usually proffered here in a sitting or semi-recumbent position, the urgency of the occasion drove Squire Randall to his feet, and his example was followed, when he had finished, by others equally enthused, and notably by Major Judah Biles, whose empty coat sleeve fairly unhorsed itself from his pocket with emotion.

"Friends," said Squire Randall oratorically, "this is a time when all good men should come to the rescue of the country. By that I mean that we should familiarize ourselves with some military discipline, with the handling of firearms and the general duties of the militia. You can't never tell when a man will be needed, and though likely none of us will have to see service—the older part of us—I think it behooves us to at least make some preparation, and so I move we organize a home defense corps, an' I move we call it the 'Barbour Rifles'."

The idea was keenly approved.

It was proposed that Lieutenant Rob Burnett be fetched down to visé the idea—it being known that Lieutenant Rob was having supper with the Sherrods.

Lieutenant Rob was accordingly brought, coming down in his military khaki with fertile suggestions as to armament, general executive, and further detail. Banker Angus Watley generously offered a disused, brick-built powder-storage house in his possession as an arsenal, and the village fathers were duly requisitioned for the loan of the town hall as a recruiting center. And on a certain day the idea blossomed to reality.

THE TOWN WAGS HAD THEIR FUN WITH HIM. "SAY, LEANDER, YOUR FLAGS UPSIDE DOWN—DO YOU KNOW IT?"

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The fireman's band in full uniform turned out and marched up Main Street. It was followed by the G. A. R. in the Barbour House motor bus, by the Boy Scouts and the school-children who formed a double line outside the town hall. At the heels of these followed the volunteers—sixty-five in all—a redoubtable showing! Sixty-five they marched, and to a man they signed the pledge to abide by the rules of the new organization. Or not quite. There were just sixty-four on the actual roll when it was finished, after speeches by Angus Watley, and Reverend Alty and Lieutenant Rob Burnett.

The slight discrepancy occurred when the third signer presented himself.

"Why, Gosh-pa-fish-hooks, Leander, we can't let you horn in on this," Major Judah remonstrated patiently; "it wouldn't do, boy."

"I can march, an' I can shoot, major. Abe Vinney lets me shoot at mark."

"Go on, Leander, set down."

"Aw, shut up, Leander!"

Somebody pushed him aside good-naturedly. A substitutive arm reached over his shoulder; recorded the third signature. A fourth pressed him out of place. Leander went into the discard with his lip slightly down; his pale eyes fixed and staring.

"Ain't I goin' to get no chance at all?" he demanded, "'tain't fair anyhow. Abe Vinney says I can shoot good."

"It's followin' all the drill an' the likes o' that, Leander," somebody explained, "you ain't like the rest of the boys an' all that, to do the work straight."

"Mebby I ain't like 'em, but I'd like to do it. I hate them durn Germans. An' Abe Vinney——"

Nobody heeded him, nor paid the least attention to his words. He sat down in a corner and watched the bustle and pressure about him, heard the brisk plans for drill tactics and arsenal stores. Nobody put him out, but he certainly wasn't in any of the activity. He was, so to speak, ideally neutral, a spectator, as usual, on the side lines of life.

Now befell a busy season for Barbour. 'The Rifles,' pride and flower of its male chivalry, fell readily into drill and maneuvers.

Lieutenant Burnett and an occasional minor officer from Ovington came over to supervise the drill, which took place evenings after seven in the high-school gymnasium.

There was always a little line of watchers, a thin "bleachers" of devoted fans, sweethearts, special pals, G. A. R.'s, got in by "permit" issued pompously by the newly elected captain of the Rifles.

But the most passionately absorbed watcher was, as usual, Leander Haley.

Permit or no permit, he was the first on the drill floor—silent, hunched over in his chair. He sat with his gaze fastened on the little drama before him in which he had no part. Sometimes his eyes wandered to Lieutenant Rob, and his face wore the look of an adoring dog; again it flamed with a pale fanatic admiration as the little company fell trimly into "by fours," and clipped the gym floor corners with martial swing and fervor.

He never missed a night of drill until the evening John Trenchard brought in the suit-case!

John Trenchard was one of the three men detailed by Headquarters at Ovington to guard the river railroad bridge. This evening, directly after changing guard, he came down to the gymnasium.

He made no bones about coming in and disturbing drill form. He burst in, his face white and carrying the thing that moved him so. He saluted Lieutenant Rob and set his burden down on the little table on the platform. It was a suit-case—apparently. One of those near-alligator affairs of papier-mâché.

"Found it in down beside the wall under the first big span of the bridge on the left bank, sir, just after number sixteen went through. Two men got off—strangers, the station-master tells me. Walked up track carrying the case. I was on the right turn when I saw a man coming up track. I challenged and he mumbled something and went off up the Culbertsville road. A motor-car went by then, and threw a big glare in my face for a second and blinded me, and when it was gone, something told me to search. I looked all over the right bank and then across to the left. I found this."

"This" was already being gingerly explored and dismantled by nimble fingers.

"Dynamite—look at the layout, will you? Enough sticks to blow up the town."

"—and a detonating cap on one, of course!"

"Time-fuse and it died on 'em. Lookit—charred three inches from the end!"

"I tell you it's the real stuff. There's a regular gang workin' it. They pulled it off at Rileysville three nights ago and tried it on the big bridge at Corson last week."

"Go back and tell

WHEN HE HAD NEARLY REACHED THE END, SOMETHING BIG AND UNGAINLY SMOTE HIM A SMASHING BLOW

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Edwards to double with Vinney. I'll go down and have a talk with the station-master and send in some wires," Lieutenant Rob was saying.

Drill was manifestly a thing of secondary importance. The recent efforts along the main line to wreck culverts and river-bridges had already aroused press comment throughout the section. Twice sentries had been shot at, one man seriously injured. The disemboweled suitcase needed no explanation. But for a slight miscarriage the Barbour bridge with its guard would have been blown to atoms.

The Rifles pressed close; a few fingered the deadly "sticks."

"The Rifles had ought to do something, seems though— What's the use of home defense if it don't defend?"

"Oh, well, we ain't got trainin' yet. And it's headquarters' work anyhow. They'll likely send over extra men."

SOMEBODY passed a "stick" to Leander Haley.

"Get on to that, Leander— that's the real classy stuff. Some pep to that goods, boy."

"A bomb!" whispered Leander in an awed voice.

"A bum bomb," somebody laughed.

"I hate them durn Germans somepin' awful!" Leander said with sudden passion.

"We-ell I dunno, Leander, 'f I was you I wouldn't make so free with my sentiments. Can't never tell what they'll do, spies around an' all. You'll likely to be a marked man if you keep on airin' yourself that way. Shouldn't be surprised you'd find one of them layouts under your back porch."

"Somebody had ought to watch— to watch or they'll do it again," Leander cried.

"Why don't you do it, Leander? Special dep'ty of the Barbour Rifles. What say, boys? Let's appoint Leander. Any one secon' the motion?"

There was a little laugh from the few paying attention. But Leander did not attend. He was still holding the "stick," staring glassily.

"Somebody had ought to watch for 'em," he said again.

It was observed the next evening that Leander was absent from drill. Later one of the McCarthys remarked that Leander was sitting up under the railroad bridge at the foot of one of the abutments.

"The special dep'ty's on the job!" somebody laughed.

The "special dep'ty" took his job with great seriousness. Promptly at sunset he stationed himself among the bushes down near the big concrete abutment on the north side, and so far as the village knew, he stayed there all night.

"Must take cat-naps or sleep by day," they laughed.

Guard was changed above him on the bridge nightly, the first detail released and new men sent from Ovington, yet Leander held his fort.

The men of the first and second details grew used to seeing him sitting or leaning against the abutment.

"Good fishin' down there, comrade?" Petey Foley would ask, shifting his gum and his gun together. And Leander would grin up at him, and make some feeble effort at repartee.

Most of the time it wasn't a bad place to be, anyhow, Leander had concluded. Nights when it was clear, the sky loomed over him like a big bell and the stars were like winking golden eyes.

Nights when the rains set in, he could pull on his old oilskin cape and crouch in the fog-smoke and drizzle. There was the potent allure of the military atmosphere—the guards themselves; the hovering imminence of threatening presence—one knew not what.

Far more than when with the Barbour Rifles, Leander felt a sense of kinship to the big moving war-pageant; a oneness with the spirit that moved his nation. Yet it seemed unlikely it would ever touch Barbour closely. The epidemic of bridge attacks had died, there was no further shooting of guards.

When in June, a third detail from Company X was told off for the river bridge, duty was accepted as a matter of form; a red-tape technicality to be attended to in cold blood. "They's altogether too much jokin' and laughin' between them bridge guards," people pronounced, "an' too much sparkin'. Them Peel twins goes down there 'most every night."

Rumors of this spread freely. Reached Lieutenant Rob, off duty and over to see his sweetheart one sweet June night.

"Let's walk down to-night and have a look at the bridge, Rose; I'd like to see how the boys are making it."

There was no one to challenge their approach as they came up to the north end of the bridge. Private Mayhew, whose task it was to patrol the north approach, had perhaps got a little moon-touched, for he had receded quite far toward the middle of the bridge, and was apparently sunk in revery—assisted by what might have been a film of white river-fog or a white muslin frock.

AT ANOTHER time this defection might have raised the martial ire of Lieutenant Rob, but he was off duty and Rose was with him and the whole river landscape lay, a symphony of peaceful sweetness. And Rose looking up at the moon and down at the river remarked: "Isn't it beautiful, Rob—the moon makes little silver dimples in it."

And Rob, looking only at Rose, said, "Beautiful. Oh, Rose, I love you so," and the bridge was a very human spot for a second or two.

Then a sudden whistle from the south end smote the peace; a cry as of one in terror; a second keen whistle.

Private Herrick was the south guard. Mayhew turned and ran toward him; Lieutenant Rob and Rose also. They could hear Herrick's challenging cry as they ran toward the southern end.

"There's something wrong over there behind the track," he yelled.

The north end lay unguarded, quite empty, remote from martial eye. At this instant a man came running, head low, down the north bank. He carried something dark, flat, oblong in his hand. He lost no time. With swiftness and precision he ran over on the bridge a good third of the way, bent hastily, thrust his burden down in the angle of the wall, turned, doubled, silent-footed, and ran with breakneck speed back to haven.

But when he had nearly reached the end, something big, ungainly, unforeseen—man or devil, he never knew—rose apparently out of the earth, smote him a single smashing blow in the face, hurled him aside and ran with equal speed for the thing he had left on the bridge.

LEANDER HALEY had sat all the early evening among the bushes of the north bank. It promised to be a dull, a very usual evening indeed. He heard the two privates above him exchange chaff; at nine o'clock he saw Nell Peel come down and begin to flirt with Private Mayhew. After a little, he saw Rose and the lieutenant approach. He watched them naively, guilelessly, just as he had watched Mayhew and Nelly Peel. He saw them kiss, and perhaps all this intrigued him as the stars had done, as the military trappings he liked, did, for here, too, he was life's neutral.

But he had not long to watch. For there came the sudden whistle across the bridge, the swift running of the others to attend it.

Leander stood up. He saw the dark shape come slipping down-bank, saw it flash out on the bridge, saw it stoop. Then he ran out to meet it.

Yes, it was as he thought. It was a suitcase that stood here against the iron—a devil's engine like to that other. Even as he ran to it, his heart throbbing against his ribs, he saw a thin evil ghost-wisp of smoke float from it.

Another— and another!

He seized it by the handle.

To open it—put out the fuse! Drop it into the river. None of these expedients offered. The handle glued itself against his palm. Automatically he picked up the case and ran. Behind him he heard the others returning. Rose Sherrod recognized him.

"Leander," she cried, "what is it?"

He ran the faster. God help his legs—give him speed! It mustn't go

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off. Not on the bridge— they'd all be killed. He put down his head and ran like a deer. He knew when his heels left the bridge planking, struck the sputtering gravel on the bank. Stick and stone crackled under his shoes and still he ran.

He was off the bridge now and heading fast for Barbour. On each side trees, bushes, field boundaries! But the bridge was behind—safe. He had saved it—and those others.

Then he looked down and saw the thing he carried. The thin wisps of smoke were still coming from it—coming faster!

"O my God!" he cried in shrill terror, "it's going to kill me!" He ran like a maniac for a dozen paces, wheeled round and ran back twenty rods. He tried to let go and he could not. The handle of the case seemed welded to his arm. It seemed to him he heard a faint hissing in the case now.

"O my God!" he sobbed again.

Then he saw the stone wall along Squire Melton's pasture. That was it—to get the good stout wall between them. He lifted the case with a mighty swing and sent it over the wall. And on that it seemed that he had opened a door into hell itself.

At first he seemed to fly up, then he knew he was going down—down into the pit that has no bottom.

IT WAS Rose Sherrod's grateful hand that gave him his broth and custard, that straightened his pillow and coverlet; it was her smiles he learned to look for—to depend on even more than on the more skilled ministering of the nurse they had got for him.

Little by little he realized his situation: he was lying in Rose Sherrod's house; they had hauled him out of the pit; piecemeal apparently at first, but they had glued the pieces together, and all in good time, Doc Halsey assured him, they would knit firmly and he could leave off his splints and his helmet of plaster bandage.

"And in the meantime, Leander, you're a hero and no mistake. You've done your service and the whole town's grateful."

It looked like it. There were infinite inquiries and kindly messages; a "piece" in the local paper and a great column in the *Ovington Press*.

Leander's fidelity to his idea of service, his personal risk, in conjunction with his infirmity aroused a keen public sentiment. And it crystallized presently down in the Barbour House gallery.

"Friends," said Squire Sime Randall, "this boy's grown up in our midst with a terrible handicap, but a big ideal. At the risk of his own life he preserved our bridge, saved five other lives and caused the capture of an enemy plotter. He's a maur'l lesson to us all. Let's show him we appreciate it."

And so Leander came to his great day.

It was a day made right in heaven out of blue and gold and green verdure. And about three in the afternoon—the hour when, according to Doc Halsey, Leander's siesta ended—a mighty concourse of people began to stream out Main Street in the direction of the Sherrod residence.

First came the firemen's band in full-dress turnout; and thereafter the G. A. R.'s in the Barbour House motor bus; and the Boy Scouts and the school-children, and following these with sprightly step, the neat ranks of the Barbour Rifles. Straight on to the Sherrods' lawn they marched—the Rifles lining up by the veranda.

"We want Leander Haley—fetch out Leander Haley!" came the cry.

On this Leander appeared. There was only two-thirds of his face visible for the tight-casing helmet. One arm was bandaged to his side; the other wreathed a stout crutch. Rose Sherrod and his nurse supported him. It was a question which was the whiter, the bandages or Leander's face.

They gave him a great cheer, then Angus Watley addressed the crowd:

"Friends," he said, "we are gathered here in honor of one of our townsmen who has performed an excellent service, both to us and to our Government. That the authorities have recognized the service Mr. Haley has rendered, is testified to in the splendid personal letter of commendation from the company commander at Ovington, addressed to him, and borne this afternoon in charge of Lieutenant Burnett. That Barbour and its excellent military organization are grateful is vouched for by the fact that I hold and herewith present to him a commission electing Mr. Haley to the post of honorary first lieutenant in the Barbour Rifles."

There was no chance for further speech as he presented the important looking document to Leander, for the shouts that rose.

"What's the matter with Leander Haley?"

"He's all *right*."

On this Leander's face turned from white to crimson and back again. He looked for a moment as though he would faint. To hear this ringing public refutation of a lifelong platitude threatened to unnerve him.

"I—I—" he began, choking.

"Speech," somebody shouted. "Speech, Leander."

"Say something, Leander," Rose whispered. "It's your big day—just 'thank you' will do."

But Leander seemed to be utterly at a loss.

He looked out over the crowd; at the friendly faces upturned; at the band, its instruments at the present, ready to tootle loudly when his speech should be accomplished, at the Rifles—his own company now—and still no words came.

His face grew red with strain, his eyes took on their fixed, earnest stare, then the tension broke. He looked up and saw the big red-white-and-blue emblem whipping from its pole on the Sherrod lawn. It was like a splendid signal from a dear old friend. His face creased and broke into a beaming smile; his eyes lit up with pride.

"Why," he said deprecatingly with a sheepish gesture, "'s all under the same flag. You know . . . 's all under the flag!"

EDDIE WALLACE

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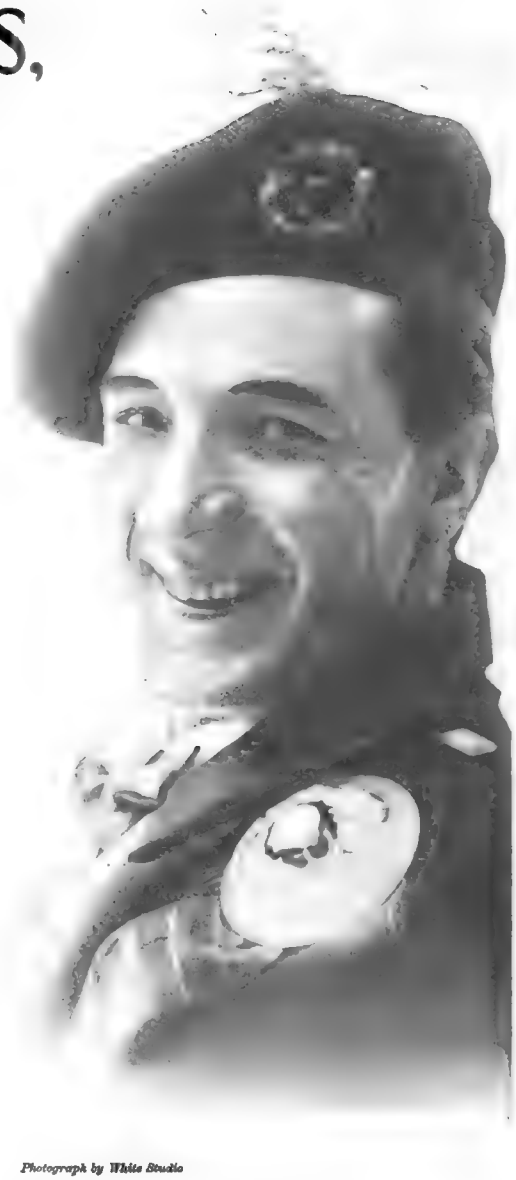
# FATHERS, MOTHERS, SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF AMERICA

## *A Message From Harry Lauder*



*Photograph by White Studio*

EVERY one knows Harry Lauder—the Scotchman whose songs and sketches have cheered people up all over this country, from Sunday-morning phonograph to Saturday-night concert. Harry Lauder's only son went to the war a year ago, and on a battle-field of France he sacrificed his life. And now his father, still singing, still smiling, is here in America with a deeper purpose—to tell us why he believes in the cause for which his son died, why he is willing to pay the price in grief. We asked him to give his message to the readers of EVERYBODY'S; here it is.

YOU don't know yet that there is a war on, and that it is your war. You will soon—soon enough.

When your big ships come in to port, back from the front, with men who will never see again, men who will never hear again, men who will never talk again, men who will never walk again, you will realize it.

You have the atmosphere of war, but the bloody heart of it is too far away for you to know it—yet.

You are not fighting for France, nor for Belgium, nor for Britain. You are fighting for yourselves. Your soldiers and sailors depend upon you. Give them every chance.

Your boys will have to wait a long time; but they will get there. You will have to have a lot of patience. If a nation can stand solid behind a cause that is rotten, we ought to be able to stand solid behind a cause that is wholly good and noble—the best cause that a man ever fought for. We must sacrifice from the time we get up in the morning till the time we go to bed at night. We must have reserves, reserves in men and money. We must fight and work, and buy bonds. Let us all be stockholders in the Bank of Humanity.

The more money and the more men you can put at your country's disposal, the less will be your ultimate sacrifice. Get behind your Liberty Loans, and remember that your money is not going out heedlessly nor wantonly. Your sacrifice is a sure sacrifice. It is going to be bought with the best blood of your country.

When your soldiers and sailors know with no doubt that there are others to take their place when they fall, that there is everything back here to carry this great thing through, they will never hesitate in the fight. Their pluck and their courage and their fortitude will be unbounded in the thought of the folks at home.

You must be economical in everything. Eat less, save all you can, and hand over all you save to your Liberty Loans. If you can buy freedom with money, it will be very cheap, no matter how much it may cost. No matter how much money we may have, it will be of little value to us if we fail this time.

We are face to face with an enemy whose motto is: "No mercy prevails." Our strength and our ultimate success will arise from our every effort, not to *give what we can spare* or to do *something* for the cause, but in our united efforts to do our very best and our utmost.

The magnitude of the situation is greater than anything ever experienced before. We are making a new world. Let the failures of the past be our great example for the future rejuvenation.

We must not leave a stone unturned to put this right. The world is on fire, and our soldiers are the firemen who are called upon to put the fire out. We must not leave a smoldering spark. The hellish blaze of vandalism, murder, plunder, must be stamped black out.

When you get to France, and put it out, do not leave a wee bit of red smoldering. Put it out clean. You are going to light up civilization. You boys are the lamp-lighters of the world. You are going to light it up as never before, and let me tell you, it will be very beautiful for your children to be able to say, "My dad lit that lamp."

Never mind the peace cranks. I have been to the front, and *that's* where the fighting is done. They never talk about peace there. Nobody there says, "When are we going to have peace?" At the front they say, "When are we going to have the next push?"

They said to me: "Harry, if you hear anybody talking about peace, when you get home, swipe their feet from under them." The brawny, tawny hand of Great Britain is ready for you, boys. I was in London when the first contingent of American doctors and nurses came in, and I tell you we gave them a reception. We are all in the great melting-pot together, and we are going to emerge a stronger and better civilization.

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# THE WHITE ARC

## By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

*ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN*

SHE WAS UNBECOMINGLY DRESSED IN A BADLY FITTING FROCK THAT LOOKED AS IF IT DIDN'T BELONG TO HER.

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one army post after another where she has gained a fortuitous education and learned her father's code "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him. He explains for her the other members of the family. They are: Grandfather Gregory, who has built up the Corbett Wagon and Plow Works, an autocrat in the office and at home; Mrs. Corbett, second in command in the Corbett clan; Robert, Senior, the dignified president of the works and father of the family; Constance, Jean's aunt; young Greg, ex-captain of the Yale Varsity and secretary of the company; Robert, Junior, who is working a Wyoming ranch; Anne the bride; and Carter, a junior at Yale.

The night of the bridesmaids' dinner, Jean can not sleep for excitement. She goes down to the billiard-room to recover her dinner-card on which Hugh has written a toast and which she remembers having slipped into the folds of the settee. Passing the library, she is conscious of some one moving about. In order not to alarm the family needlessly, she goes back for a revolver, which she has found in her room in her unpacking, and enters the library just as the burglar is about to pick the safe. As he refuses to obey her injunction not to move, she fires at his feet. The family assemble at the shot. Jean recovers her place-card, and goes back to bed. Hugh, guarding the burglar in the library while the family discuss his fate, discovers that he is an old employee of the Corbett works; and after half an hour's conversation Hugh startles the family with the charge that it is the fault of conditions in their factory that the man has been led to steal. He is prepared next morning to back up this statement to his grandfather, who, having slept through the noise, hears the news from young Greg at the breakfast table, and goes into a rage.

That afternoon, in an interview with his grandfather, Hugh is dumfounded by the permission to see what he can do to improve conditions at the factory. He goes to work conscientiously, to develop a scheme. However, about a year after the inauguration of the welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

Hugh is away at the time, studying welfare systems, and learns of the strike through the headlines of a newspaper. He returns home instantly and adopts a method of his own to break up the strike. He drives out to the factory in the family limousine and learns that the detectives have planned to kidnap Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. He carries her off himself in the family car with the purpose of hearing the strikers' side of the story.

### *CHAPTER SEVEN*

### *Helena Galicz Plays with Fire*

IN ALL her life—and it had been a variegated one—Helena Galicz had never known a moment so packed with contradictory emotions as this in which the captor she had been fighting with the utmost fury released her, told her she was free, and announced his name as that of her arch-enemies, the Corbetts!

She flashed round and stared at him when he told her he was Hugh Corbett, whereupon he added with a short laugh:

"Oh, we're not monsters, really, though this sort of thing must make us seem like that. You're perfectly

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SHE FLASHED AROUND AND STARED AT HIM, WHEN HE TOLD HER HE WAS HUGH CORBETT.

free now to go wherever you like. And I think I can promise that you won't be molested again."

To evidence his good-faith, he picked up the speaking-tube and ordered the chauffeur to stop the car.

Instantly the suspicion flamed up in her mind that here was a trick—a plant. She was to be seen by somebody getting out of the Corbetts' limousine in company with young Hugh Corbett. The incident would be elaborated—perverted—industriously spread about, in the endeavor to undermine her influence with the strikers.

It flashed through her mind so quickly—less a logical process of thought than a thing seen complete in a single glance—that she had time to say, "No. I won't get out here, unless you pull me out," before the speed of the car, in response to Hugh's order, had sensibly diminished.

He countermanded the order at once and, in a tone of perplexity that Helena found it difficult to doubt the genuineness of, asked, "What can I do for you then? Where can I take you? If you'll tell me where you live, or where you'll find friends that you can count on——"

She laughed—not quite inaudibly. Could he possibly be so simple as to think she would permit herself to be turned over to her friends at his hands—to come driving up in a car like that, under his escort, either to the house where she roomed, or to the vacant store they used for strike headquarters? Did he think she was a fool? Or was he? It angered her that she could not make either of these alternatives stick.

He was waiting, speaking-tube in hand, for her answer. She glanced out of the window. It was a dark, gloomy part of town. The street was deserted. The point at which he had ordered the car to stop was already half a mile past; the frame-up—if it had been a frame-up—frustrated.

She could get out here safely enough. And that would be, probably, the wisest thing to do.

But it was not what she wanted to do. She did not want to leave him just yet. There was the fascination of the mysterious, for one thing. As yet, this ride of hers was an uncompleted adventure. Where would it carry her? What would he try to do with her? There was a strong, sensuous pleasure, besides, just in riding along with him like this: in the smooth, powerful motion, the relaxation, which the luxurious upholstery of the car invited; in the occasional fortuitous contacts with that fine-limbed, highly organized body of his. There was something dramatically satisfactory, too, in this calm after the passionate, furious struggle with which their ride had begun.

She knew she was playing with fire when she said: "Drive me back into Chicago with you." But then, Helena Galicz had been playing with fire all her life.

It was possible, of course, to give her decision the color of good strategy. And this, with half-contemptuous insincerity, she did. The strikers must already have suspected that she had been kidnaped again, and this suspicion, spreading uncontradicted through the night, would inflame them more than her presence could do. And when they learned, upon her reappearance in the morning, that her abductor was one of the Corbetts in person, the flames would rage uncontrollably.

She heard then, down in her depths, the premonitory utterance of a theme which was destined to be the tragic one of her life: a realization of how a stratagem like that would appear to him—would outrage his code of honor. Impatiently she silenced it. Was the warfare against his class, to which she had consecrated her life, to be abandoned, in any phase or moment of it, for the fetish of fair play?

She dropped back slackly in the

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cushioned seat and stroked her bruised lips with her tongue. They still tasted salt. He was speaking.

"That's very kind of you—to give me a chance like this. I hope you'll talk frankly with me. Frankness is a thing I've found it pretty hard to get."

Her reply was vague, not very intelligible and faintly interrogative. At least he took it that way and began explaining himself: his position in the strike; the reason it came home to him as a personal defeat to all his aims and projects; the ineradicable conviction he had that the solvent for all their difficulties was complete mutual understanding. That was why it was so maddening to see things being done on both sides which darkened the issue instead of clearing it; which sowed distrust and hatred. What he wanted was to learn how it looked to the strikers; what their grievances were. His side didn't mean to be unfair, let alone brutal and tyrannous. They might be blind—very likely were—stupidly blind—to things they might be expected to see. In the course of his welfare work he had often felt that—been made aware of resentments that no amount of brain-racking enabled him to account for. But stupid though they might be, and deplorably though they might have blundered, they were honestly doing the best they could. He was willing to concede that her side were honest, too, and prepared to be reasonable—asking no more than they felt to be their rights. So that if it were possible to get together in a spirit of mutual forbearance and talk things out to the bottom, quite frankly, the whole trouble might be cleared away.

Sometimes the girl put in a word or two for the purpose of keeping him going. She was not listening at all, beyond an almost automatic identification of the things he was saying as stuff she already knew by heart—the everlasting righteousness of the middle-class point of view—the sense of duty—the wincing away from the logical conclusions of the system they represented—the milk-and-water mitigations they went about proposing in the wake of their car of Juggernaut. It was an attitude that had inspired some of the finest rhapsodies of hatred she had ever written.

To-night, she heard it calmly, lying back there among the cushions, her arm touching his, his wounded hand, the hand that had clasped her mouth, lying there on his knee before her. The ideas he expressed were nothing to her; meant no more than the croak of the bullfrogs in the marsh the road traversed.

But the voice itself thrilled her—finely modulated, inflected in low-relief, it had a bead upon it like champagne. It told her that, calm as he seemed, dull as were the things he was saying, he was excited, too.

Deliberately she let her mind go back to that moment of struggle between them. Her lips burned again at the memory of it.

The error which all her associates made when they tried to reckon with Helena Galicz lay in this: they knew—all the radical world in America knew—that she was Anton Galicz's daughter. What they did not know—or, knowing, failed to take account of—was the fact that she was Helena Bogany's daughter also.

Anton Galicz had achieved martyrdom in the Syndicalist cause. His trial for murder—a murder which it was not even contended had been done by his own hands—had been reported by the Associated Press, and radical papers all over the country had rung with it. His conviction and sentence to twenty years' hard labor had been the occasion for demonstrations and memorials from one coast of the country to the other. He was the sort of man who is foreordained to be a martyr in some cause.

He was an Austrian Pole, a native of the city of Lemberg, of poor but not submerged parents. His frail body, no less than his active mind, his early-developed passion for books, led them to concentrate their hopes on him. Every advantage in the way of education that they could possibly afford, that the utmost stretch of sacrifice could procure, they lavished upon him.

He made what he could of these advantages, but it was not much. For he was a true intellectual—one of those unfortunates whose intelligence can see what it is beyond their energy to reach. Men like that are doomed to live frustrated, disappointed lives. They are usually embittered by a conviction that the world is not treating them as well as they deserve to be treated. It is the stupidity or malice of others, or it is a fundamental defect in the whole structure of civilization that prevents their attaining to the place in the scheme of things to which their talents have entitled them—rather than their own lack of character, energy or imagination.

Up to the time of his emigration to America—which happened in his early twenties—he attributed his failure and the disappointment of his parents' hopes to the aristocrats. In a democratic country like America, now, merit stood on its own feet and received its merited rewards. In America a man like him would stand a chance. He believed this and proclaimed it for a good while—for two or three years—before he finally arose and came.

America failed him. Its pretended democracy turned out to be a sham. It was the plutocrats here rather than the aristocrats who ran things to suit themselves. But the effect was the same.

He was a remarkable polyglot (he could speak and write with equal fluency in half a dozen of the Eastern European languages, and though his English always had an exceedingly foreign sound, he was not long in learning to use it effectively) and he managed to make an exiguous living, sometimes as a reporter on one or another of the foreign-language newspapers,

HE WAS IN HIS MOTHER'S SITTING-ROOM, CLAD IN A BATHROBE AND PACKED ROUND WITH PILLOWS IN AN EASY CHAIR.

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sometimes by acting as an interpreter. Anyhow, he was never quite reduced to unskilled manual labor, though it was a prospect that never seemed very far away.

As far back as Helena could remember, she and her father had always been on the move. Possessions they never had, beyond the clothes they wore and what oddments would go into a pair of battered old hand-satchels and a tin trunk. A few months was their limit in any one domicile. Jobs, for Anton, were like plums in a bran pudding of joblessness. That they so seldom went actually hungry was due to the fierce practical wisdom of little Helena, who had developed, by the time she was seven, into a domestic autocrat, impounding her father's wages, when he was getting any, and doling them out by pennies when he was not.

UNTIL she was eleven years old she went to school—on her own initiative—whenever she could, and made astonishing progress. She lied to her teachers about her age and was supposed to be thirteen (she looked it, easily) when she finished the secondary grades. All that time they lived in or about New York.

She loved her father dearly, passionately. There was a strain of poetic tenderness in his manner toward her which satisfied all her emotional needs. He made, to an extraordinary degree, a companion of her—as his periods of idleness made it possible for him to do; spent hours reading aloud to her. It was her good fortune that she inherited his genius for languages, since he read indifferently in Russian, English, German and French, as if such things as lingual boundaries did not exist—as if the Tower of Babel had never been built. And he told her wonderful stories. Until she was twelve or so she never realized that she hadn't a mother. Through all those years, though, her love for him was tempered by a feeling not far from contempt—for his idleness, his impracticality, his unsuccess.

But along in her thirteenth year she had an experience akin to a religious conversion. She began listening to the talk between her father and his friends, sometimes in the room they happened to be calling home—sometimes around long, narrow tables behind saloons, whither her father took her. It had all been noise, before, the growl of harsh, interminable voices, thumps on the table, cigaret and pipe smoke—thick and hard to breathe—the acrid smell of stale beer.

Suddenly, one night, a meaning emerged out of it all. They were talking about war—war on the capitalist class: the rich, that meant; the men whom you had to beg for jobs and who gave them to you on their own brutal terms; the men who had control of the government and ran it as they pleased and for their own profit; men who lolled back in their soft chairs and grinned as they watched the workers sweat to produce the wealth they grew fat upon.

But it was not to last forever. Some day these sweating workers would awake to their own power. The wheels of industry would all stand still, and in that horrifying, breathless pause would be heard the voice of labor—and it would be the voice of mastery. "This is the end," it would say to the fat parasites in their easy chairs. "Your day is over. You and your wage systems and your profits and the mask of hypocrisy you call the state and try to frighten us with and make us worship, are finished all together. You can learn to work as we do or you can starve as you have starved us. This is a new day, and all men are free." And then the workers would take possession of the tools, the factories, the locomotives, the mines—and the new world would be begun.

The day would not be soon, nor would the prophets of it walk an easy path. There would be discouragements, persecutions in the name of that hated lie, the law; the cause would claim its martyrs. But it would triumph at last.

What broke over her simultaneously with the vision itself was the realization that among the little group of men who expounded it, whose eyes gleamed and whose voices rang with it around the long table, her father was the leader. The others fell silent when he spoke—listened, with awe, while he expounded, or translated pamphlets for them from languages they did not know. It was only when they argued matters of mere practical detail that they ceased to defer to him. At such times his eyes grew dreamy, his gaze abstracted, and he would reach out with an absent hand and fondle her hair. She conceived suddenly an enormous pride in him. All that she had hitherto felt to be his weaknesses underwent a transfiguration.

THE physiological fact of her adolescence was at the bottom of this, of course. She needed something to dream about—a religion to which she could offer herself as a sacrifice. She found it in this Syndicalist myth of the general strike. She needed a priest in whom she could personify it. She found him in her father.

She soon became aware that his companions were urging him to spread the gospel more widely; to speak at little meetings, and to write articles for some of the radical weekly and monthly papers—dingy, blurred little sheets, enjoying a brief, precarious existence. As best she could, she made herself his right hand. She took care of him, encouraged and indulged him; made herself his pupil, read his pamphlets and brought her difficulties to him for explanation, until he found in her the stimulus for those nightly gatherings around the long table.

All her old ambitions were abandoned—of going to high school, of getting a good job in an office, of wearing fresh-laundered blouses, of marrying, triumphantly, her rich employer and going to theatres and restaurants in a low-cut gown. All these fancies were discarded like the dolls and toys of infancy. Her one desire now was to accompany and inspire her father and to learn enough from him so that she could, one day, take the red standard from his hand and carry it on.

It was in nineteen hundred and one that Anton and his daughter made their hegira across the continent to the West, where, it appeared, better fields awaited their sowing.

In the East the proletariat was hopelessly wedded to trade-unionism—given over to such abominations as trade-autonomy; to the belief that there was common ground between the employer and the wage-earner, and that the Cause would be advanced by seeking it. Even the Socialists were ceasing to be revolutionaries and were talking political action and compromise. The Knights of Labor, who had the seed of the true faith in them, were at their last gasp. But in the mining fields of the great West, where Cœur d'Alene had not been forgotten, another leaven was working.

THE journey west was made by stages and required months for its accomplishment. But the goal was reached at last and the new life began. For three years Anton Galicz preached his gospel, where and how he could, in large towns and small, in mining camps and agricultural communities. On street corners, in tents, in dingy, tight-packed halls, he proclaimed his easily comprehended creed. Wherever the industrial barometer was lowest, wherever wisps of smoke through the fissured crust of things betrayed a fire underneath, he sought to fan and release the flames.

He had organized support, of course. The Syndicalist cause, although it did not go by that name, had strong leaders and considerable funds behind it. But his main support, that he never could have gone on without, was his daughter Helena. Lacking her he would have been a mere dreamer. And lacking him, she—Well, we are coming to that. An amazing fact to remember is that when he went to prison she was still less than seventeen years old. Just the age that little Jean Gilbert was seven years later when she caught her burglar and fell in love with Hugh.

It was in the great Gold Creek strike that Galicz met his fate. He was in the thickest of it from the beginning.

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Its enormities afforded his doctrines a perfect object lesson, with its bull-pens and stockades, with labor openly taking up the knife and torch, and with the state and the law showing their naked hands as willing tools of the mine-owners. The issue was joined at last.

The dynamiting of a bunk-house, in which a mine boss and a dozen strike-breakers lost their lives was a carefully planned and obviously conspiratorial affair, one of many, but, as it happened, the last. Law and order had already won their victory and were in the mood, naturally enough, to seek out an expiatory victim. That Galicz should have been charged with the murder was also natural enough. The actual perpetrators of the deed would probably never be known. Galicz, with his perfectly reckless talk and printed writings, could be held responsible. In this responsibility others shared, to be sure, but he was, for a variety of reasons, conspicuous—chiefly conspicuous in that, among all the leaders, he was almost the only foreigner. So, with due process of law, he was seized and indicted and, after a trial, which offered almost unexampled forensic opportunities to the lawyers on both sides, convicted. His sentence, it was felt, in view of his fragile physique and feeble health, amounted to life imprisonment.

So Anton Galicz became a martyr. He left in Helena a living symbol of his martyrdom. It was as such a symbol that she lived during the eight years which elapsed between her father's going to prison and the outbreak of the Corbett strike. Wherever she appeared in radical circles she had only to name herself to be recognized as her father's daughter, to receive sympathy and help—to be treated as a personage.

Her benefactors and admirers turned up, too, in strange places sometimes. One of the most important of them was Grace Drummond, a Denver school-teacher, with whom Helena lived for more than two years. She was about forty years old, unmarried, good-looking, in a repressed, severely tailored sort of way—one of that large class among women school-teachers, whose real emotional and intellectual life is entirely an interior thing, dissociated from, and without any adequate means of expression in, their exterior one; presenting to the world a finely chiseled shell of conventionality which never betrays the fires within. It may be questioned in her case, as no doubt in many others, how long those fires would burn if exposed to the wind of action and of circumstance. Pent up, they seem, to the bearers of them, volcanoes.

It was immediately after the trial that Grace Drummond sought Helena out and carried her off to the tiny apartment where she lived. It was the one act of self-expression she had ever achieved.

I wish that this too-crowded chronicle afforded space for telling more about her and the life that Helena lived with her. But it must be summed up in this paragraph. Helena, with that intense, eager avidity which characterized her early years, learned an immense lot from the older woman; learned manners, enormously improved her speech, and filled in some of the many gaps in her more formal education, which her father's teaching had left. The friction between the two mounted steadily during the entire period of their association. When they parted, after a furious final quarrel, they hated each other cordially.

Grace Drummond's experience with Helena was prophetic of the experience of many others who were to take up her rôle or something like it, during the next six years. They got more than they bargained for.

They bargained for Anton Galicz's daughter. And they got, besides, Helena Bogany's. Helena, I think, was some-

"WHAT IN THE DEVIL HAVE YOU DONE WITH THAT GIRL?" GREGORY TURNED ON HUGH. "WHERE IS SHE NOW?"

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times misled about herself in the same way.

As I said, she had never realized, during all her childhood, that she had not a mother. With the other emotions of her adolescence, this sense of the incompleteness of her family came to her, not so much a deprivation as an opportunity for dreams and wonderings and sentimental thoughts. At last she brought up the subject with her father—one evening when the relation between them was particularly tender, in the hope of making it tenderer still—of getting one more turn out of the emotional screw. But the effect was not what she expected. Her father's face set like marble, and for a minute he pretended not to have heard. Then he said, "Ask me nothing about her. You had no mother. I have been your mother."

But years later, on the last night of his liberty—after the warning of his impending arrest had been brought to him and he had refused to avail himself of it for an attempted flight, he, of his own accord, told her the story of his disastrous love of Helena Bogany—a Hungarian Jewess she was, nineteen years old when Anton first saw her. They were married, before a justice, after it had become evident that she was with child, and the marriage had lasted not quite three years. Then she had run away with another man, but she had been unfaithful to him—Anton thought—for a good while before that.

"You are growing into her looks," he told his daughter, his burning gaze turned on her face. "You are not yet beautiful like her, though it is possible you will be, one day. Your hair and skin are the color of hers. It may be you will find her blood in you, too. If so, fight it. She was not an upright woman. She was greedy, vain, lustful. She loved finery. She was a milliner by trade, and good at it. She pretended to be a radical, but that was a lie. It was only that for a while she was in love with me. When I married her she wished me to leave my philosophy to earn money for her—more money than other women's husbands earned for them—so that she could be better dressed than they. At heart she was a bourgeoise. And the appetites of her body were insatiable. I tell it for a warning to you. They will put me in prison, or to death. But you will be left to avenge me. You are a good daughter, but beware of vanity and of the appetites of the body, lest you become as she."

It was years before Helena consciously and avowedly revised that story in a different light from the one in which her father had told it to her and allowed her thoughts to dwell, in

(Continued on page 114)

SUDDENLY SHE REACHED FOR THE WOUNDED HAND, RAISED IT GENTLY, AND TOUCHED IT TO HER LIPS.

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Photographs by the Author

THESE LITTLE MOVIE ACTORS ARE VERY GOOD-NATURED AND WILLING, BUT IT'S HARD TO GET THEM TO "ACT NATURAL".

# HAND-MOVED MOVIES

## By Robert H. Moulton

WHAT would you think of a movie player who never kicked about his part, never tried to hog a scene, never had a burning desire for publicity, and instead of demanding an enormous salary, worked for absolutely nothing?

"Nothing to it," you say; "there ain't no sech animal."

But you're wrong. There is not only one but a large bunch of such players in Chicago, and pretty soon they will be displaying their histrionic abilities to an admiring public. They are the special protégés of Howard S. Moss, a Chicago movie director, to whom they are perfectly willing to give the entire credit for everything they do.

To cut it short, these players are dolls, which, under expert manipulation, do almost everything that is required of real actors nowadays, and do it at least as well as a good many of the latter. If you don't believe it, just wait until the five-reeler, "Some Doll," comes your way and then judge for yourself. If the experience of the writer, who had a private view of the play recently, is any criterion, you will get more enjoyment out of your fifteen cents than you ever did out of a three-ring circus.

Their novel movie studio looks more like the toy-shop of Santa Claus than anything else. Probably never before has there been, in one place, such a marvelous collection of dolls, toys and miniature stage settings. All the dolls are made to order under the personal supervision of the director, for they must of necessity be of the finest construction, with a great many joints. They have real hair, and clothes and other furnishings that cost scads of money, and, above all, they look and act like human beings.

Of course, all the acting is done with the aid of the director and his assistants. The work is marvelously interesting to the visitor who is allowed to watch it; but one can't help wondering if it doesn't become tedious for the director sometimes.

Just imagine moving Bobby Doll's head some thirty or forty times, a fraction of an inch at a time, when it is designed that he shall nod in acquiescence to Agnes Doll's request for an ice-cream soda, at the same time making a single picture between the movements, and being very, very careful to see that the whole action is performed naturally.

That is exactly how the whole thing is done; but it isn't as easy by many miles as it sounds. Furthermore, it can not be done at all without months and years of preliminary experimenting, and that is why it requires a sort of monumental patience. Every time one of the dolls is put through a movement, it means that the director has gone through that particular movement himself, perhaps several times, until he had everything down pat; just how far to move a head, an arm or a foot after each single exposure made by the camera man, how many times to do it to complete the action, and a whole raft of other things. This is truly a



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IT SOMETIMES TAKES HOURS TO POSE THEM RIGHT. IMAGINE THE TROUBLE TO PRODUCE A SCENE LIKE THIS, SHOWING LITTLE "GOLDEN LOCKS" HIDING FROM THE THREE BEARS.

case where every little movement has a meaning all its own.

When two or more dolls must act together, it means that the amount of work, the time required to do it, and the care to be exercised, are increased in like proportion. And when, as occasionally happens, the dolls act in conjunction with real people, it is something else again. For instance: in one scene, Bobby Doll lights the fuse of a bomb which is reposing at the feet of a real sleeping watchman. In a close-up, Bobby sneaks in, strikes a match, holds it to the fuse of the bomb and hastily departs. The time required to photograph this scene was three-quarters of an hour, and as no well-regulated flesh-and-blood actor could conveniently keep his feet still that long, it was necessary to nail the pseudo watchman's shoes to the floor. Sometimes, too, the real actors must move about at the same time with the dolls, and then the difficult problem of synchronism enters into the matter.

While all this may sound mechanical enough, the effect when a scene is projected on the screen, is marvelously realistic. In fact, it is hard not to believe that the dolls are imbued with intelligence and act of their own volition. There is nothing whatever to show that they are supported by anything—pins, invisible wires, etc., are some of the props used—and a scene that may require half an hour to photograph is usually projected in a few seconds. Six months of highly concentrated effort were required to produce the five-reel play mentioned.

Well, anyway, you say, the director doesn't have to contend with that awful disease which frequently afflicts the real actor—temperament. Wrong again. His dolls, the director asserts, are almost human in that respect, for often they refuse absolutely to do what the scenario calls for. It may be the weather that affects their joints, but at any rate they have their spells of contrariness, just like a thousand-dollar-a-week star.

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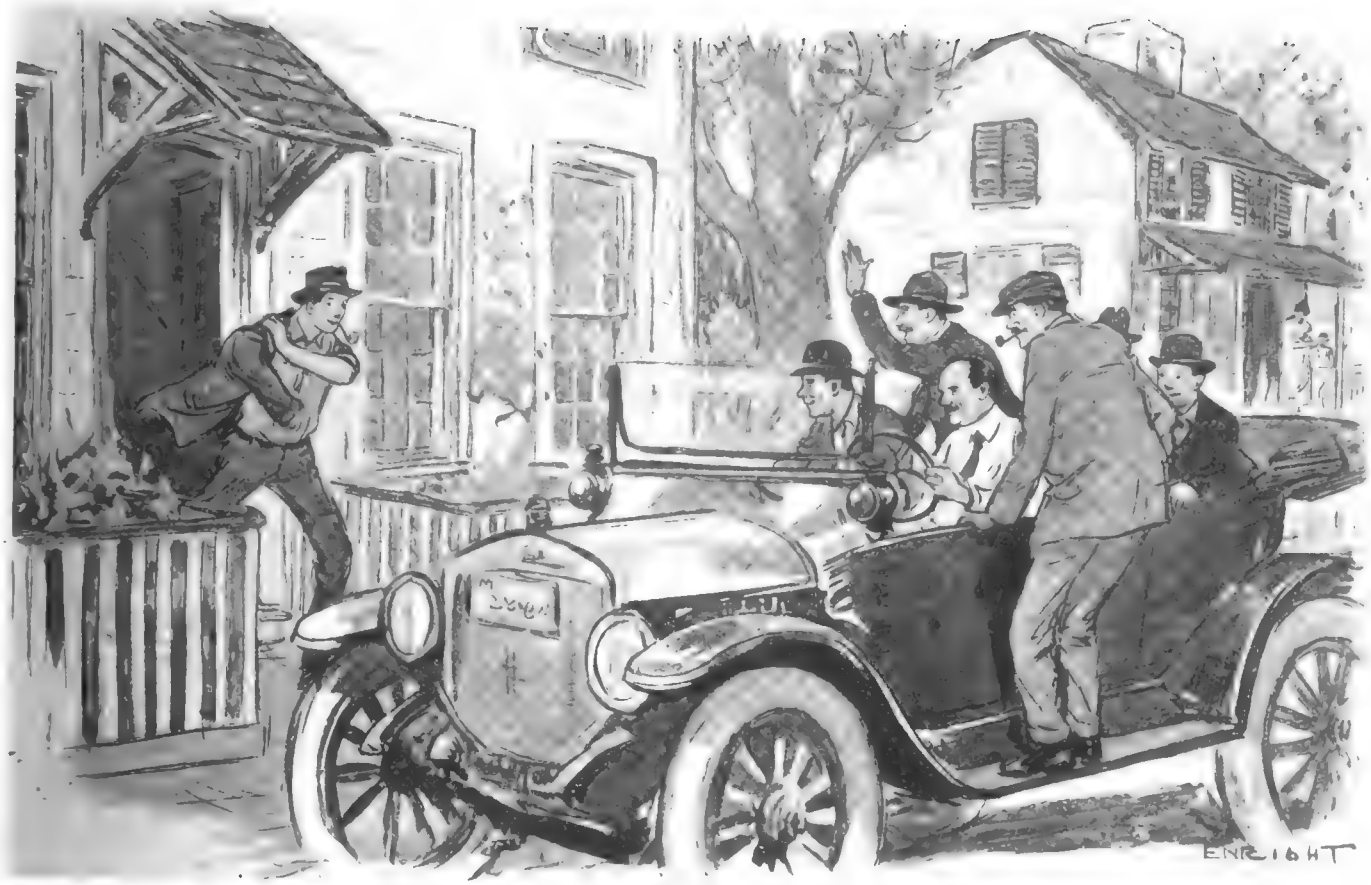


THEY WERE OUT IN THEIR CARS BY FOUR IN THE MORNING, PICKING UP THE WORKERS.

# NORWAY, AMERICA!

## *By William Almon Wolff*

*ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT*

*THIS is the record of one community's patriotism. To the country's need Norway, Maine, responded—with money, men, grain, Red Cross work, pigs! We do not claim that Norway is the banner community of the country. What we do claim is that if every other community will do as well as Norway, we need have no fear about our war. We are going to tell you, from month to month, about other towns and counties that have made similar records of patriotism. But we want your help. If your town, district, county—community—is proud of itself along any line of war work, let us know.*

NORWAY, Maine, is at war with the German empire.

That statement holds equally true, of course, of the rest of the United States, and of her territories, and insular possessions, and —and especially— of the District of Columbia. But there are ways and ways of being at war. There is the way of some towns and villages and cities and counties, which is to become rather excited and demonstratively patriotic at the outbreak of war, and to hang out flags, and buy more newspapers, and to have a comfortable feeling when troops march by, and to buy a few Liberty Bonds and—let the administration at Washington make war. And then there is Norway's way—which, if this war is to be won, must be the way of all the rest of the country.

Norway's part in this war has not been passive or simply acquiescent. It has been definite, self-conscious, dynamic, pervasive. Ever since last April Norway has been doing things that all America must do, with ever-increasing energy, to bring victory. Norway, a tiny place, tucked away in a Maine valley, connected with the outside world only by a trolley and a shuttle line to the Grand Trunk railway a mile and a half away from the center of the village, has gone to war in a fashion that makes it an object lesson, and an inspiration for all America.

Norway has done nothing that any other community can not do. It has done nothing in the first war summer of 1917 that it can not do again next year—and do better. Some communities have, undoubtedly, already matched Norway's effort. *All* must do so.

About Norway there is nothing remarkable. It isn't populated by supermen. Norway people are just folks, just as Norway, itself, is only the village center of a farming community with a population of three thousand, one bank, a moving-picture

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theatre that shows films twice a week, a shoe factory, a sizable lumber-yard, one hotel, and the other usual appurtenances of village life.

When Congress declared, last April, that a state of war existed with the German empire, Norway's reaction was a normal one. A few more flags appeared; there was a somewhat brisker demand for the Portland newspapers, with their big headlines. A recruiting tent was set up; posters flamed on walls and trees, calling for enlistment in Army and Navy.

But the war didn't come home to Norway at once, any more than it did to most other American towns and villages. There was no immediate, instinctive realization that Norway could, and should, play a definite, direct part in the making of war. Norway regarded war as something to be attended to by the Government—and the Government as a vague, distant abstraction, moving, more or less mysteriously about its business in Washington, nearly a thousand miles away.

As soon as war was declared, the Governor of Maine appointed public safety committees in counties and towns throughout the state. Norway got its public safety committee, which met, and organized, and met again, and talked things over, but failed, for some reason, to get things started. Neither Norway nor the committee was fully aroused. But—there were men on the committee who were not easily discouraged. One of them was Talbot Mundy, the novelist, who had forsworn his allegiance to King George V. of England, a few weeks before, and become an American citizen.

THE FARMERS WERE BEING ASKED TO DO SOMETHING FOR UNCLE SAM, AND THE REQUEST CAME FROM BOYS IN KHAKI.

Mundy attended the first uninteresting, footless meetings of the Public Safety Committee. He isn't the Englishman of tradition—few Englishmen are, when you come down to it. He is an alert, impatient chap, who chafes under inactivity, and is unhappy when he knows there are things to be done that aren't being done. He grew restless, and pretty soon he picked up Fred Cummings, who used to be in the lumber business, but has retired, and Hugh Pendexter, whose short stories appear in most of the magazines, and Vivian Akers, Norway's famous landscape photographer. The three of them dropped into Henry Foster's clothing store, on Main Street, and went back to talk to Foster.

Mundy started the talking. He said harsh things about the Public Safety Committee—of which all four were members.

"This war can't be fought and won by sitting around and talking about it!" he said. "There are things to be done—and done at once. Crops, for instance—we've got to get after the farmers and make them plant more stuff. And we've got to get to work on enlistments. Posters aren't enough to make men enlist—they found that out in England, early in the war. You have to get after men personally. And there's going to be a big bond issue. We'll have to do our part in that."

"I don't know about the farmers," said Foster. "They don't like us much—there's always been a little bad feeling between the people here in Norway and the farmers. And they'll say they can't get help, if they do plant more—and that their crops will be ruined because they can't take care of them after they're planted."

"Well, we'll have to get around that," said Mundy. "We've got to raise more food."

"Talk to Yeaton," suggested Cummings.

So they called in Professor George A. Yeaton, the agricultural expert from the Maine College of Agriculture, at Orono, who is in charge of agricultural extension work in Oxford County, with headquarters in Norway. He smiled, rather sadly, when they told him what they wanted.

"Of course we can raise more food crops!" he said. "They can come to me for all the seed they want. And they've got the land—acres of it, going to waste every summer. But—how about help? It's easy to plant the crops, and get the plowing done. But how about hoeing? And getting in the hay? That's what every farmer will ask you! And he'll be right. He'll be talking out of experience. Getting help is the greatest problem the Maine farmer has."

"I think we can fix that," said Foster, quietly. Foster always is quiet—until he catches some one, usually Mundy, trying to give him credit for what was done after that. "There are a lot of men and boys, right here in Norway, who could do a few days' work on farms. How about making a canvass and seeing how many we can get to pledge themselves to help out as a matter of patriotism? We can get

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VIVIAN AKERS, WHO ORGANIZED THE BOY SCOUTS TO ACHIEVE NORWAY'S GREAT LIBERTY LOAN OVER-SUBSCRIPTION.

automobiles enough to distribute them and take them home at night, can't we?"

"We can get mine!" said Mundy, at once. "And mine!" said Cummings. "And Mr. Carroll will help out."

They reckoned up at once the car owners who could be counted upon. Foster got up a card, of the sort that can be filed in a card index. It is shown on this page in concise form.

Every one contributed something to the framing of those questions on that card—the one about pigs being Mundy's. Of that more will be said later.

As soon as the index cards were printed, the sub-committee, or whatever it may be called—it never did formally organize itself or depart from the formal Public Safety Committee, probably because it was too busy!—went to work on a canvass of Norway. Mundy and the rest went around, from house to house. They wouldn't take "no" for an answer. Men who hadn't dreamed of working on a farm, who didn't know how, and were sure they couldn't learn, were convinced, and signed that pledge with something like enthusiasm.

"Man alive!" Mundy would say. "We're not asking much! All we want you to do is to promise to give a day's work, or as many days as you can, to Uncle Sam. Some farmer will pay you—but you'll be working for the country and against the Kaiser just as much and just as hard as you would be in a trench in Flanders!

"The Army's got to be fed, hasn't it? And the food's got to come from here. We've got to help to feed France and England, too. Their men can't work on farms—they're in the trenches. Here's your chance to do your bit!"

F. H. CUMMINGS, ONE OF THE PLAIN CITIZENS WHO HELPED LEAD NORWAY RIGHT INTO THE WAR.

It was up-hill work. But there was determination behind it and it was accomplished. Yeaton agreed, at last, that Mundy and the rest had enough pledges to justify them in going to the farmers. And then began an entirely new phase of the campaign.

## NORWAY COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY

### SECTION OF FOOD SUPPLY

WHEREAS, The Government of the United States of America has been compelled to take up arms in defense of the common rights of mankind; and

WHEREAS, the President of the United States has called upon every citizen to help in this crisis; and

WHEREAS, The food supply of the United States must be maintained;

THEREFORE, I do hereby pledge myself to serve my country by my own labor in the production and conservation of food for the people of the United States.

This committee is pledged to convey all volunteer laborers to and from work in autos free of all expense to the laborers, and to see that the agreed wage is promptly paid.

.....

Name.....Address.....

.....

Age.....(10 to 15):.....(15 to 20).....(Over 20) Tel.....

I will work on a farm the following time:.....

.....

Have you had farm experience?.....

In view of the urgency, are you willing for patriotic reasons to work Sundays?..... With pay for Sunday work?..... .....Without pay for Sunday work?..... Have you a team to work?..... Will you raise a pig?..... .....Will you raise a calf?.....Will you raise more chickens than last year?.....

The farmers were not responsive—not at first. They didn't visualize the war. They didn't see the part that they could play in fighting it and ending it. They rather resented the attempt of the townspeople to dictate to them about their crops. Mundy was the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, so to speak.

Mundy eats breakfast, from choice, about six o'clock. On the first day, after breakfast, he set out, driving his big black car, hatless, with his chestnut hair blowing about and his face all on fire with enthusiasm. He had a route mapped out and he knew, already, a good many of the farmers he wanted to see.

TALBOT MUNDY, NOVELIST, AND INSPIRER OF THE PLAIN, TO-THE-POINT PATRIOTISM OF NORWAY.

"Yo-ho!" he shouted at his first stopping-place—arousing the curiosity and interest of every one within half a mile. "Mr. Freeman around?" (The name, Freeman, being fictitious, as they say in legal documents.)

And then, when he found Freeman, wherever he might happen to be:

"Good morning, Mr. Freeman! You look fine! Well—we want you to help lick the Kaiser by raising more crops this summer!"

Mr. Freeman allowed he didn't know about doing that. He guessed he was raising about all he could handle as it was. Fact was, he was thinking about cutting down some. What with this war, and all the young chaps going off to fight, it looked to him as if help would be scarcer than ever this year.

"That's where you're wrong!" said Mundy. "Look at this!"

And he produced his list of pledges, and explained the plan he and Foster and the others had worked out.

"We'll guarantee you all the help you want," he said. "All you'll have to do will be to tell us how many men you need, and the day you want them. We'll do the rest—bring them right here in an automobile and take them home again at night."

Mr. Freeman was interested—but skeptical. He had his doubts about the quality of the work he could look for from soft-handed townspeople.

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"Use more help, then—you'll find they'll make good!"

Mr. Freeman scratched his head.

"The more you plant, the more money you'll make!"

Bang! That nearly wrecked the whole program. Mundy says that line was the worst he could have followed. The statement aroused Mr. Freeman. In his judgment he knew more in a minute about the money that could or couldn't be made on a farm than any novelist from Norway could learn in a year! He wasn't unpleasant about it, but he was mighty firm. And his suspicions were aroused.

"Well, it isn't a question of money, of course," said Mundy, rather desperately. "It's sheer patriotism! You've read what the President has said, haven't you? To win this war we've all got to pitch in. We've got to raise more crops—and then more. Even when the war ends we've got to keep the world from starving. It's up to you to help Uncle Sam, Mr. Freeman. I'm speaking for him."

### *An American Response*

THAT was the beginning of the end for Mr. Freeman. Mundy hadn't allowed for a certain intangible, abstract thing; a memory, a heritage; a deep-lying spiritual asset that Mr. Freeman shares with a good many other Freemans and Allens and Timpsons and owners of other New England names. Mr. Freeman could have told Talbot Mundy, late of England, sometime administrator and fighter for the British Empire in far-flung colonial dominions of India and Africa, certain things—but nothing could have induced him to talk about them.

He could have told Mundy that a Freeman had been among those present at the storming of Ticonderoga in the Revolution, that another had fought at Lundy's Lane; that still another had died in Mexico; that several Freemans had answered Abraham Lincoln's call to arms; that the very latest Freeman grave had been filled by a Spanish bullet in 1898. But, of course, he told Mundy nothing of the sort! What he did was to scratch his head again.

"Well, I don't take much stock in this help you're promising me," he said. "But I'll see how much planting I can do and take a chance."

So it went. Often Mundy and the others had to combat the state of mind created by a subtle and far-reaching pro-German propaganda. There were farmers, among those he saw, who still cherished an enmity toward England that had its roots in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812. They fairly bristled at Mundy's accent, which is the most British thing about him. Sometimes Cummings or Foster had to relieve Mundy, in an obstinate case, and wind things up.

But always they drove home the same points. Mundy's first day taught him not to appeal to the farmers with talk of the financial gain for themselves. The problem was to convince those farmers that by increasing their acreage under cultivation they would, actually, aid in the war. *And that same problem confronts every farming district in the United States in the next few weeks.*

The farmers of America may settle the fate of the world and the course of its history for generations to come in the next few months. They will be months as truly critical as any months have ever been or ever will be since the beginning of time. For—America must feed the allied world in arms. It must feed its own armies. It must feed itself. It must do its part in feeding France and England and Belgium and Italy, and their fighting men. Even if the war should end to-morrow the crisis will continue; the farmers of America will still have their part to play. Every crop is important; vitally important. And it is in these next months that the decision must be made. It is upon what American farmers do now, upon the plowing and the planting that they undertake, that the harvest of 1918, upon which the fate of the world depends, hangs!

What Norway, by cooperation between town and farm, did in 1917, all America must do, in even fuller measure, in 1918. Norway will do all it did in 1917, and more. In 1916, Norway had five thousand acres under cultivation; in 1917, ten thousand. In 1918 there will be—I don't know, yet, how many acres. But I do know that there will be more than ten thousand—and I know that all through New England communities will be pursuing the Norway plan—communities that have heard, by word of mouth, what Norway did, and have written to Norway to ask for explanations of the methods used, and for suggestions for local application of those methods.

Yeaton, studying the weather and all the crop conditions, grew nervous, after the crops were planted. He was the man who knew; the one man of them all who wasn't working simply on patriotic fervor. And as June wore on he grew more and more anxious.

"I'll tell you what's going to happen!" he said. Something that's possible in any year—but that it's mighty hard lines to have to deal with this year. The hay will have to be got in practically at the same time that the hoeing is done. And you can't postpone either without losing your crops—Nature's a lot more autocratic about such things than the Kaiser ever had a chance to be about anything!"

### *The Battle of the Hayfields*

MUNDY and Cummings just gritted their teeth and rounded up a few more volunteer workers for Foster to organize. They saw to it that all the cars they meant to use were in good repair. And then they waited for the call from the farmers.

The rush began slowly and fairly easily. A few men were distributed. They made good. They weren't working just for the wages they were to get, they were doing a patriotic service. With them, as with the farmers, that had been the ruling motive. And they amazed the farmers by the quality of their work. Labor for which a farmer had allowed two full days was done in one. The news spread. Farmers who hadn't planned to call on the committee

DOZENS OF SNAPSHOTS OF PIGS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF GROWTH ARE NOW BEING PROUDLY EXHIBITED BY THEIR VICARIOUS GODFATHERS.

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at all did so. And day by day the pace grew faster.

Yeaton's prophecy about the haying was fulfilled. Mundy and Cummings, needing more men, went to L. M. Carroll, Norway's one manufacturer, who makes shoes on a big scale. The factory was behind with its orders; Carroll needed every man he had. But he consulted with his foremen, and a man or two was released from each department and sent to the fields.

### *The Poilus of the Pitchfork*

THE farmers were growing demonstrative in their delight. They were not only getting sufficient help—they were getting help of a quality they had never dreamed of. They did all sorts of unprecedented things to mark their appreciation. A lot of those volunteer farm-hands actually got ice-cream for dinner! And more than one of them received more money than the farmer had agreed to pay! You know the tradition about the New England farmer? You wouldn't expect him to do anything like that, would you?

Mundy and the rest of the committee were working like beavers. They were up at three o'clock in the morning, and out in their cars by four, picking up the workers. And they took them home by moonlight from the distant farms.

It wasn't only the men of Norway who helped the farmers. The women were ready and willing to help, too. On the farms there were women who knew something about farm work—who could, at a pinch, help with some of the machines, or supervise the labor of eager but unskilled townsmen. But they couldn't leave their kitchens. So women went from the homes of Norway into farm kitchens, and cooked, and did other work that they could do as well as the women of the farms, who were thus freed, during the critical days, for such work as they could do in the fields. All this had a moral value, aside from the actual good it did. There is no longer any of that lurking ill feeling between farm-folk and town-folk in Norway that worried Foster in the beginning. Farm and town have come to know one another and to like and trust one another.

But Yeaton was still anxious. He could foresee things that others lacked the experience to anticipate. Lighting companies, trolley companies, talk about "peaks." They mean the hour when the maximum demand for current comes—at dinner-time for the lighting companies, perhaps, at the height of the rush hours, morning and evening, in the case of transportation. A sudden thunderstorm in the afternoon, causing thousands of people to switch on lights at a moment when they wouldn't normally be in use, an accident, crippling one line and causing extra demands upon others—such things play havoc with peak calculations.

So it was around Norway in the first week in July. The peak came—and it was a higher peak than had been looked for. Farmers in all directions were calling for men. And Foster and Mundy, sitting up nights to pore over lists of men available and requests for hands, couldn't make the two sets of figures tally. There simply weren't men enough to go round! There was a day when they almost despaired. It looked as if they weren't going to be able to make good their promise. As if they would have to say, "no," to some of the farmers who had trusted them, placed utter dependence upon them.

Once more they went to Carroll. They laid the situation before him in all its stark tragedy—for, make no mistake, the idea of failure was tragic to them!

"Look here!" said Carroll. He held up a sheaf of letters and telegrams from Boston. "These are kicks about delayed and unfilled orders. We're away behind now. But—the factory closes down to-morrow! You can use every man I've got left!"

That released thirty-five more men. And Blücher's fresh battalions at Waterloo weren't more welcome to Wellington than that reenforcement was to Mundy and Foster! It turned the tide. After that there was no more anxiety. One week more of fevered, frantic work saved the imperiled crops—and Norway was assured of doing its part on the agricultural battle-line!

So much for the crops. This story can not be told in chronological order. It would take a moving-picture film, with its ability to flash back and forth, to do that. Because, of course, all sorts of other activities had been going on all this time.

At the very start, Hugh Pendexter had taken over the matter of recruiting. Oxford County was represented in the National Guard by D company of the Second Maine—one of the regiments which had gone to Texas at the time of the Mexican scare. It had come back to lose a great part of its strength through necessary weeding out. Pendexter undertook to bring D company up to its full strength of two hundred and fifty men—and had to get one hundred and forty recruits to succeed.

The Government had begun recruiting, of course, with the outbreak of war, for the Regular Army, the Navy and the Marines. In Norway, and in South Paris, and other villages, there were recruiting tents, such as have become familiar sights all over the country. The postmasters, stimulated by the government bonus of five dollars for every accepted recruit, were at work.

Pendexter didn't interfere with all that. But he rather distrusted posters and general appeals, himself. His idea of the way to get a man into the Army was to go to the man he had in mind, and talk to him. He listed the available young men, and worked up the special arguments likely to appeal to each of them.

Now, its fairly easy to put up a convincing argument against a poster's request to do something, no matter how good a poster it may be. It's an entirely different thing to make an earnest, loquacious person like Hugh Pendexter or Talbot Mundy agree with you that some one else ought to go to France before you do! So Norway and its environs found. And every one knew that Pendexter was over age himself and frail, as well, and that Mundy had tried for a commission and failed to get it.

Pendexter got his hundred and forty men. He really got a lot more than that. But some of his best recruits weren't content with the Second Maine, before they were done, and slipped into the Regular Army instead. Pendexter didn't keep exact tally of such cases; he didn't try to make a record. He was much too busy, for one thing, and, for another, he didn't care. His job was to fill D company, at as small a cost as possible. He did it, and it cost a dollar a man—and less than that, if you could include the Regular Army enlistments for which Pendexter was really to be credited.

Norway registered on June fifth, of course, under the Selective Draft Law. But, thanks to Pendexter, it turned out that that was, so far as the first draft is concerned, an empty formality. There has been no draft in Oxford County—a distinction which the county shares with Cumberland and Penobscot Counties in Maine. The reason is that voluntary enlistments more than made up the quota required of the county.

### *The Loan Drive*

NORWAY, financially, is represented by the Norway National Bank, which serves the village of Norway and the farming district round about. For the first Liberty Loan that bank's quota of the quota apportioned to the First Federal Reserve District was set at sixty-five thousand dollars. When the state committee on the loan approached President Smith and asked him if his bank could get subscriptions to that amount he said:

"We'll do well to get half that!"

He wasn't reckoning with Messrs. Foster, Cummings, Mundy and Akers! What he was figuring on was that Norway didn't have any millionaires to swell the total of its subscriptions; didn't have great corporations which could subscribe large sums and never miss the cash outlay.

Such considerations didn't deter Mundy and his associates, who had worked together long enough, and hard enough, by now, to function like the parts of a smooth-running machine.

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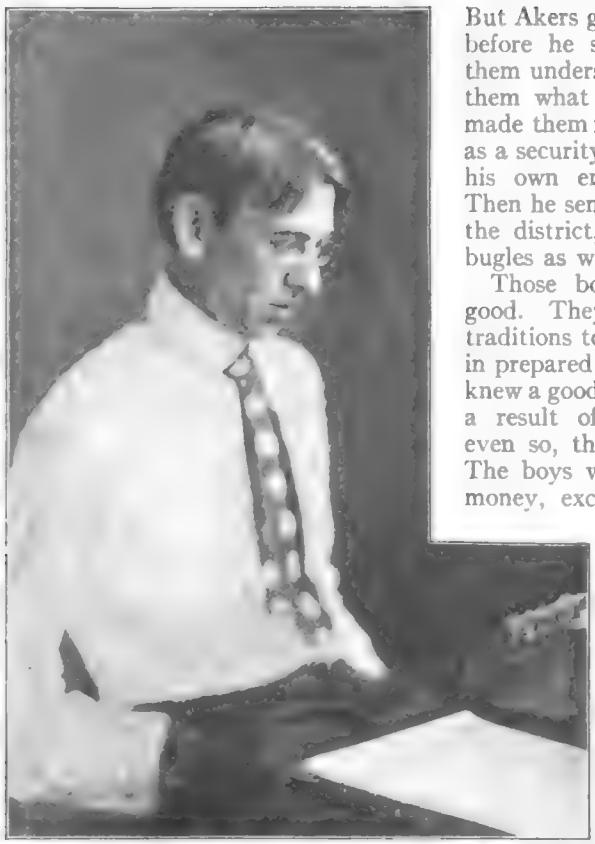

HUGH PENDEXTER, A NORWAY STORY-WRITER, WHO GOT ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ENLISTMENTS FOR THE MAINE NATIONAL GUARD—AND THEN SOME BESIDES.

They started, again, on the basis of a direct, personal appeal. In Norway people do know, without being necessarily of a prying disposition, a good deal about the affairs of their neighbors. That is true of all small places. You may, if you live in such a town, tell an earnest man like Mundy or Foster that you can't afford to buy a bond. But—you'll find it pretty hard to look him in the eye when you do it! And you'll find it hard to persist in your assertion, if it happens to be straining the truth a little, under his quiet skepticism. And so a lot of people right in Norway decided that, after all, they'd rather have a bond or two than put new shingles on the roof—which could just as well wait a little longer!—or than the new furniture for the parlor.

### *The Bond Harvest*

BUT Norway itself, the village of Norway, couldn't be expected to make up the quota of the loan. So far as the Norway district, the district served by the Norway National Bank, was concerned, the success or failure of the Liberty Loan hinged upon the farmers. Mundy and the rest of the working committee were too busy to make a thorough canvass of the farmers. So that work was turned over to the Boy Scouts, who were in charge of Vivian Akers, their scout-master.

The Government supplied application-blanks and posters—did any one in America fail to see the literature the Boy Scouts carried around last June?—but Akers gave them a good deal more before he sent them out. He made them understand the loan. He taught them what a government bond was; made them realize its supreme character as a security. And he filled them with his own enthusiasm and conviction. Then he sent them, broadcast, through the district, in small groups, carrying bugles as well as application blanks.

Those boys did more than make good. They smashed all sorts of Maine traditions to bits. They were working in prepared soil, of course; the farmers knew a good deal more about the war as a result of Mundy's crusade. But, even so, the results were astonishing. The boys weren't supposed to collect money, except the small preliminary payments. But farmer after farmer insisted on paying them in full for his bonds—even though they weren't provided with proper receipts! Cracked tea-pots, all sorts of receptacles were denuded of the money that had been hoarded in them. Night after night the boys came into Norway and the bank, their pockets and haversacks bulging with old, stained bills, that hadn't seen the light of day for years—money brought out by the nation's need.

It wasn't just the way those farmers subscribed that was remarkable. It was their willingness to pay money over to those boys without doubt or question—and, perhaps, even more, their readiness to sign their names! And these were New England farmers—men whom generations of tricky canvassers and agents have taught not to sign their names as witnesses to the wills of their best friends without legal advice! But this time, you see, they were being asked to do something for Uncle Sam, and the request came from boys in khaki.

So when the last day came and President Smith, in the bank, reckoned up the total subscription, it came to an even hundred thousand dollars. For the second loan the same tactics have been adopted—and this time Norway lent Uncle Sam one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars.

Here again Norway has pointed the way to victory and peace. The total figures are impressive enough—but that impressiveness is infinitely enhanced when they are taken apart. Small subscriptions under ten thousand dollars made up half of the first Liberty Loan—a billion dollars. *All* of Norway's subscription came from small investors. If the rest of the United States had done as well, man for man, woman for woman, child for child, there would have been a subscription of three and a third billion dollars to the first Liberty Loan, without a single million or five-million-dollar bid from the great banks, the trust companies, the insurance companies, the railways, the trusts, the multi-millionaires!

Norway caught its breath, like the rest of America, after the closing rush of the first Liberty Loan campaign. And at once the cry of the Red Cross arose. Norway answered that, too. It gave three thousand dollars, in cash, its full share, to the hundred-million-dollar fund the Red Cross, defying all prophets of failure, set out to raise in a single week. And ever since the beginning of the war Norway has been playing its part in the work of mercy the Red Cross is doing.

MRS. WILLIAM F. JONES, WHO MARSHALLED THE RED CROSS WORK OF NORWAY.

Here, too, cooperation had been brought into play. The Red Cross work was systematized. New England headquarters in Boston gave general instructions—pretty specific instructions, too. Supplies for making bandages were to be bought from certain specified concerns. There was a reason for that; standardization is highly important in the making of such things. But Norway possesses Miss Prince, who has done most of the buying for the nearest equivalent Norway has to a city department store.

### *A Red Cross Record*

MISS PRINCE was extremely thoughtful after she had looked over samples and prices. Thought led to action. And the result was that Norway, disregarding instructions, bought its supplies in the open market—and was able to buy twice as much material, with the money in hand, as it could have done by following instructions to the letter. Norway still chuckles over what was regarded, at the time, as rather a daring

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cutting of red tape. For Red Cross headquarters wrote to the Norway chapter that the supplies it turned in were the best in New England!

Early in the spring some Bostonians did a thing that still rankles sorely with Mundy and Foster. They came into the Norway district and made what amounted to a clean sweep of the calves. Veal is a tender and delicious meat; people are pardonably fond of it, and they are willing to pay good prices for it. Farmers can be tempted, rather easily, to sell their calves, because it costs a good deal to raise beef cattle, with the present prices of feed, and because—well, most people have always regarded a bird in the hand as worth two in the bush.

But, good food though veal is, it is a luxury a country at war has no right to indulge in, as Mr. Hoover has said with a good deal of emphasis. Calves should be allowed to grow until they can be killed for beef, instead of veal, because that means more food, in the proportion in which a steer outweighs a calf.

### *Patriotism and Pigs*

THAT fact hadn't been hammered home, last spring, as it has by this time—the United States Food Administration, of course, was still a thing of the future. So the Boston dealers got their chance to ravish Norway of its calves. They weren't content with that. They came back for more—in the shape of suckling pigs. But by that time Mundy was awake. He didn't mean to let the pigs share the fate of the cavles. Norway pigs weren't going to furnish tidbits for rich men's tables—not if T. Mundy knew it! They were going to grow up into fine, big two-hundred-pound swine, representing bacon, and ham, and salt pork—all of which are going to be needed, in enormous quantities, for the army in France. Why, if we have half a million men in France next spring, which we probably shall, they'll eat three million three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds of bacon a month! And every suckling pig that is served, brown and dainty and appetizing at a Lucullian feast this winter will reduce the available supply of bacon by about ninety pounds.

Mundy heard that the Bostonian was in town, looking for young pigs. He went after him as fast as his car would take him.

"Look here!" he said, "this is all wrong!"

And he explained matters—anticipating Hoover's bulletins.

"Business is business, I reckon," said the Bostonian. "There's money in young pigs, mister. I reckon I've got a right to buy and sell. This is a free country, ain't it?"

"It won't be long—if there are many people like you in it," said Mundy.

Mundy won his opening skirmish, but he had no illusions about future engagements. Also, he is, essentially, constructive, not destructive. He was at work, already, upon a plan for the salvation of Norway's pigs—or, at least, for the postponement of their demise.

A pig is a singularly easy animal to raise. He isn't fond of exercise, and he doesn't graze, so he doesn't need room for development and growth, as cattle do, or sheep. And, notoriously, he isn't particular about his food. He wants lots of it, but the housewife who is entertaining a pig over the week end needn't go into executive session with her cook over the problem of tempting his appetite. He will accept, with as much gratitude as it is his nature to display, anything left over from your own table. He likes things no other living creature, with the possible exception of a jackal, would eat.

A few years ago the habit of keeping a pig was much more general in rural and semi-rural sections than it is now. You could find a pig-pen behind any house that had a bit of land, in the outskirts of villages; you didn't have to go to farms. But, for various reasons, that habit has been a dying one. The family pig has ceased to be an institution. The high cost of food, the poor articulation of the system of distribution, involving low prices for pork or swine on the hoof—if that is the right phrase—all sorts of things have contributed to that result, and to the concentration of pig-raising in the hands of specialists, who do it on a large scale.

You can buy a very young pig for five dollars—or could, last spring, in Norway. So Mundy evolved this plan: He got a good many small farmers and families who had a little ground around their houses, to agree to keep a pig—if the pig were furnished. Again he worked along cooperative lines. Most of the people he approached either couldn't, or wouldn't, spend five dollars for a pig. And they were disposed to balk, too, at the prospective cost of up-keep—because even a pig costs something for feed.

"If I get you the pig," said Mundy, "will you pay half the cost of feeding and keeping him if I find some one to pay the other half? You look after the pig and pay half the cost—and own a half interest in the pig. The person who buys him and pays the other half of the cost owns the other half—and you divide the proceeds when he's sold. How's that?"

It was all right. So Mundy, with his pledges tabulated, set out to find sponsors and godfathers for pigs. There are people all over New England, in New York, in Chicago, in Philadelphia, who own half a pig in Norway now! They clamor for pictures of them, too—Mundy has sent dozens of snapshots he has taken of pigs in various stages of growth, which now are being proudly shown by their vicarious owners.

And—a hundred and thirty-eight pigs were raised in and around Norway last summer on Mundy's cooperative plan!

Next summer there will be more, many more. He has a waiting list of people who want to own half a pig. And the few people around Norway who wouldn't accept a gift pig last spring are determined to have one next year. Again the force of example! This piggy patriotism paid. The average investment of the man or woman who placed a pig in a Norway pen was about nine dollars, including feed; the average profit, about five. Over fifty per cent. on the investment!

It's easy to see only amusement in this matter of the pigs. But unless America follows Norway's example, unless some such plan as Mundy's is generally adopted—as it is already in the way of being adopted all over Maine and New Hampshire—there is going to be a dangerous shortage of bacon and pork next summer. Half a million American soldiers in France will eat three million three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds of bacon a month! Remember that! And bacon is one of an army's essential foods, for which there is no adequate substitute.

Norway has shown the way. Perhaps pigs aren't beautiful. But a tin plate filled with sizzling bacon will rouse more joy in Private Kelly of the 165th New York, somewhere in France next spring, than a nasturtium bed will ever give any one!

### *Norway's Way the Only Way*

SO THAT is how Norway has gone to war with the German empire. And as Norway has gone to war, so must America go, if the war is to be a victorious one, if it is not to end in defeat and all that may mean.

Norway did not make its record by chance, or because of exceptional local conditions, or because it was especially favored by location, or climate, or any adventitious circumstance. It made it because certain men made themselves responsible for a big job and saw it through.

There are such men in every community. Mundy and Cummings, Foster and Pendexter, Akers and Carroll, have their counterparts in every community in America. And it is those men who must go to work in these next few weeks, everywhere. They must arouse their neighbors; they must emulate those men in Norway. The raw material to equal and excel Norway's accomplishment is abundant. Let farmers and people everywhere understand the meaning of this war, and that it is *their* war—theirs to fight, and win or lose—and there need be no fear of the outcome.

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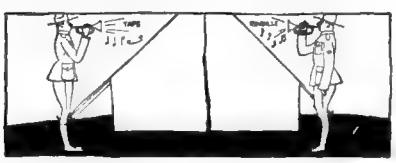
# UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

*HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON*

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

"WHEN you were in musical comedy you were known as Miss Tonsils. Now you're in grand opera you are Madame Tonsils. How's that? "quizzed the new interviewer.

"It's this way," was the explanation: "Now I'm wedded to my art. Then I merely had a husband to support."



A TRAINLOAD of newly drafted men reached their cantonment late in the afternoon. By the time they had passed through the Receiving Station and the hands of the doctors, it was nearly midnight. Several of them were awakened at four o'clock the following morning to assist the cooks in preparing breakfast. As one well-built, sleepy drafted man got to his feet, he stretched and yawned:

"It doesn't take long to spend a night in the army."

SANDY and Alec were on board ship when a terrific storm arose. Finally, the crew took to the boats, but all of them were swamped except one in which these two were alone. The storm continued and the outlook was dark, so they betook themselves to prayer, turn about. At Alec's turn he confessed that he had been a good-for-nothing, a drinker, a good-for-nothing drinking rascal; but if the Lord would only let him get ashore this time, he would never take another——

"Alec, mon, be carefu'," Sandy here broke in. "Dinna commeet yersel' too far, for I do be thinkin' I see land."

THE bride (soon after the marriage):—"That jeweler who sold you the wedding-ring sadly overcharged you."

The Groom—"The scoundrel! And I have bought four engagement-rings from him!"

A POSTER used in selling the first Liberty Bond issue portrayed the statue of Liberty extending an appealing arm. Underneath was the printed entreaty: "Buy a Bond Lest I Perish."

A puzzled Georgia "cracker" didn't know what to make of it. Finally he drawled:

"Wall, now, I thought thet thar statoo was all paid fer."

JUDGE—"What is the verdict of the jury?"

Foreman—"Your Honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

TOM CALLAHAN got a job on the section working for a railroad. The superintendent told him to go along the line looking for washouts.

"And don't be as long-winded in your next reports as you have been in the past," said the superintendent; "just report the condition of the roadbed as you find it, and don't use a lot of needless words that are not to the point. Write like a business letter, not like a love-letter."

Tom proceeded on his tour of inspection and when he reached the river, he wrote his report to the superintendent:

"Sir: Where the railroad was, the river is."

DAY by day, as a Pennsylvania housewife saw her household and kitchen furniture slowly disappear, she perceived that the moment approached when a final stand must be made. One morning, when Tommy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash-boiler," the housewife determined to act.

"You tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed, I will lend her the boiler."

In a little while Tommy reappeared.

"Ma wants to know what she has borrowed."

"There is a pound of flour," began the other, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter, and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors and —" she paused, reflectively—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and——"

But Tommy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again.

"Ma says for you to write them down. I forgot some of them."

Whereupon the housewife sat down with pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember.

Tommy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more appeared at the back door and announced:

"Ma says if you will lend her the wash-boiler to carry them in, she'll bring them home."

ONE day there was a heavy shelling of the French lines just about meal-time, and as a result several pieces of earth got mixed up with the soldiers' food.

The majority of the men were used to hardships, and endured such accidents without notice. A doughboy, however, who was new to such things, said:

"Well, I expected I was to help France, but I didn't know I should be called upon to eat the whole country."

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# SPOT-LIGHTS ON THE WAR

## By J. B. Kerfoot

IN THE more than three years that have passed since August, 1914, there has appeared but a single work of fiction dealing with the war—"Mr. Britling Sees It Through"—that has, by the number and avidity of its readers, given pudding-proof of being food for the hungry. Yet we belong to a fiction-reading—a fiction-*using*—generation. What is the explanation?

Fastened to the wind-shield of many automobiles one sees a small, movable search-light with a mirror soldered to its back. At night, one can switch on the lamp and spot-light the curve of a ditch or the lettering on a sign-post. Daytimes, if one sets the contrivance at the proper angle, one sees the road behind one mirrored in miniature. We use books in a similar manner. Fact books are spot-lights, picking detail out of the dark. Fiction is a convex mirror, focusing the familiar.

The war short-circuited the current of our lives. It plunged us, unprepared, into the darkness of the alien and the unknown. And war books, in consequence, have been of the spot-light variety; throwing small circles of more or less effective illumination on single phases of this unfamiliar world. There has, when we come to think of it, been but one cycle of experience that we have all, in America as well as in Europe, shared—the disintegrating experience of the great upheaval; the seeing of our dearest dreams and most comfortable illusions smashed and made obsolete by the shock of war; the slow, necessitous building up, sometimes consciously, but more often not, of a new outlook on the world. And it was precisely on this cycle, it was literally in the daylight of this universally shared experience, that Wells focused the coordinative and interpretative mirror of "Mr. Britling."

Are there any mirrors among the new war books? And, if so, have we daylight enough to use them in? Not yet. Take the curious instance of "Christine," by "Alice Cholmondeley" (Macmillan). "Christine" is fiction, skilfully disguised as a true story. It most solemnly declares itself to be letters written to her mother by a young English girl studying music in Berlin in the summer of 1914. She lived for a time in a crowded middle-class boarding-house; was later entertained in Junker circles of society; became engaged to a Prussian officer; and died of pneumonia during her attempted escape from Germany at the outbreak of war. The book moves us to tears over her pathetic fate, after hugely tickling our risibles and fortifying our indignation by its clever, genre-studied cross-sectioning of German *ante-bellum* public opinion. In ordinary times none but the most naive would fail to see that the letters are "faked," or hesitate, on that account, to judge the book's "truth-to-life" by their own general knowledge of human nature. To-day, critics are declaring that "it would be important if true"; while the average reader feels robbed if its true-storiness is challenged.

Two of the more recent fact books, Carl W. Ackerman's "Germany the Next Republic" (Doran), and James W. Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" (Doran), are therefore of lively interest to us. Mr. Ackerman was one of the United Press Association's correspondents in Germany from the spring of 1915 to our entry into the war. A trained observer, with exceptional opportunities open to him, in frequent contact with the molders of German policy and constantly gaging the weather of public temper, his book gives a particularly lucid report upon the conditioning factors in the German situation. Mr. Gerard's book is at once more officially authoritative and more personally informal, and its effect is oddly enhanced by the somewhat incongruous conjunction. For a diplomat in dishabille—a disembarrassed ambassador, forcefully and colloquially discussing, with a discreetness that constantly verges upon indiscretion, the objective facts and subjective impressions of his delicate and difficult mission—places, under such circumstances as the present, a parabolic reflector behind the search-light of his narrative.

"A German Deserter's War Experience" (Huebsch), on the other hand, is a disappointing volume. Here, one hopes, is a chance to see, at first hand, whether the leaven is really working and the solidarity of German aggressiveness breaking up. But the author is an incompetent witness. He never shared the national spirit. He was a disaffected citizen before the war; an unwilling conscript at its breaking out; an unimaginative observer of his surroundings during his service. He is doubtless a type, but one dare not take him as typical. Neither his disaffection nor his dulness is enlightening.

Germany apart, however, these years of fact-reading are beginning to have their effect. Scores of separate, spot-lighted glimpses of the physical aspects and material *mise en scène* of war are rapidly blending in our consciousness into a shared imaginative background. A while ago, Maud Mortimer's sketches of field-hospital life, "A Green Tent in Flanders" (Doubleday, Page), with its atmosphere of hinted horrors unexplained and all its emphasis laid upon the observed play of individuality under suffering, would have been but half intelligible to us. It would have tantalized our unsated curiosity instead of widening our already acquired understandings. To-day we read it with a quick and comprehending responsiveness.

The deserved popularity of Coningsby Dawson's "Carry-On" (Putnam), is another example. Here are the actual letters home of a fine-bred, sensitive, restive self-doubting man of peace, finding himself, in the face of danger, miraculously freed from the fear of fear. No printed thing that has come from the trenches has made war's spiritual exaltations so real to us. Two years back, we would have been unable to supply the undescribed physical setting in Dawson's life at the front. Two years hence, we shall very likely be using the vicarious self-knowledge derived from such books in the reading of the interpretative war fiction that is to come.

If the full daylight is not yet, the dawn is already here, enabling us to see, with so direct yet creative a commentator on the war-rent world he stayed in so briefly, as was Donlad Hankey, killed in action a year ago, and the author of the essays contained in "A Student in Arms" and, now, in "A Student in Arms, Second Series" (Dutton). It is useless to speculate upon what, in art, the war may have robbed us of. Here is an artist, finding himself in the war. The war gave—and took away. We can but read, and be thankful.

### *Other Books:*

"Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse (Dutton). An enlisted French journalist gives the life of the squad he serves with, in descriptive monologues that are like a machine gun of realism turned here, there, and everywhere upon the field of experience.

"The Living Present," by Gertrude Atherton (Stokes). The author's impressions, after three months of personal contact, of the leading women war-workers in France. A book with a touch of the bugle-call to it.

"Four Days," by Hetty Hemenway (Little, Brown). A tiny fiction-mirror with a sharp focus. The story of an English officer's marriage, en route from France to the Dardanelles.

"On the Edge of the War Zone," by Mildred Aldrich (Small, Maynard). A continuation of the unique record begun in "A Hilltop on the Marne."

"The English-Speaking Peoples," by George Louis Beer (Macmillan). A discussion, historical and speculative, as to how their present getting-together may be made to make for law and order in a crowded world.

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# LEAVE NO WOUNDED BEHIND

(*Continued from page 24*)

For hours Billy pulled alone. The boat was big for one pair of oars. He felt strange at times, leaving what seemed his own dearest interest in life. But there was no other way. He assured himself of this again and again. It was a matter of straight decency. He would never be able to live with himself, much less with Mimi Collins, if he left Castro's party to die on the reef.

Suddenly, as the sun was going down, Witcher dropped the oars. He stood up, mopped his brow and spoke straight into the red light of the west:

"My God, I've been making humor out of this sort of thing!"

The big soldier had passed many hours ago and without more words. Witcher had learned some truth about silence and isolation, and what people meant about the heat and length of day near the equator. He had pulled the long-boat until a curse of resistance had come up from his throat—a curse that ended in a laugh. Just now he was pulling toward a steamer's light.

He saw everything differently because of this day—the ridiculousness of the little gold-war, but the heroism of men—that superb and intrinsic something inside the man. He glanced at the figure still sprawled back on the grating. He had not lightened his boat. Witcher smiled again. These things could be told humorously, he thought, if a man had stretch and delicacy enough to see both sides, and forget himself. The steamer's lights were nearer.

It could not be the *Almeda*. He didn't expect to see the *Almeda* until daylight—one pair of oars at a heavy boat, one man with back cracking and hands sticky with blood. It was not yet southward. Perhaps he had done better than he thought. Still, it couldn't be the *Almeda*, for she was stabbed and helpless.

Billy was drifting, and the steamer slowly approached. She was like another planet roving in. Her searchlight had found and held him upon the deep—like a calm student holding a beetle under a lens. He heard the piano, the beat of her engines, voices and movement of tackle. She seemed to know her way—must be out in the channel well beyond the reefs. She was like a crown of lights, lying tilted upon the sea. Billy smelled her hold and decks, her kitchen and cabin. Engines slackened; finally a voice:

"Pull around to the forward port rail and we'll pick you up."

"I don't want to come up. I'm getting a boat out to the *Almeda*. Only tell me—have you got a passenger?"

"Pull around to the forward port rail," the voice went on.

"I can't. The *Almeda's* hung on a reef somewhere out this way—hung with Castro."

"Hurry up—we've got mails and other business beside castaways. We've got Castro—lost a whole day getting him off the reef. What's that you've got aboard?"

"Just a friend of mine."

"Done for—eh? No disease?"

"No. Wounds."

Billy couldn't ask. He seemed pulling in a trance toward the forward port rail. Then a woman's voice:

"Hai—is that you Billy? Tell me—Billy!"

"Witcher of New York," he muttered.

He heard his own words and realized coldly that his mind was gone. It had been too much for him. He staggered to his feet.

"Oh, Billy, Billy, I thought it was the *one* voice! I'm coming down the ladder first. Where are you? It's so dark——"

Above, they waited very patiently now. These things have their place, like wars and travel-lines and steamer schedules.

Mimi Collins had led him to the deck. He was restored considerably, and they were alone at last. They walked in dark and silence. At length she halted and looked long into his face, which reflected the light from the smoking-room screen. To him she was splendor and flame.

"Something's happened to you, Billy—better than I dreamed. There's a big, tender humor in your eyes that I didn't see before."

"It's not all comic opera, Mimi," he muttered. "I used to think it was. It's all funny, but it pulls a warmer laugh than that."

# HER HEAVEN

*By* THEODOSIA GARRISON

I SHALL be young again—and pretty enough
To make the saints smile at me as I pass
With swift, white feet across the Heavenly grass.

I shall be gay and careless, and my heart,
Forever like some hidden bird, shall sing
Of some approaching and most lovely thing.

Surely, a thought absurd, unorthodox,
To enter through an office door, or come
Grotesquely, as the subway crowds rush home.

There is a mirror in my lodging-house
Stained here and there with lines like slanting rain,
That shows a woman neat and tired and plain.

But in that mirror that no other sees
I watch sometimes the girl in Paradise—
Pretty—and young—with laughter in her eyes.

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# INVADED AMERICA

(Continued from page 33)

meaning and purposes of the war, and so on. But the significant and distinctive phase of his work is the patriotic policing of the state. In this he is aided and supported, openly and officially, by Governor Philipp on one side, quietly or even secretly by the United States Secret Service officers on the other. The combination is singularly effective.

Is the Liberty Loan sagging mysteriously in a neighboring town? The chairman of the Council would like to know why, and selects a trusted local man to tell him. The report comes back that the local minister, who exercises a sort of patriarchal influence among the people, has been decrying the war and the bonds which are to provide its sinews. The clergyman is summoned to Madison, officially and with all expenses paid by the state, if he so desires. Mr. Swenson talks to him plainly but kindly. Incidentally, Mr. Swenson is one of the best man-to-man talkers that I have met. Sincerity and a high but controlled enthusiasm shine through the man.

The visitor retires with some new views upon the war and the Kaiser, and the suggestion that it would benefit the souls of his congregation next Sunday to see the American flag draped on the pulpit—the Council will be glad to supply the flag if necessary—and to rise for the singing of "America" in the course of the services. It is accordingly and so done.

### *Squelching Sedition*

SEDITIOUS talk, difficult to trace to any particular individual, is reported to be rife in a lake-shore village. Presently a picked representative of the Council, very likely of German derivation himself, with a full understanding of the Teutonic psychology, arrives at that village for the ostensible purpose of seeing the local editor about advertising. After some apparently casual queries, he drops in at the German saloon on the corner to refresh himself, and falls into conversation with the regular habitués, to whom the place is a species of combined club and forum.

Some days later the proprietor is severely shocked at receiving a notice that further seditious gatherings or talk under his roof will bring about an action for the revocation of his license. (It is by no means certain that this would stand in law, but the Council is more concerned with getting things done than with exact and correct form in the doing. It gets them done.)

No well-authenticated case is too small or remote for personal attention. A woman landholder in a farming community waited in the street, shortly after the Second Liberty Loan drive got under way, for her bank to open so that she could draw out her entire holding in expressiveness for being account. Thinking this curious, the cashier reported it to one of the local Council members, who followed it up and discovered that the woman was laboring under a strange delusion. The banks, she had heard, were going to turn over all their deposits to the Government, which proposed to confiscate twenty per cent. of the total. This she had learned indirectly from a Government official! Therefore, the bank, she concluded, was no place for her savings.

She was gratified, flattered, and reassured, a few days thereafter, at receiving a personal call from a gentleman representing an official state body, who explained to her the nature of the bonds in detail and how they would be handled by the Government. Her money went back into the bank, and a search was at once instituted for the "Government official."

This is but one of the many instances which have convinced the State Council that a wide-spread propaganda, extremely difficult to trace to any central source, has been set afoot against the Liberty Loan. Among the foreign-language-speaking farmers particularly, it has gained credence and seriously hampered subscriptions. In a Swedish community—the agricultural Swedes are dully indifferent to the significance of the war; not actively disloyal, so much as stolidly and selfishly unloyal—a small-bank president who was called upon to put ten thousand dollars in the loan for his institution, pleaded that if he did so there would be a run on his establishment. Some one, he claimed, had been going among his Swedish depositors spreading the report that the loan was unsafe, and that the Government never would pay any interest, if, indeed, it returned the principal, so exciting them that at the first move on the part of the bank toward participating in the loan, they would close out their accounts.

Though the preference of the Council is for moral suasion, it is ready to employ shorter methods when the need is indicated. One day an indignant Liberty Bond salesman came in with an account of having visited a bank in one of the Eastern towns and being ordered out on pain of getting thrown out. The character of the man was such as to justify the acceptance of his account without question. The bank in question is controlled by Germans whose loyalty to this country, if it exists, has not manifested itself to public notice. To the president Mr. Swenson wrote a note which lost nothing in expressiveness for being brief. The banker was notified to appear as soon as possible.

He did not take time to appear in person. Before Mr. Swenson arrived the next morning the banker was on the long-distance phone waiting to explain.

"That was all wrong, Mr. Chairman," he protested. "That feller misunderstood me."

"Then you didn't order him out?"

"Certainly not. That is—he—I—it was a misunderstanding. He didn't have to be so quick to get mad and go."

"But you told him, rather than take any of the bonds and help carry on the war."

"Wait a minute. *Wait* a minute," implored the banker. "Couldn't the man take a joke? Why, Mr. Chairman, this bank has subscribed a lot to the bonds already."

This was news indeed! "How many?"

"Well—er—" (there was an effect as of gulping at the other end of the wire) "—er, twenty thousand dollars."

"That's fine! When was the subscription made?"

"Right now," returned the voice of the banker meekly. "I wish you should kindly enter it for me."

### *A Legion of Loyalty*

IF THE State Council of Defense is, in a sense, the official and professional patriotic body, the amateur side is represented by the Wisconsin Loyalty Legion, with headquarters in Milwaukee and branches extending into every community. The term "amateur" is not to be taken in any derogatory sense. Far from being amateurish, the Legion is already a highly expert and efficient organization. Its single purpose is to diffuse loyalty. It was instituted for propaganda, and nothing which makes for Americanism is alien to its purposes. It has even made a graphic chart of the problem before it, and has set about the solution of it in that scientific spirit. Care has been taken to include in its make-up every variety and shade of political belief, except the Pacifist. Its central body is divided about evenly between Democrats, Progressives and stalwart Republicans, with two Socialists and a Labor Union representative. Through publications and a well-organized speakers' bureau it covers the state. But apart from this it carries on detailed and even individual propaganda.

Where a group of men is known to be disaffected, whether their gathering-place be a city club or a village saloon, a Loyalty Legion worker will be set to work upon them. Very likely the worker is himself a German, one whose loyalty and discretion is assumed. It is his task to gain entrance to the group, to present uncombatively the true facts of the war, and to urge upon

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# Make every room a south room

No need for old age to give up the refreshing nap in the favorite window-nook on the stormiest days! Years ago everyone wanted to build the house facing south, to get sun-warmth—nowadays every part of every room is "made a south room" as balmy as on the sunniest June afternoon, in buildings warmed by

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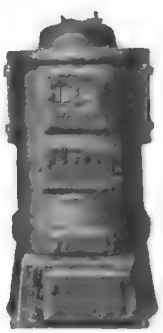

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

# INVADED AMERICA

them a freer and broader basis of discussion. Households known to be alien of spirit are visited, usually by some friend or business associate, and the matter is talked out, man to man in a frank and amicable spirit.

Of all forms of suasion this quiet, painstaking missionary work has been perhaps the most fruitful. For it has gone to the bottom of the matter: deep down where prejudice of race and nationality take root, and let in the light. The German-American is not easy to frighten and he will not be bulldozed; but, though slow to change, he can be reached by reasonable argument. The predicament wherein Wisconsin finds herself is due largely to the fact that all the argument presented to the German-American up to the time when the Council and the Legion took the field, has been Junker-made.

### *Wisconsin's Difficulty—Indifference*

OPPOSITION of the overt kind the Legion has not encountered. But the dead weight of indifference to the issues it has met with in many localities. That people will sign almost any kind of memorial presented to them is axiomatic. Particularly a patriotic petition should be easy to circulate successfully at present. Yet the Lyons Wisconsin Loyalty Petition memorializing Congress in protest against the misconceptions of the state's loyalty, and affirming devotion to American ideals, confidence in the national administration and whole-hearted support of the Government, has thus far made a poor showing. In many of the country districts signatures are difficult to obtain. I have seen a letter from a Loyalty Legion worker assigned to a town of some three hundred inhabitants, mostly Hollanders, in which he was able to secure just three signatures.

"These folks do not care about the war," he reports; "they laugh at the Liberty Bonds, and say the United States does not know what it is fighting for, and they say that articles turned in to the Red Cross are sold for graft. They will not sign or say they are loyal."

Wisconsin Hollanders, as a rule, are true to the flag. Evidently German propaganda has been busy in this community.

The chief auxiliary of the Loyalty Legion is the Wisconsin Patriotic Press Association, organized and headed by Richard Lloyd Jones, owner of the *Wisconsin State Journal* of Madison, one of the state's most active speakers and workers in the cause of loyalty, and, by the way, a son of the Reverend Jenkins Lloyd Jones, nationally known as a leader in the Pacifist movement. Membership in the organization is a matter of simple requirements: Each publication [illegible] to furnish a number of copies to the Legion and to publish daily at the top of its editorial page this declaration:

> **This newspaper is a member of the Wisconsin Patriotic Press Association, and pledges its uncompromising loyalty to our Government in this war.**

Further, the members are expected to publish such matter as the Loyalty Legion issues, and to contribute space for all governmental needs connected with the war. This they do freely and liberally and at heavy cost to themselves. Perhaps no phase of war effort has been so little appreciated by the public as the severe and unselfish sacrifices of the country press, constantly called upon as it is for "space," which must be paid for out of its own earnings.

Practically all the English-written daily press of any standing in the state is in the organization except the Socialist *Leader* and the recalcitrant *Milwaukee Free Press*. To the gratification of the Association's promoters, the *Germania Herold* of Milwaukee accepted membership, and little by little, under the loyalizing influence of its fellows, has abandoned its attitude of sullen antipathy to this country's war activities, and is now pursuing a thoroughly creditable course.

An unprescribed, if not wholly unforeseen, effect of the drawing together of editors of all political creeds and parties has been the almost total elimination of petty partisanship. The Wisconsin pen is not playing politics nowadays. It is playing a greater game. Indeed, I know of no other state whose representative press is so unreservedly and whole-heartedly patriotic. Probably this is because in no other state is there such a need for a permeating patriotism. Nevertheless, the fact stands, and its importance in the scheme of education can scarcely be exaggerated.

Always it must be borne in mind that to every manifestation of disloyalty Wisconsin has reacted in accesses of compensating patriotism. To mention only a few, almost the entire Progressive wing of the daily press which had supported La Follette through good and evil report, turned from him on the loyalty issue. Chief Justice Winslow has been one of the principal supporters of loyalty—and has a chance of being United States senator in Husting's place, representing anti-La Follette policies. W. J. Goodland, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and a former La Follette follower, is now active executive of the Wisconsin Loyalty Legion. The American Socialists, compelled to a choice between Americanism and Socialism, quit their party for their country almost unanimously.

There has been a genuine fusion of political and social creeds into a homogeneous and fervid patriotism. The temper of the ruling elements has been such that treason or sedition has nowhere dared to raise its head in open opposition to the nation's war program. Add to this that Wisconsin was the first state to organize a Council of Defense, that it was one of the first to oversubscribe the initial Liberty Loan; that the Volunteer Loyalty Legion has drawn to its services men of every class, political affiliation, race and trade, all working together for the common ends of Americanism; that its strongly German centers have been foremost in genuine, not lip service. Oshkosh's enlistments were so large that not a man was drafted from the city, and Milwaukee was one of the leaders of the nation in the Liberty Loan. Its National Guard quota of sixteen thousand was filled without effort and could have been doubled. It furnished one hundred and six per cent. of its census estimate on the draft, and of its volunteer forces, over forty per cent. bear German names. From the state with the heaviest Teuton proportion of citizens in the country, more than one-third does not make so bad a showing.

### *Wisconsin's Problem—Assimilation*

IN SO far as Wisconsin has failed, her failure has been one of assimilation. It has not secreted enough digestive juice to dissolve its foreign elements. Scattered around its surface are little communities which retain each its own nationality. Not German alone, but Polish, Bohemian, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Belgian. A traveler among these people finds himself in an alien land. Within the living organism of the United States they have encased themselves with a protective shell of language and custom which has prevented their absorption. This Wisconsin has permitted. In a sense she abetted it when she repealed the "Little Red Schoolhouse" law, under compulsion of her Germans. And to-day, when the nation is struggling for existence, these Germans more or less purposefully stand aloof, and their aloofness is in too many cases sullen, surly, or even hostile. Only slow, patient and wise education, the education of press, of school, of church, of all Americanizing agencies, can change this. Thus far, all the conscious, planned propaganda has been in the opposite direction of Germanizing the state. Here and now is Uncle Sam's opportunity to make his new state truly one of the family.

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# UNION PACIFIC

## What the Union Pacific Is Doing to Save Food

FROM day to day the Union Pacific is co-operating with the Government in different branches of war work. As an example, every suggestion of the U. S. Food Administration is followed immediately and conscientiously on Union Pacific Dining Cars.

Bordering the Union Pacific are the Nation's greatest agricultural states, bounteous producers of grain, cattle, hogs, beet sugar, fruit, vegetables, poultry and dairy products from which our Commissariat replenishes its larders with choice foods.

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So the nation-wide observance of meatless Tuesdays and wheatless Wednesdays, suggested by the Food Administration to help win the war, is made easy for Union Pacific patrons.

Passengers on our trains are gladly joining in this patriotic duty. They find that our chefs are stimulated to new efforts. Menus gain new interest.

For half a century the Union Pacific—in war and peace—has fulfilled its Federal obligations.

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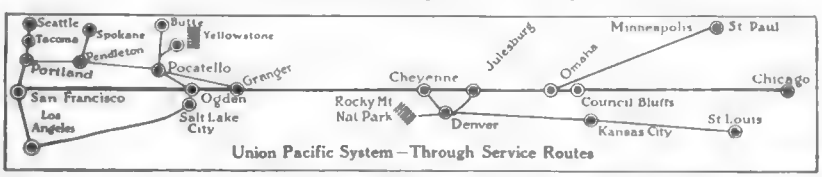
**Write Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager; Union Pacific System, Chicago**




Union Pacific System—Through Service Routes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# JOHNNIE GOES MARCHING IN

(*Continued from page 44*)

There were other drunken men—a vast amount of detail work to be accomplished among the rough, inchoate mass of oddly assorted humanity. And Yaphank was near at hand. The roughly built shacks that form the fringe of each of the cantonments were in sight. It was beginning to rain. Not a downpour, but a thin, drizzly mist that half obscured the gaunt country, the burned-over woodland and the scrub-oak rising from sand desolation. The train stopped. The delegations, already under Army orders, moved toward the car-doors—in each case toward the forward and not to the rear one. Yorkville gathered up its suit-cases and its paper packages of dunnage. Their eyes caught Camp Upton through the rain—Camp Upton, a thoroughly unlovely and depressing place, with stumps coming up through the sand and underbrush, workmen still at the ugly shacks, trucks stalling and teams straining in the heavy black muck of the half-builded roads.

### *The First Line-Up*

THE delegations were lined up in double file on a long gravel platform that ran the length of the train. The Army was counting them already. A colonel, smart in his brand-new uniform, and a staff of petty officers were checking up the squads in accordance with their lists. Three or four men broke out of the line and went up to the colonel with their "Hey, cap," and requests for trivial information.

He answered every one of them and sent them back into line again. The captain who was in direct charge of the lists knit his brows. A few of the delegations were short. Our train had shed men on the way out from Manhattan. Some of them would come drifting in at any time during the next twenty-four or forty-eight hours. Some of them would not come in—and they would soon be classed as deserters and subjected to a pretty stern arm of discipline.

But there were other cases of another color. Take my friend of the "gas-house gang." A smart young doctor took him in hand before he had been in camp two days, measured him and cuffed him and sounded him. And when it was all done, the young doctor shook his head. The boy could go back to the foot of East Fourteenth Street. He shook his head. He did not want to go now, even though a little time ago he had been cursing against the draft and vowing that nothing would send him into the Army. Now forty-eight hours in barracks, a half dozen good meals had converted him. But—

"You have a valvular affection of the heart," the young surgeon said. "We can't possibly take you, with that—"

In vain the boy protested. Couldn't they give him a lighter job? He had been a cook in a restaurant for a fortnight once. But the doctor was obdurate. Even cooks must have good health. The boy walked out of the place. In an hour he was back, a crumpled five-dollar bill in his fingers. He handed it to the doctor.

"They gave me this when I left the ward—for luck," said he. "Perhaps it will do better next time. Anyhow, I want you to give it to the boys of the company they were going to put me in—for a mess treat or something of that sort."

Out of the two thousand men who arrived the same day as he, ninety-four were rejected by the Army surgeons. They had originally been passed by the examining physicians at the exemption boards; but these were neither as skilled nor as experienced as the men with Army training. And the rejects at the camp were almost invariably men whose weaknesses were either organic or extremely deep-seated. The Army standards, even in these days when there is a great need of men, remain high. It is obvious that the hospitals on the other side must be saved as far as possible for men actually wounded in the service, and not congested with soldiers suffering from older complaints.

At Camp Zachary Taylor, the men, marching in double file up from the arriving railroad trains, were confronted with three great "chutes"—resembling nothing else quite as much as the big cattle-pens used along the sidings in stock-yards. One of these chutes was labeled "Kentucky," another "Indiana," the third, "Illinois"—the states from which the cantonment was drawing its raw material. Back of the chutes stood the receiving committees—old officers and new. It was the business of these men to tell off the newcomers into their companies and barracks. This they did—quickly and efficiently. In ten minutes two hundred and fifty men would be through any one of the chutes and marching in a brisk double file off to their quarters.

### *Getting Settled*

AFTER that, the first meal—the struggles with the mess-pans. Then to the storehouses for blankets and mattresses—this last a cotton tick which a man must cart to another warehouse and fill with straw. Literally they all pick up their beds and walk. But there was a day, and that day not so long ago, when there were no beds. Almost any veteran sergeant can tell the rookie how it feels to sleep on a floor or upon the hard ground, wrapped in a blanket—and not too many of them.

Even before the man has been fed and housed, he is at the surgeon's headquarters in the nearest regimental infirmary, undergoing the Army's severe medical inspection. If he passes that, he is at last really in the Army. The surgeon is giving him the inoculations for typhoid and for para-typhoid, vaccinating him if necessary, making a clean job of everything and generally at the one time. And from the surgeon he goes to the tailor. If all goes well he should be in khaki within four days.

### *A Railroad Accomplishment*

BUT the mess comes first—invariably. Normal men, under strain and traveling, too, are generally hungry men. And on the longer railroad runs the Government sees to it that the conscripts receive three meals a day. That is, the Government intends to see to it. It promises to pay sixty cents apiece for such meals, and many times during the past few months it has been badly swindled—to say nothing of the boys who have tried to eat the meals.

On the Western roads, where the haul has been extremely long—it took forty-eight hours to bring the conscripts from Yuma, Arizona up to Camp Funston at Fort Riley, Kansas—dining-cars have been attached to the trains and the men fed both generously and well, if not at all elaborately. In most of the other cases the men have been fed either at railroad lunch-rooms or upon box lunches put up at those same lunch-rooms. It is hardly necessary to say more; not if you are a steady traveler and have eaten at many railroad lunch-rooms.

Still, the railroads are not open to much censure in their handling of the troops. It took no little forethought and planning on the part of their War Board—the Executive Committee of the American Railway Association which sits continuously these days in its offices at Washington—to provide thirteen thousand five hundred passenger coaches, one thousand five hundred Pullman sleepers, two thousand baggage, and four thousand five hundred freight cars for the September movement of both the National Army and the Federalized National Guard, which was also being assembled at its camps. The delays to these trains were few and inconsequential. And they were handled without accident.

It was a big job, but it was performed by men well trained for it. And it went through without a hitch.

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# JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

(*Continued from page 50*)

"We've just finished our lunch," Judith was saying. "And we've left you half of our coffee."

"I've been simply dying to see this place!" cried Marcia impetuously. "I told Pollock that it was a sure sign he didn't love me any more if he wouldn't bring me. And you and—and one of the men," her eyes on Judith's, "actually were in here, being shot at! Judith, dear, you are just the bravest girl in the world. If I'd been here I'd have simply died. I know I would."

Perhaps she would. At any rate she shuddered delightfully. She found a bullet-hole in the door and put a pink forefinger into it, giving a second little shiver. She managed to keep her back full upon Lee.

"Oh, by the way," said Hampton, busy opening the parcel of lunch they had brought with them, "Marcia's heard all about you, Bud. You said you wanted to meet Lee, Marcia. Well, here he is, tall and handsome in a devilish reckless way, looking at the dimple at the back of your neck. Miss Langworthy, Mr. Lee. Golly, Judith, that coffee smells good!"

"You are a naughty little boy, Pollock," said Miss Langworthy coolly. Nevertheless she turned smiling to Lee, and put out her hand to him. "Mr. Hampton really makes quite a hero out of you," she said composedly. "I think I have seen you—from a distance, you know."

The small whiteness of her hand was swallowed up in the lean brown of his.

"Hampton's a prevaricator," he said gravely, as he looked down into the merry blue eyes turned up to him. "But he's a gentleman I have to thank for the introduction. I am very happy to know you, Miss Langworthy."

"And now," cried Marcia, slipping her hand out of Lee's and going to a chair near the table, "do tell me all about that terrible, terrible night. But do you think we are quite safe here now, Mr. Lee?"

To herself Judith was saying: "Just the type to be Bud Lee's ideal lady!"

When they left the cabin, an hour later, Judith challenged Hampton to a ride and so left Marcia and Bud Lee to follow leisurely.

## *CHAPTER TWELVE*

### *Why Trevors Had Bought Pigeons*

MRS. SIMPSON had made a discovery. It was epoch-marking! It was tremendous. Nothing short of that! So, at the very least, Mrs. Simpson was prepared to maintain stoutly in the face of possible ridicule.

Though, as Judith's housekeeper, she had sufficient household duties on her plump shoulders to send a less doughty woman creeping wearily to bed with the chickens, she found time before the dawn and long after nightfall to keep her eye upon that Black Spanish and his recruit and treacherous ally, Fujioki.

One morning, very early, Mrs. Simpson, from the thick curtains of the living-room, saw José "prowling around suspicious-like in the courtyard!" She thrilled at the sight. She always thrilled to José.

The half-breed had gone silently, "sneaking-like," by Judith's outer door. He had paused there, listening. He had gone back to the courtyard, hesitating, pretending that he was looking at the roses! Such a ruse on the part of so black-hearted a villain inspired in the scarcely breathing Mrs. Simpson a vast disgust. As if he could fool her like that, pottering around among the roses!

She too sought to move silently in his wake, though under her ample weight the veranda creaked audibly. Still, making less noise than usual, she peered through the lilacs. She saw José, at the base of the knoll, going swiftly toward the stables. She saw another man who, evidently, was a third of the "gang," and who, of course, had risen early to creep out of the men's bunk-house before the others were awake, to meet José. Screening herself behind the lilacs, her heart throbbing as it had not done for many a long year, she watched.

José and the other man did meet. José stopped. The two exchanged a few words, too low for Mrs. Simpson to hear at that distance. But she made out that the other man had something in his hand, something white. A pigeon! For, suddenly released, it fluttered out of the man's hands and, circling high above Mrs. Simpson's head, flew to join the other birds cooing on the house-top!

"A carrier-pigeon!" gasped Mrs. Simpson. "Taking a message to the other cutthroats!"

From that instant there was no doubt in her mind. This fitted in too well with her many suspicions not to be the clue she had sought long and unceasingly.

José went on, the man from the bunk-house went back into it, and Mrs. Simpson fled to the house and hastened excitedly to Judith's room. Judith, rudely awakened, came hurriedly to her door in her dressing-gown, her eyelids heavy with sleep. When she heard, she laughed.

"You dear old goose!" cried Judith joyously. "I just love you to death. You put fresh interest into life."

Despite Mrs. Simpson's earnest protests, Judith hugged her and pushed her out again, saying that since she was awake now she would want her breakfast just as soon as she could get it. The housekeeper shook her head and retreated heavily.

"You've got to show some folks a man cutting their throats," she muttered to herself, "before they'll believe it. It is a carrier-pigeon, and I know it. And that Black Spanish—ugh! He makes my blood curdle, just to look at him!"

"Carrier-pigeons!" laughed Judith, as she began a hurried dressing. "The dear old goosie! And poor old José. She'll get something on him yet. I wonder why she——"

Suddenly Judith broke off. She was standing in front of a tall mirror, still only half dressed. As she looked into the bright face of the smiling girl in the glass, a sudden change came. Pigeons! Doc Tripp had said that Trevors had got them; had remarked at the incongruity of a man like Trevors caring for little cooing birds. It was rather odd. Carrier-pigeons—carrier——

JUDITH whipped on her dressing-gown again and, slipperless, her warm, bare feet upon the cold surfaces of the polished floors, she was running to the office.

"Send José to me," she called to Mrs. Simpson. "In the office. I want him immediately."

A warm glow came into Mrs. Simpson's breast. With a big kitchen poker behind her broad back, she hastened out to call José. Judith, at the telephone, called for Doc Tripp.

"Come up immediately," she commanded, "prepared to make a test for hog-cholera germs, Doc. No, I am not sure of anything, but I think I begin to see where it came from and how. Hurry, will you?"

To José she said abruptly:

"Go down to the men's quarters, José. Tell Carson and Lee to come right up." And as José turned to go, she added carelessly, "Seen any of the men yet?"

"*Si, señorita,*" answered José. "Poky Face is up."

"Poker Face? All right, José. The others will be about, then. Tell them to come right up."

José took little more time for his errand than for his elaborate bow. Carson and Lee came promptly, Carson a score of steps in advance, for Lee had tarried just long enough to wash his face and brush his hair; Carson had not.

"Tell me," demanded Judith, looking at her cattlemen with intent

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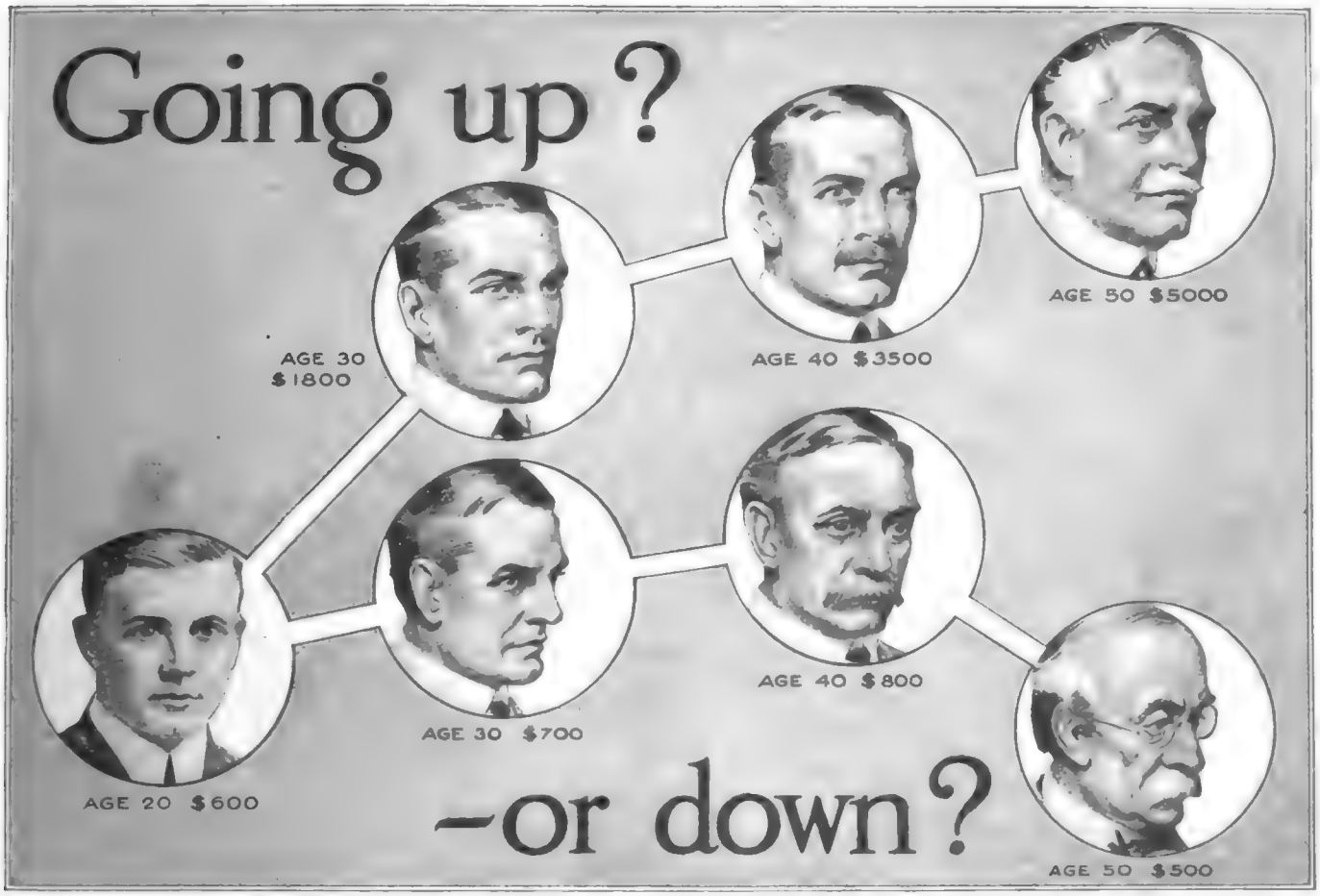


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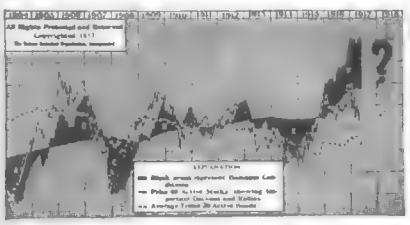

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eagerness, "what do you know about Poker Face?"

"One of the best men I've got," answered Carson heartily.

"Square, you think?"

"Yes. If I didn't think so he'd have been on his way a long time ago."

"How long has he been here? Who took him on?"

"Trevors hired him. About the same time he hired me."

BUD Lee, entering then, wondered what new thing was afoot. He glanced down and saw a bare foot peeping out from the hem of Judith's heavy red robe; he saw the hair tumbled in a glorious brown confusion over her shoulders. She was amazingly pretty this way.

"I want you two men to just stick around until I send for you again," said Judith, her eyes upon Carson alone, a little pink, naked foot suddenly withdrawn and tucked somewhere under her in her chair. "And keep your eyes on Poker Face. Keep him here, too, Carson.—By the way, did any of you boys come in late last night? Or early this morning?"

"Why, no," answered Carson slowly. "An' yes. None of the reg'lar boys, but a man from down the river, lookin' for a job. Heard we was shorthanded. Blew in early. Jus' got in a few moments ago, Poker Face said."

Quick new interest flew into Judith's eyes.

"Keep him here, too!" she cried. "And I'll give you something to do while you wait! Get me all the pigeons you can get your hands on—white ones. Shoot them if you have to. And be careful you don't rub the dust off their feet."

Carson's eyes went swiftly to Bud Lee's. In Carson's mind there was a quick suspicion: The strain of life on the ranch was proving too much for a girl, after all.

Judith, reading his thought, turned up her nose at him and, seeking to keep her feet hidden as she walked, went to the door. Turning there, she saw in Lee's eyes the hint of a smile, a very approving, admiring smile.

"Impudent!" she cried within herself. Looking very tiny, her knees bent so that her robe might sweep the floor, she continued with all possible dignity to the hallway. Once there, she ran for her room, her gown fluttering widely about her. In her room, though she dressed hurriedly, she still took time for a long and critical examination of two rows of little pink toes.

"Just the same," she said to the flushed Judith in the mirror, "they are very nice feet—Bud Lee, I'd just like to make you squirm one of these days. You're altogether too—too—Oh, scat, Judy. What's the matter with you?"

In less than half an hour Doc Tripp, showing every sign of a hurried toilet, rode into the courtyard. He came swiftly into the office, bag in hand. Judith, waiting impatiently for him, lost no words in telling him her suspicions. And Doc Tripp, hearing her out, swore softly and fluently, briefly asking her pardon when he had done.

"I'm a jackass," he said fervently. "I always knew I was a fool, but I didn't know that I was an idiot! Why, Judy, those damned pigeons have been sailing all over the ranch, billing and cooing and picking up and toting cholera germs. Any fool can see it now. I might have known something was up when Trevors bought the infernal things. It's as simple as one, two, three. Now this other Jasper, pretending to look for a job, brings on some more of them, so that the disease will spread the faster. Let me get my two hands on him, Judith. For the love of God, lead me to him."

But, instead, she led him to the dozen white pigeons which Carson brought in.

Tripp, all business again, improvised his laboratory, washed the pigeons' feet, made his test, with never another curse to tell of his progress. Judith left him and went into the courtyard, where, in a moment, Carson came to her.

"You better tell me what's up," he said sharply. "I know something is. That new guy that jus' come in is darned hard to keep. Jus' as quick as I grab a shotgun an' go to shootin' pigeons he moseys out to the corrals an' starts saddlin' his horse."

"Don't let him go!"

Carson smiled a dry, mirthless smile.

"Bud is lookin' out for him right now," he explained. "Don't you worry none about his goin' before we say so. But I want to know what the play is."

Judith told him. Carson shook his head.

"Think of that?" he muttered. "Why, a man that would do a trick like that oughtn't to be let live two seconds. Only," and he wrinkled his brows at her, "where does Poker Face come in? We ain't got no call to suspicion he's in on it."

"You watch him, just the same, Carson. We know that somebody here has been working against us. Some one who turned Shorty loose. Maybe it isn't Poker Face, and maybe it is."

"He plays a crib game like a sport an' a gentleman," muttered Carson. "He beat me seven games out'n nine las' night!" And, still with that puzzled frown in his eyes, he went to watch Poker Face and the new man. To have one of the men for whom he was responsible suspected, hurt old Carson sorely. And Poker Face, the man with whom he delighted to play a game of cards—it was almost as though Carson himself had come under suspicion.

"You're going to stick around just a

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little while, stranger," Bud Lee was saying quietly to a shifty-eyed man in the corral. "Just why, I don't know. Orders, you know."

"Orders be damned," snarled the newcomer. "I go where I please and when I please."

He set a foot to his stirrups. A lean, muscular hand fell lightly upon his shoulder and he was jerked back promptly. Lee smiled at him. And the shifty-eyed man, though he protested sharply, remained where he was.

A thin, saturnine man whose lips never seemed to move, a man with dead-looking eyes into which no light of emotion ever came, watched them expressionlessly from where he stood with Carson. It was Poker Face.

"No," Poker Face answered, to a sharp question from the persistent Carson.

"Sure, are you?"

"Yes."

AT LAST word came from Judith. Carson and Lee were to bring both of the suspected men to the house. Doc Tripp, wiping his hands on a towel, his sleeves up, bestowed upon the two of them a look of unutterable contempt and hatred.

"You low-lived skunks!" was his greeting to them.

"Easy, Doc," continued Judith from her desk. "That won't get us anywhere. Who are you?" she demanded of the man standing at Lee's side.

"Me?" demanded the man with an assumption of jauntiness. "I'm Mike Donley, Dick Donley, that's who I am!"

"When did you get here?"

"'Bout an hour ago."

"What did you come for?"

"Lookin' for a job."

"Did Carson say he hadn't anything for you?"

"No, he didn't. You're askin' a lot of questions, if you want to know," with new surliness.

"Then why are you going in such a hurry? Don't you like to see any one shoot pigeons?"

Donley stared back at her insolently.

"Because I didn't fall for the crowd," he retorted bluntly. "An', if you want to know, because I didn't hanker for the job when I found out who was runnin' it."

"Meaning me? A girl? That it?"

"You guessed it."

"Who told you that I was running the outfit?" she demanded suddenly, her eyes hard on his. "You must have found that out pretty soon! Who told you?"

Donley hesitated, his eyes running from her to the other faces about him, resting longest upon the expressionless, dead-looking eyes of Poker Face.

"What difference does it make who told me?" he snapped.


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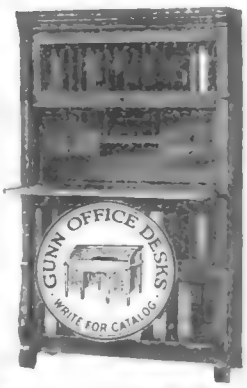


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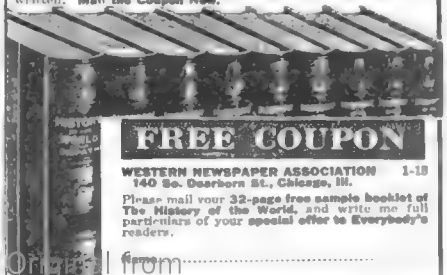

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# JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

"Answer me," she commanded. "Who told you?"

"Well," said Donley, "he did. Poker Face told me."

"Who told you that his name was Poker Face?" Judith shot the question at him.

Donley moved a scuffling foot back and forth, stirring uneasily. That he was lying, no one there doubted; that he was but a poor liar after all was equally evident.

"You ain't got no call to keep me here," he said at last. "I ain't goin' to answer questions all day."

"You'll answer my questions if you don't want me to turn you over to Emmet Sawyer in Rocky Bend!" she told him coolly. "How did you know this man was called Poker Face? Did you know him before?"

DONLEY'S eyes went again, furtive and swift, to Poker Face. But so did all other eyes. Poker face gave no sign.

"Yes," answered Donley then, taking refuge at last upon the solid basis of truth.

"Did you know this man?" Judith asked then of Poker Face, turning suddenly on him.

"No," said Poker Face.

Donley, having guessed wrong, flushed and dropped his head. Then he looked up defiantly and with a short, forced laugh.

"Suppose I know him or don't know him," he asked with his old insolence, "whose business is it?"

But Judith was giving her attention to Poker Face now.

"Where did you get that white pigeon you turned loose this morning?" she asked crisply.

"Caught it," was the quiet answer.

"How?"

"With my han's."

"Why?"

"Jus' for fun."

"Did you know that pigeons could carry hog-cholera on their feet?"

"No. But I wouldn't have been afraid, not bein' a hawg."

Donley tittered. Poker Face looked unconcerned.

"Take that man Donley into the hall," Judith said to Lee. "See if he has got any pigeon feathers sticking to him anywhere, inside his shirt, probably. If you need any help, say so."

Very gravely Bud Lee put a hand on Donley's shoulder.

"Come ahead, stranger," he said quietly.

"You go to hell!" cried Donley springing away.

But Bud Lee's hand was on him, and though he struggled and cursed and threatened he went with Lee into the hallway. Tripp, watching through the open door, smiled. Donley was on his back. Lee's knees on his chest.

"I'll tell you one thing, stranger," Bud Lee was saying to him softly, as his hand tore open Donley's shirt, "you open your dirty mouth to cuss just once more in Miss Sanford's presence and I'll ruin the looks of it for you. Now lie still, will you?"

"Connect me with the Bagley ranch," she directed the Rocky Mountain operator. "That's right, isn't it, Doc?"

"Yes," answered Tripp. "That's the nearest case of cholera."

"Hello," said Judith when the connection had been established. "Mr. Bagley? This is Judith Sanford, Blue Lake Ranch. I've got a case of hog-cholera here, too. I want some information."

She asked her questions, got her answers. Triumphantly she turned to Tripp.

The Bagley ranch, though a hundred miles away, was the nearest cholera-infected place of which Tripp had any knowledge. Bagley did have a flock of pigeons; a man, a month or so ago, had bought two dozen from him; the man wasn't Trevors. Bagley didn't know who he was. The same man, however, had shown up three days ago and had asked for another half-dozen of the birds. There had been three white pigeons among them. He was a shifty-eyed chap, Bagley said, old brown suit, hat with a rattlesnake skin around the crown. That, point for point, spelled Donley.

LEE returned with the shirt he had gradually ripped from his prisoner's back. Adhering to the inside of it were little, downy feathers, three or four larger feathers from a pigeon's wing.

"I guess he rode mostly at night, at that," concluded Lee. "A great little fat man you must have looked, stranger, with six of those birdies in your shirt."

Donley's face was a violent red. But a glance from Lee shut his mouth for him. Poker Face, still looking on, gave no sign of interest.

"Put him in the grain-house," said Judith, her eyes bright with anger. "And see that he doesn't go Shorty's trail. Poker Face, have you anything else to say for yourself?"

"No," answered Poker Face.

"Then," cried Judith hotly, "you can have your time right now! Donley, here, I'll prosecute. He's going to pay for this morning's work. I've got nothing on you. It's up to you to see that I don't get it! And you can tell Shorty for me—yes, and Quinnion too, and Bayne Trevors, if you like—that I am ready and waiting for your next play! And don't forget that when San Quentin is full there's still room in Folsom."

Judith telephoned Emmet Sawyer that she had a man for him. Lee and Carson conducted an expostulating Donley to the grain-house and jailed him wordlessly. Then Carson put a man on guard at the door, daylight though it was. When all was done he filled his pipe slowly and turned troubled eyes after Poker Face.

"She made a mistake there, though," he said regretfully. "A better cow-hand I never ask to see, Bud. An' you ought to see the game of crib that man plays! Nope, Judy; you're wrong there."

But Bud Lee, the man who did not approve of the sort of woman who did man's work, said with unusual warmth:

"Don't you fool yourself, Carson! She hasn't made one little misplay yet!"

## *CHAPTER THIRTEEN*

### *Marcia's Party*

THOUGH, under the surface, life upon Blue Lake Ranch was sufficiently tense, the remaining days of June frivoled by as bright and bonny as the little meadow-blues flirting with the field flowers.

Since from the very first the ranch had been short-handed, the hours from dawn to dusk were filled with activity. Carson, who, true to Judith's expectations, had brought back some new ideas from his few days at the experimental farm—ideas not to be admitted by Carson, however—bought a hundred young steers from a neighboring, overstocked range. In the lower corrals the new milking machines were working smoothly, only a few of the older cows refusing to have anything to do with them.

Tripp had succeeded in locating and getting back some of the men who had worked long under Luke Sanford and whom Trevors had discharged. It was a joy to see the familiar faces of Sunny Harper, Johnny Hodge, Bing Kelley, Tod Bruce. The alfalfa acreage was extended, a little more than doubled. Plans were made for an abundance of dry fodder to be fed with the lush silage during the coming lean months. Bud Lee broke his string of horses, and with Tommy Burkitt and one other dependable man began perfecting their education, with an eye turned toward a profitable sale in January.

Quinnion, perforce, was left undisturbed upon the sheep-ranch whither

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Emmet Sawyer had followed him. Against Bud Lee's word that he had had a hand at the trouble at the old cabin were the combined oaths of two of the sheepmen that he had been with them at the time.

Hampton's guests, who had planned for a month at the ranch, stayed on. But they would be leaving at the end of June. That is, Farris and Rogers positively; the Langworthys, perhaps. The major was content here, and to stay always and always, would be an unbounded joy—of course, with little runs to the city for the opera season and for shopping trips, and a great, jolly house-party now and then.

THE only fly in Marcia's ointment was Hampton himself. She confessed as much to Judith. She liked him, oh, ever so much! But was that love? She yearned for a man who would thrill her through and through, and Hampton didn't always do that. Just after his heroic capture of the terrible Shorty, Marcia was thrilled to her heart's content. But there were other days when Hampton was just Pollock Hampton. If it could only be arranged so that she could stay on and on, with no day of reckoning to come, no matrimonial ventures on the horizon! . . .

"That's simple, my dear," Judith smiled at her. "When you get through being Pollock Hampton's guest, you can be mine for a while."

Hampton was now a great puzzle to Mrs. Langworthy, and even an object of her secret displeasure. Not that that displeasure ever went to the limit of changing Mrs. Langworthy's plans. But she longed for the right to talk to him as a mother should. For, seeking to emulate those whom he so unstintedly admired, Bud Lee and Carson and the rest of the hard-handed, quick-eyed men in the service of the ranch, Hampton was no longer the careless, frankly inefficient youth who had escorted his guests here. He went for days at a time unshaven, having other matters to think of; he came to the table bringing with him the aroma of the stables. He wore a pair of trousers as cylindrical in the legs and as free of a tailor's iron as a stovepipe; over them he wore a pair of cheap blue overalls, with the proper six-inch turn-up at the bottom to show the stovepipe trousers underneath. He wore boots with high heels and no blacking. The overalls got soiled, then dirty, then disgracefully blotched with wagon grease and picturesque stains, and Hampton made no apologies for them.

Twice he left the ranch, once to be gone overnight, intending that it should be a mystery where he went. But, since he rode the north trail which led to the Western Lumber camp, no one doubted that he had gone to see Bayne Trevors, in whom he still stoutly believed.

Between the fifteenth and the memorable thirtieth of June, Bud Lee saw little of Judith Sanford. She was here, there, everywhere, busy, preoccupied. Marcia he talked with twice; once when they rode together while Hampton, racing recklessly down a rocky slope for a shot at a deer, got a fall, a sore shoulder and made his début in certain new swear words; once when all of the guests, with the exception of Farris, who was painting the portrait of the stallion, Nightshade, and the major, who had "letters to write," came out to watch the horse-breaking. This time, introduced to Mrs. Langworthy, Lee got for his bow a remarkably cold stare. Others might forget, here in the open, the distinction between people of the better class and their servants—not Mrs. Langworthy, if you please.

Having created his imaginary woman, Lee was ripe to fall in love with her when she came. He had thrilled to the touch of Judith's hand that night in the cabin; his thoughts, many and many a day, centered about the superbly alive beauty that was Judith's. The fact disturbed him vaguely. The thought that he was very deeply interested in her in the good old way between man and maid, never entered his stubborn head. She was as far removed from his ideal woman as the furthermost star in the infinite firmament.

Perhaps it was this very disquiet within him, caused by Judith, which now turned his thoughts to Marcia.

"That's the sort of woman," he told himself warmly. "A man's woman; his other self, not just a partner; the necessary other side of him, not just the same side in a different way."

Marcia had a little, feminine way of helplessness which turned flatteringly to the strength of the other sex. Judith asked no man to aid her in mounting her horse; Marcia smilingly slipped a daintily slippered foot into a man's palm, rising because of his strength.

NOW, when his thoughts went to Judith, Bud Lee turned them dexterously to Marcia, making his comparisons, shaping them to fit into his pet theory. When, days passing, he did not see Judith, he told himself that he was going to miss Marcia when she left. When one day he came unexpectedly upon Judith and with lips and eyes she flashed her ready smile at him, he felt that odd stir in his blood. What a pity that a girl like her, who might have been anything, elected to do a man's work! When, again unexpectedly, he came another day upon Marcia riding with Hampton, there was no quick stirring of the pulses, and he contented himself with the thought: "Now, that is the sort of woman. A man's woman! His other self . . ." and so on. When Judith planned a little party

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# JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

to mark the departure of Marcia on the thirtieth of June—it wasn't definitely decided that the Langworthys were leaving then, but at least Farris and Rogers were—the reasons actuating her were rather more complex than Judith herself fully realized or would have admitted.

She liked Marcia; she wanted to do at least this much for her. Living-room, dining-room, music-room, library—they would all be cleared of the larger pieces of furniture, the double doors thrown open. The string band from Rocky Bend would come. Judith would send out invitations to the nicer people there and to the ranches hereabout. She would have a barbecue, there would be races and the usual holiday games, then the dance. Marcia would know nothing of it until the last day, when her eager enthusiasm would send her a-flutter to her dressing-room.

Unanalyzed, it was simplicity itself, this giving of a farewell party to Marcia. Under analysis, it was a different matter. The boys at the ranch would be invited, and of course most of them would come. Bud Lee would come. Judith would see to that, even if he should hesitate.

BUD LEE had always been so self-possessed, had so coolly found her lacking, that, piqued a little, Judith longed for the opportunity to place him in an atmosphere where a little of his calm self-possession might be snatched from him. If she could embarrass him, if she could see the red rise under his tanned skin, she would be giving Mr. Lee a lesson good for his soul.

"I've got powerful little use for an affair like that," said Lee coolly, when she told him. "Thank you, Miss Sanford, but I don't think I'll come."

Judith shrugged her shoulders as though it did not in the least matter to her.

"I'm giving it for Marcia," she said. Do you think it would be quite nice to her to stay away? I am afraid that she will be hurt."

Not Judith's words, but the look in her eyes changed Lee's intentions.

"If it's for Miss Langworthy," he said quietly, "I'll come."

With that Judith was content. But her intentions were unchanged. If he found that she fitted in too smoothly with the ranch affairs, she was going to show him where he stood with men, men of the world like the major and Farris and Rogers.

The day came and Bud Lee began to regret that he had given his promise to go to Marcia's dance. All day he was taciturn, aloof, avoiding not only the visitors from Rocky Bend and the other ranches, but his own fellows as well. He took no part in the races, was missing when the blazing trenches and smell of broiling meat told that the barbecue was in progress. He worked with his horses as he had worked yesterday, as he would work to-morrow. With the dusk he went, not to the men's quarters, but to the old cabin at the Upper End.

Again and again that day he had thought of that look in Judith's eyes when she had asked him to come for Marcia's sake. What the devil did she mean by it? He didn't know exactly, but he did know that in its own vague way it irritated him. Her eyes had laughed at him, they had teased, they had told him that Judith herself wasn't wasting a single thought upon Mr. Bud Lee, but that she had noticed his obvious interest in Miss Langworthy.

"Damn it," muttered Lee. "I won't go."

BUT he had said that he would go, and in little things as in big ones he was scrupulous. He would go, just to dance with Marcia and show Miss Judith a thing or two. He felt unreasonably like taking Miss Judith across his knee and spanking her. And he did have a curiosity to see just what Judith would look like in a real party dress.

"Poor little wild Indian," he grumbled. "She's got the making of a wonder in her, and she doesn't even know it. What's worse, doesn't care."

He sat with a dead cigaret between his fingers, staring at the wind-blown flame of his coal-oil lamp. Judith was doing this as she did everything that she set her two hands on, thoroughly and with her whole heart and soul. In that lay the key to her character. There was no half-way with her. When she gave, it was open-handedly, with no reservation; where she loved or hated, it was unreservedly; where she gave a dance it would be a dance for the countryside to remember.

Yesterday Hampton had wondered, grinning, what he'd look like in a dress-suit again. Hadn't had a thing on here of late but his war togs. Whereby he called attention to his turned-up overalls, soft shirt, battered hat and flapping vest with the tobacco tag hanging out.

BUD LEE turned down the wick of his lamp, which had been smoking, and sat staring at it another five minutes.

"By God," he said softly to himself, "I'll do it."

He shoved the bunk away from its place in the corner, opened a trap-door in the floor and, lamp in hand, went down into the cabin's cellar. Here was a long pine box, hooped with tin bands for shipping, its lid securely nailed on. He set down his lamp and with his shirt-sleeve wiped off some of the accumulation of dust and spider web. A card with the words, "David Burrill Lee, Rocky Bend," tacked to it made its appearance. Lee shook his head and attacked the lid.

"It's like digging out a dead man," he muttered. "Well, we'll bury him again to-morrow."

It was a box of odds and ends. Clothing, a few books, a pack of photographs, an ornate bridle, a pair of gold-chased spurs, a couple of hats, gloves, no end of the varied articles which might have gone hastily into such a receptacle as this from the hurried packing in a bachelor's apartments. Bud Lee, with a dress-suit and the articles it demands, even to tie and dancing-shoes, went back into the room above.

"Like Hampton," he mused, looking at the things in his hands, "I wonder what it'll feel like to get back into these! I'm a fool!" He laughed shortly and set to work to improvise a flat-iron to take the worst wrinkles out of the cloth. "Once a fool, always a fool. You can't get away from it."

It was settled. He was going to Marcia's party. He insisted upon calling it in his mind, "Marcia's party." And he was wondering, as he shaved, how Judith was going to look.

*The next instalment of* ***"Judith of Blue Lake Ranch"*** *will appear in the February number.*

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Study the illustrations on this page. These are a few of the most popular and best known of Dr. Scholl's Correctives and Remedies.

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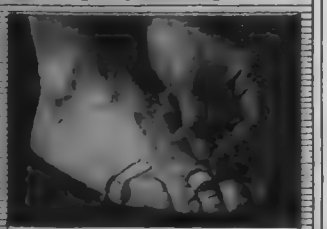

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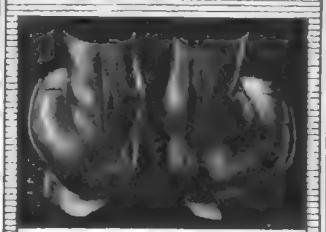
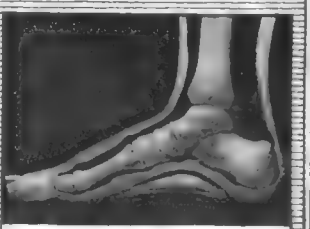


**Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate** These Heel Pads prevent "running over" and crooked heels. Corrects faulty walking. For men and women. 25 cents per pair.



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**"Watch Your Feet"**

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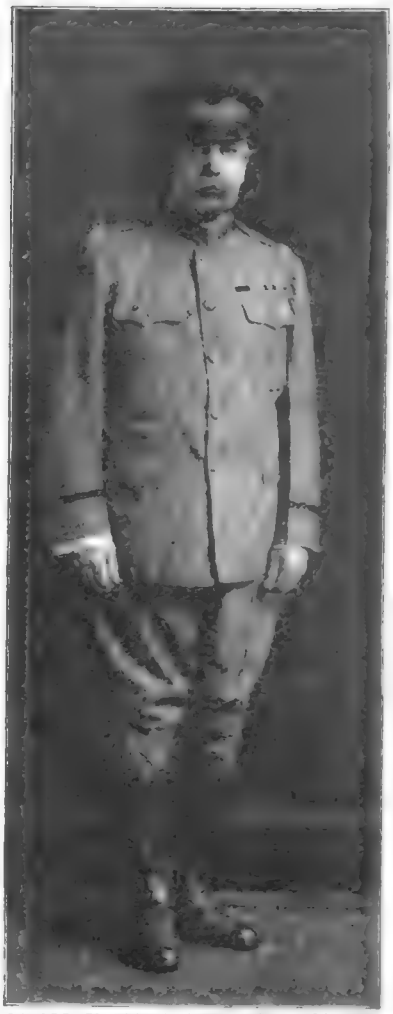

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# POETRY OF THE WAR

## THE JUST CAUSE

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

THERE is a Light where'er I go,
There is a Splendor where I wait.
Though all around be desolate,
Warm on my eyes I feel the glow.

The fight is long, the triumph slow.
Yet shall my soul stand strong and straight:
There is a Light where'er I go,
There is a Splendor where I wait.

My enemy is strong, I know.
His arts are sly, his guns are great.
I do not fear him or his hate.
In fog, in darkness, gropes my foe.
There is a Light where'er *I* go!

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By CAPTAIN JOHN McRAE

IN FLANDERS fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

*—Reprinted by permission of London "Punch."*

## A PRAYER FOR THE YEAR'S BEGINNING

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

WE FELT our way, a year ago,
Toward—what no wisdom could foresee.
Again, who dares to say "I know
What waits us in the year to be?"
God, who art over sword and plow,
Whose ends our wisest may not guess,
Whatever waits us, temper Thou
Our spirits to Thy purposes!
Not ours immunity to pray;
Give us but strength to tread the way
That opens to us day by day
With high and holy kindliness.

## EPIPHANY, 1916

By W. M. LETTS

THE Kings still come to Bethlehem,
Though nineteen centuries have fled;
The Kings still come to Bethlehem
To worship at a Baby's bed;
And still a star shines in the East,
For sage and soldier, king and priest.

They come not as they came of old,
On lordly camels richly dight;
They come not bearing myrrh and gold
And jewels for a king's delight.
All battle-stained and grim are they
Who seek the Prince of Peace to-day.

They bring not pearls nor frankincense
To offer Him for His content.
Weary and worn with long suspense,
With kingdoms ravished, fortunes spent,
They have no gifts to bring but these—
Men's blood and women's agonies.

What toys have they to please a child?
Cannon and gun and bayonet.
What gold? Their honor undefiled.
What myrrh? Sad hearts and long regret.
For they have found through bitter loss
That Kings are throned upon the cross.

The Kings still come to Bethlehem,
With broken hearts and souls sore vexed;
And still the star is guiding them
Through weary nights and days perplexed.
God greet you, Kings, that you may be
New-crowned at His Epiphany.

*—From "Spires of Oxford," by W. M. Letts, by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.*

## SONS

By SARA TEASDALE

MEN in brown with marching feet,
Like a great machine moved down the street,
And the shrieking of a fife
Led that river of young life,
Soldiers bearing kits and guns,
Mothers' sons—mothers' sons.

Out of the crowd a woman pressed
Forward a little from the rest.
"That's him," she said, "the third one there,
The third one with the light brown hair!"
She caught my arm and then she swayed
And whispered—I suppose she prayed.
And still they passed with kits and guns,
Mothers' sons.

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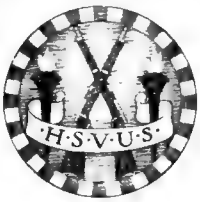
# ·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER  CITIZENSHIP



## *A CHANCE FOR THE VOLUNTEERS*

TWO chances—a thousand chances for our twenty thousand and more high-school boys to help win this war!

The Volunteers have dedicated themselves to good citizenship. The first requirement of good citizenship is to help protect your country when it is in danger. It is in danger now—how great a danger we may never know. And the High-School Volunteers of the United States would be belying their first principle if they did not do everything in their organized and their individual power to stand by and lend a hand in this hour.

What have we done? A great deal—in inspiring with a great idea the high schools of the country and organizing them to realize it. A work great and important at any time. But not enough. Now, in a crisis, we have still to show of what use we really can be, how important we really are.

The Volunteers are under military age. They will not be called for some time. In their hands and those of all the rest of us left-behinds are unnumbered responsibilities and necessities of service. What can we do, we twenty thousand, in order to hasten the time of victory—and all that it implies?

We are going to offer some suggestions, definite suggestions, in these H. S. V. U. S. pages from month to month, and the story of how they are being carried out by the schools. And we want definite suggestions from Volunteers to other schools, and stories of what their schools are doing. We want these from any and every school, and from every individual Volunteer who has done anything or is doing anything to help the country now.

If you are a high school or a high-school boy with the Volunteer spirit, but without the H. S. V. U. S. button, the first service to your country is to organize a corps of Volunteers and get the neighboring schools to do the same. This should be easy now. The Volunteer spirit has sprung up in every town since the nation's danger was made clear to us. A corps of Volunteers has become in many places part of the community response to the call of the hour. Since our last list was published thirteen places have responded to that call. Their names and regimental designations are given below.

These schools have been able to organize their H. S. V. U. S. corps despite all the handicaps of war time—lack of equipment and instructors. Other schools should be able to do the same. The new complete manual of the H. S. V. U. S. system by Captain Steever, just published, will help greatly.

Captain Steever is now a major in the Signal Corps. He is in charge of the task of finding the young American aviators with which this war is to be won. The H. S. V. U. S. means more to him than ever, and he has a message for it in these pages next month—a message about the first of the things in which the H. S. V. U. S. can help win the war, and show what it is made of. A great chance for the Volunteers!

## *TWENTY NEW COMPANIES OF VOLUNTEERS*

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|---|---|
| **Duxbury, Massachusetts** | **Company M, 18th Regiment** |
| **Ekalaka, Montana** | **Company E, 23d Regiment** |
| **Hickory, North Carolina** | **Companies G, H, 17th Regiment** |
| **Hobart, Oklahoma** | **Company H, 23d Regiment** |
| **La Porte, Indiana** | **Company L, 19th Regiment** |
| **Michigan City, Indiana** | **Company M, 19th Regiment** |
| **Crawfordsville, Indiana** | **Company K, 19th Regiment** |
| **Pittsburg, Kansas** | **Company M, 11th Regiment** |
| **Big Rapids, Michigan** | **Companies A, B, 21st Regiment** |
| **Jefferson, Wisconsin** | **Companies K, L, 21st Regiment** |
| **Laredo, Texas** | **Company L, 17th Regiment** |
| **Cedar Rapids, Iowa** | **Companies C, D, 21st Regiment** |
| **Palo Alto, California** | **Companies A, B, C, D, 24th Regiment** |

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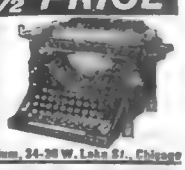

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# AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

**Note to our readers:** Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

**Models**=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

| Gasoline Pleasure Cars<br>Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically. | Models | Cylinders | Make of Engine | Bore & Stroke | S. A. E. Horse Power | Wheel-Base | Make of Rear Axle | Type of Rear Axle | Tire Sizes | Gasoline Feed | Carburetor | Starting and Lighting System | 2 Passenger | 3-4 Passenger | 5 Passenger | 7 Passenger | Coupe | Sedan | Limousine |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio | 2 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x4½ | 25.35 | 122 | Salisbury | | 32x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Remy | $1295 | $1295 | | $1295 | | $1920 | |
| | | | | 3½x5½ | 29.40 | 122 | Salisbury | ¾F | 34x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Remy | 1595 | 1595 | | 1595 | $2150 | 1150 | |
| ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio | 1 | 4 | own | 3¾x5 | 22.5 | 112 | Adams | FF | 32x3½ | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | 3¾x4½ | 15.63 | 106 | | | 33x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Auto-Lite | | 1095 | $1095 | | | 1395 | |
| ALTER, Plymouth, Mich. | 2 | 4–6 | Al-Chal. | 3x4½ | 21.60 | 114 | | FF | 30x3½ | | | | | | | | | | |
| AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J. | 1 | 6 | Rutenber | 3½x5 | 23.4 | 122 | Salisbury | ¾F | 32x3½ | Vac. | | A.-Chal. | | | | | | | |
| ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x4½ | 25.25 | 120 | Columb. | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Zenith | G & D | 1465 | 1465 | 1375 | | | | |
| APPERSON | | | | 3½x5 | 30 | | | | 33x4 | Vac. | Zenith | W'house | 1435 | 1435 | 1435 | | | 2165 | $2750 |
| Kokomo, Ind. | 2 | 6–8 | Own | 3¾x5 | 34 | 130 | | DF | 34x4 | | Rayfield | | | 2200 | | 2200 | | | |
| | | | Cont. | 3½x4½ | 23.4 | 120 | | ¾F | 35x4½ | Vac. | Johnson | Bijur | | 2550 | | 2550 | | 3400 | |
| AUBURN, Auburn, Ind. | 2 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5½ | 29.4 | 131 | | FF | 34x4 | | | Remy | | 1295 | 1295 | | | 1545 | |
| AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich. | 1 | 12 | Weidely | 2½x5 | 39.6 | 142 | Own | 2S | 35x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Delco | | | | 1685 | | 1935 | 2400 |
| BELL, York, Pa. | 1 | 4 | Lycom | 3½x5 | 19.6 | 112 | | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | 3750 | 3750 | 3750 | 4950 | | 4950 | 5250 |
| | | | | | | | | | 31x4 | Vac. | | Dyneto | | | 895 | | | | |
| BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa. | 1 | 4 | | 3¾x5½ | 22 | 121 | | | 32x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | 3½x5 | | 114 | | ¾F | 33x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | G & D | 2500 | 2585 | 2860 | | | 4180 | |
| BIRCH, Chicago, Ill. | 2 | 4–6 | Lycom. | 3 x4¼ | 20 | 116 | Salisbury | FF | 32x3½ | Grav. | Zenith | Dyneto | | | 845 | | | | |
| BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 6 | Own | 3¼x4½ | 25.35 | 118 | | | 31x4 | | | | | | 955 | | | | |
| BREWSTER, New York, City | 1 | 4 | Own | 4x5½ | 25.6 | 125 | Own | ¾F | 32x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Remy | | | 1250 | | | | 1175 |
| BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3.187x5½ | 16.25 | 106 | Own | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | U. S. L. | 6700 | 7200 | 7200 | | 8400 | 8400 | 8500 |
| | | | | | | 106 | | SF | 30x3½ | Grav. | Buick | Auto-Lite | 725 | 725 | 725 | | | | |
| | | | | 3½x4¾ | 18.2 | 118 | | | 31x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| BUICK, Flint, Mich. | 3 | 4–6 | Own | 3½x4½ | 27.3 | 124 | Own | ¾F | 34x4 | | | | 795 | | 795 | | | | |
| BUSH, Chicago, Ill. | 1 | 4 | Lycom. | 3¼x5 | | 116 | Salisbury | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Marvel | Delco | | 1265 | 1265 | 1495 | 1495 | 2175 | |
| CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 8 | Own | 3½x5½ | 31.25 | 125 | | | 32x3½ | Vac. | | Delco | | | 875 | | | | |
| CASE, Racine, Wis. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5¼ | 29 | 132 | Timken | FF | 35x5 | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | 125 | Columb. | ¾F | 34x4½ | Pres. | Own | Delco | 2590 | 2590 | | 2590 | | 3535 | 4085 |
| | | | | | | | | | | Vac. | Rayfield | W'house | | 1875 | | 1875 | | 2375 | |
| CARTER BROS, Hyattsville, Md. | 1 | 8 | | 3¼x5½ | 33.8 | 128 | | SF | 34x4½ | Grav. | | G & D | 1800 | 1800 | | 1800 | | | |
| CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3¼x4½ | 25.4 | 117 | | | 32x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | 122 | Timken | SF | 34x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | W'house | 1365 | 1475 | 1365 | 1450 | 1625 | 1850 | 2925 |
| CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio | 1 | 6 | Own | 3½x5 | 29.4 | 123 | Own | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Rayfield | W'house | | 1595 | | 1595 | 2195 | 2295 | 2895 |
| | | | | 3.687x4 | 21.7 | 102 | Own | | 30x3½ | Grav. | | | 620 | | 635 | | 1060 | 1060 | |
| CHEVROLET, New York City | 3 | 4–8 | Own | 3.687x5¼ | 21.7 | 108 | Own | | 33x4 | Grav. | | | 935 | | 935 | | | 1475 | |
| COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill. | 1 | 4 | | 3½x4 | 36.45 | 120 | Own | ¾F | 34x4 | Vac. | Zenith | Auto-Lite | | 1385 | 1385 | | | | |
| COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind. | 1 | 8 | N'way | 3½x4½ | 39.22 | 106 | Hyatt | SF | 30x3½ | Grav. | | | 695 | | 695 | | | | |
| | | | | | | 127 | Columb. | FF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | | 1995 | | 1995 | 2495 | 2795 | |
| COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 25.35 | 115 | Timken | SF | 32x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Ward Leonard | | 1495 | 1350 | | | 1995 | |
| COMET, Decatur, Ill. | 1 | 6 | Lewis | 3½x5 | 29.7 | 125 | Walker | ¾F | 33x4 | Vac. | Miller | Dyneto | | | 1285 | | | 2250 | |
| COMMONWEALTH, formerly Partin-Palmer, Chicago, Ill. | 1 | 4 | Lycom. | 3¼x5 | 40 | 112 | Peru | FF | 32x3½ | Vac. | Carter | Dyneto | | 995 | 995 | | | | |
| CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5¼ | 30. | 122½ | Timken | SF | 35x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | W'house | 2250 | 2250 | 2250 | 2250 | 2250 | 2750 | 3000 |
| CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3½x5 | 19.6 | 114 | | FF | 32x3½ | Grav. | Zenith | Dyneto | | 845 | 935 | | 1195 | 1275 | |
| CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y. | 1 | 8 | Own | 3¾x5 | 45 | 132 | | | | | | | 4250 | 4250 | 4250 | 4250 | 5500 | 5500 | 5500 |
| DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa. | 1 | 8 | Spillman | 3¼x5 | 33.8 | 142 | Timken | FF | 35x5 | Vac. | Stromb'g | W'house | 4750 | 4750 | 4750 | 4750 | | | 6000 |
| | | | | 3¼x4½ | 25.35 | 127 | Timken | ¾F | 34x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | W'house | 3100 | 3100 | 3100 | 3100 | | | |
| DAVIS, Richmond, Ind. | 2 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5½ | 29.40 | 119 | Hyatt | ¾F | 34x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | | 1485 | 1485 | 1485 | | 1795 | |
| | | | | | | 124 | Bock | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | | 1785 | 1785 | 1785 | | 1850 | |
| DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn. | 1 | 4 | Wis. | 3¾x5 | 22.5 | 120 | Own | New | 36x3½ | Vac. | Rayfield | D-U S L | 1150 | 1250 | | 1250 | 1450 | 1400 | |
| DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky. | 1 | 4 | Lycom. | 3¼x5 | 16.92 | 112 | Peru | FF | 32x3½ | Vac. | Carter | Dyneto | | 895 | 895 | | | 1295 | |
| DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 2 | Own | 5x4 | | 135 | American | SF | 35x5 | Pres. | Stromb'g | Wag. Lty | | 2500 | | 2500 | | | |
| DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3½x4½ | 24.03 | 114 | Own | FF | 32x3½ | Vac. | | No. East | 885 | | 885 | | 1110 | 1350 | |
| DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo. | 1 | 6 | Own | 4x5 | 38.4 | 130 | Timken | FF | 33x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | W'house | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | 36x4½ | | | | | | | | | | |
| DORT, Flint, Mich. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3¼x5 | 16.9 | 105 | Walker | ¾F | 30x3½ | Grav. | Carter | W'house | | 725 | 725 | | | 1095 | |
| DRUMMOND, Omaha, Neb. | 1 | 8 | Spillman | 3 x5 | 28.8 | 120 | | FF | 31x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio | 1 | 6 | Own | 3¾x5 | 28 | 118 | Salisbury | ¾F | 34x4 | Vac. | | W'house | | 1800 | 1800 | | | | |
| DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3 x4 | 14.5 | 84 | Detroit | SF | 32x4 | Vac. | Zenith | Wagner | | | 1500 | | | 1850 | |
| | | 6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 25.3 | 116 | Salisbury | FF | 30x3 | Grav. | Monarch | | 295 | | | | | | |
| ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind. | 2 | 4 | Lycom. | 3½x5 | 19.6 | 115 | Salisbury | FF | 33x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Dyneto | | 1275 | 1275 | | | | |
| ELGIN, Chicago, Ill. | 1 | 6 | Falls | 3¼x4½ | 21.6 | 117 | Adams | FF | 32x3½ | Vac. | Carter | Dyneto | | 1075 | 1075 | | | | |
| EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind. | 2 | 4–6 | Teetor | 3½x5 | 24 | 115 | Peru | SF | 33x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Wagner | | 1095 | 1095 | | | 1845 | |
| ERIE, Painesville, Ohio | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 23 | 118 | Salisbury | ¾F | 33x4 | | | | 1165 | | 1125 | | | | |
| F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. | 1 | 4 | Own | 5½x6¾ | 42 | 140 | | SF | 35x5 | Grav. | Schebler | Dyneto | | 1345 | 1345 | 1375 | | 1685 | |
| FORD, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3¾x4 | 22.5 | 100 | Own | SF | 30x3½ | Pres. | Zenith | W'house | 850 | | 850 | | | | |
| FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y. | 1 | 6 | Own | 3¼x4 | 25.3 | 115 | Own | SF | 32x4 | Grav. | Holley | | 5500 | 5500 | 5500 | 5500 | | 6500 | |
| GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4¼ | 31.9 | 112 | Walker | SF | 30x3 | Grav. | Kingston | | 345 | | 360 | | 560 | 695 | |
| GLIDE, Peoria, Ill. | 1 | 6 | Rutenber | 3½x5 | 23.44 | 119 | Amer. | ¾F | 32x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio | 1 | 6 | Own | 3x4½ | 21.6 | 114 | Peru | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Own | Dyneto | 2000 | 2050 | 2050 | | | 2950 | 3200 |
| | | | | | | | | | 32x3½ | Vac. | Standard | Dyneto | | | 845 | | | | |
| HACKETT, Jackson, Mich. | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 22.5 | 112 | Walker | SF | 32x3½ | Vac. | Rayfield | W'house | | 1495 | 1495 | | | 1795 | |
| HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio | 1 | 12 | Weidely | 2½x5 | 39.6 | 135 | Timken | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Stromb'g | Wagner | 1055 | 1055 | 1055 | | 1575 | 1595 | |
| HARVARD, Troy, N. Y. | 1 | 4 | Sterling | 3x4½ | 14.4 | 100 | | SF | 28x3 | Grav. | Zenith | Wagner | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | 106 | | | 31x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y. | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 22.5 | 115 | Peru | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Zenith | Dyneto | 950 | 1090 | 1080 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | 34x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | 3½x5 | 29.4 | 121 | | | 34x4½ | | | | | | | | | | |
| HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind. | 2 | 6–12 | Own | 2¾x5 | 36.3 | 127 | Own | ¾F | 35x4½ | Vac. | Tillotson | Leece | | 1825 | 1725 | 1825 | 2535 | 2585 | |
| | | | Falls | 3x4½ | 21.6 | | | | 32x3½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Neville | | 2785 | | 2785 | 3335 | 3335 | |
| HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich. | 2 | 6–8 | Own | 3x4½ | 28.8 | 116 | Own | SB | 34x4 | Vac. | Stewart | Splitdorf | | | 1135 | | | | |
| HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal. | 1 | 8 | Own | 3¼x3¾ | 16.2 | 113 | Own | | 30x3½ | Vac. | Zenith | Disco | 1050 | | | | | | |
| HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 6 | Own | 3½x5 | 29.4 | 125½ | Timken | SF | 32x4½ | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | 35x4½ | Vac. | Own | Delco | | 1750 | | 1650 | | 2175 | 2925 |
| HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich. | 2 | 4 | Own | 3¾x5½ | 16.9 | 112 | Own | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Bijur | 1250 | | 1250 | | | | |
| INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind. | 1 | 4 | Beaver | 3¼x5 | 19.6 | 110 | Peru | SF | 33x4 | Grav. | Schebler | Remy | 875 | 980 | 925 | | | 1325 | |

(Continued on page 102)

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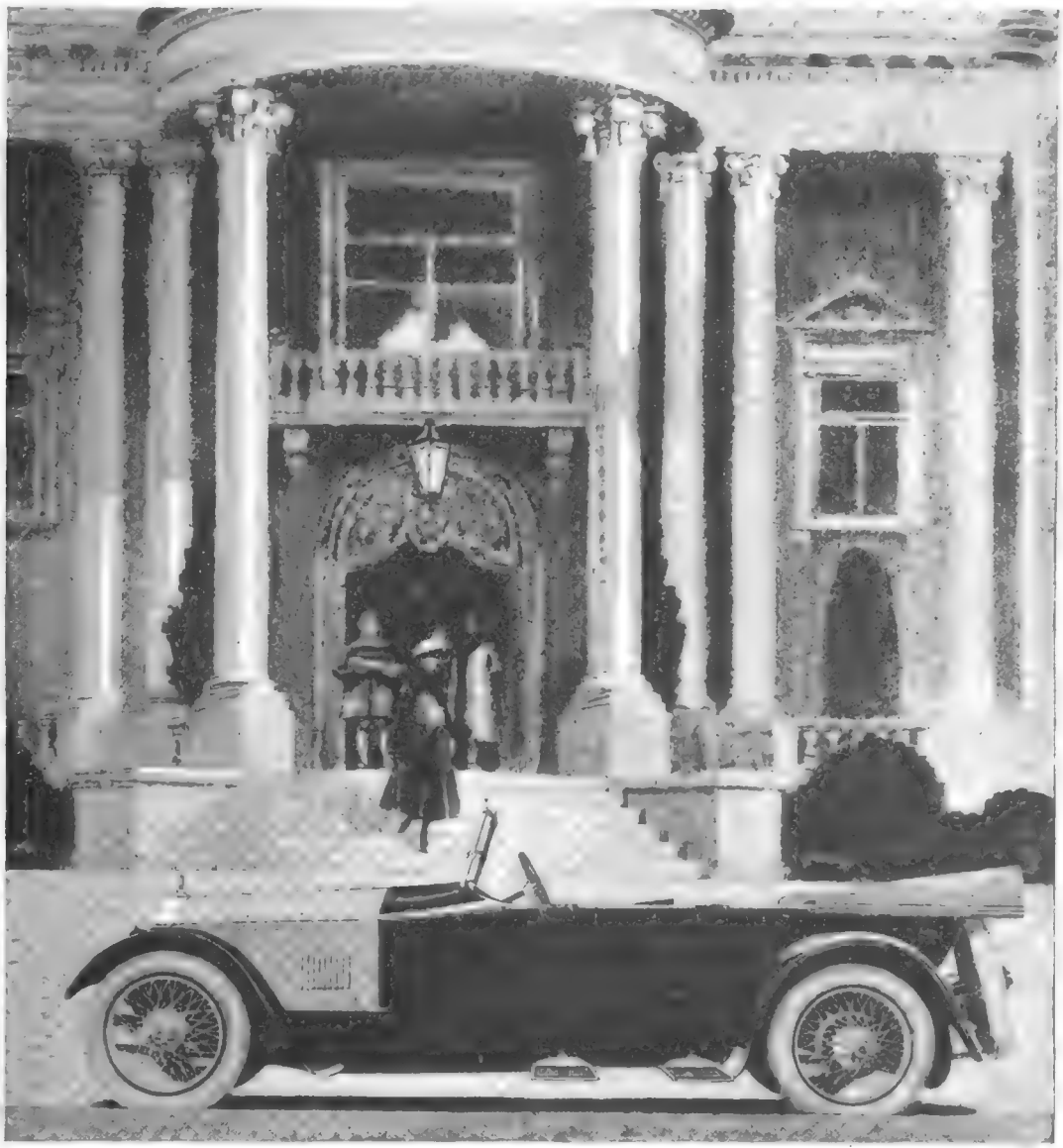

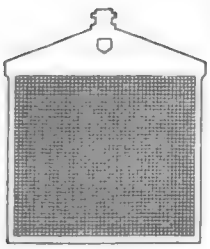

# The ROAMER

*America's Smartest Car*

## The Duesenberg "miracle motor" now adds time and distance mastery to *Roamer* design distinction. Seventy-five miles an hour on the straightaway and fifty miles an hour over hills is guaranteed.

Duesenberg motors have driven over 50% of America's fastest racing cars; and now, in the new *Roamer*, for the first time in motor car history, the Duesenberg motor is obtainable.

A bettered body design; a sturdier, stronger, light-weight chassis frame; deft aristocracies such as individual steps; tonneau windshield; rakish fenders; backs and cushions of rich, thick, genuine leather; padded top — these, together with the purchaser's own option of body finish, color, top material and upholstery, distinguish the new Duesenberg-motored *Roamer*; and the complete equipment includes, besides many expected things, a Bosch magneto, a sylphon thermostat, wire wheels and Goodyear cord tires.

The *Roamer* Six, Duesenberg-motored, with seven-passenger body, and the *Roamer* Four, Duesenberg-motored with four- and seven-passenger bodies, may be seen at the National Automobile Shows.

Also a new type *Roamer* Six with an improved Continental motor, in four- and seven-passenger body styles.

BARLEY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Kalamazoo, Michigan*

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*Continued from page 100*

| | Models | Cylinders | Make of Engine | Bore & Stroke | S. A. E. Horse Power | Wheel-Base | Make of Rear Axle | Type of Rear Axle | Tire Sizes | Gasoline Feed | Carburetor | Starting and Lighting System | 2 Passenger | 3-4 Passenger | 5 Passenger | 7 Passenger | Coupe | Sedan | Limousine |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| JACKSON, Jackson, Mich. | 1 | 8 | Ferro | 3x3½ | 28.8 | 118 | Salisbury | ¾F | 34x4 | Vac. | Zenith | Auto-Lite | $1495 | $1495 | | | | | |
| JONES, Wichita, Kans. | 1 | 6 | Lewis | 3½x5½ | 35 | 125 | Timken | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Auto-Lite | | 1575 | $1495 | $1570 | | $2195 | |
| JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5¼ | 29.40 | 127 | Timken | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Stromb'g | Auto-Lite | | | 1675 | 1675 | | 2550 | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Ball & | Bijur | 1795 | 1895 | | 1795 | | 2650 | $3300 |
| KING, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 8 | Own | 3x5 | 28.8 | 120 | Columb. | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Ball | Bijur | | 1585 | | | | | |
| KISSEL KAR, Hartford, Wis. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3¼x5 | 25.35 | 117 | Own | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Remy | | 1700 | | 1650 | | 2300 | |
| | | 12 | Weidely | 2½x5 | 39.68 | 128 | Own | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | | 1885 | 1885 | | | 1885 | |
| KLINE KAR, Richmond, Va. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x4½ | 25.35 | 120 | Hess | ¾F | 34x4 | Vac. | Rayfield | W'house | 1495 | 1495 | 1495 | | | 2800 | |
| LAUREL, Richmond, Ind. | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 22.5 | 112 | | FF | 32x4½ | Grav. | | Disco | | 895 | 895 | 895 | | 2195 | |
| LENOX, Boston, Mass. | 1 | 6 | Buda | 3¾x5½ | 33.5 | 130 | Timken | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Carter | Bijur | | | 2650 | 2650 | | | |
| LEXINGTON, Connersville, Ind. | 2 | 6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 29.4 | 116 | | FF | 32x4 | | | | | 1345 | | | | | |
| LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 25.4 | 122 | Hess | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Rayfield | W'house | | 1585 | | 1585 | $1510 | 1785 | |
| LOCOMOBILE, Bridgeport, Conn. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3¼x4½ | 48.6 | 115 | Timken | SF | 32x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | 1350 | 1350 | 1350 | | | 1925 | |
| LOZIER, Detroit, Mich. | | | Own | 4½x5 | 43.4 | 139 | Own | FF | 36x4½ | Pres. | Own | W'house | | 5150 | | 5000 | | | 6200 |
| LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn. | 2 | 6 | Own | 4½x5½ | 48.6 | 142 | Own | FF | 37x5 | Pres. | Own | W'house | | 6050 | | 5950 | | | 7200 |
| MCFARLAN SIX, Connersville, Ind. | | 4 | Own | 4¼x6½ | 28.9 | 120 | | FF | 36x4½ | Pres. | | G & D | | | | | | | |
| MADISON, Anderson, Ind. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3½x6 | 36 | 132 | | FF | 36x4½ | Pres. | | G & D | | | | | | | |
| MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5¼ | 29.6 | 125 | Salisbury | ¾F | 35x4½ | Vac. | Schebler | W'house | | 1600 | | 1650 | | | |
| MARION-HANDLEY, Jackson, Mich. | 1 | 6 | Teetor | 4½x6 | 48.6 | 136 | Timken | FF | 35x5 | Vac. | Stromb'g | W'house | 3500 | 3500 | 3500 | 3500 | 4600 | 4600 | 4650 |
| MARMON 34, Indianapolis, Ind. | 1 | 6 | Rutenber | 3½x | 23.44 | 120 | Amer. | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Rayfield | Remy | | 1485 | 1485 | 1485 | | | |
| MAXWELL, Detroit, Mich. | | 4 | Own | 3½x4 | 15.63 | 105 | Walker | ½F | 30x3½ | Grav. | Zenith | Disco | 795 | | | | | | |
| MERCER, Trenton, N. J. | 2 | 6 | Falls | 3½x4¼ | 23.44 | 115 | Peru | FF | 31x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Wagner | 975 | 975 | 975 | | 1095 | | |
| METZ, Waltham, Mass. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3¼x4½ | 21.03 | 109 | Own | ¼F | 31x4 | Grav. | K. D. | Sirums-Huff | | 745 | 745 | | 1095 | 1095 | |
| MITCHELL, Racine, Wis. | 2 | 4 | Own | 3¼x6¾ | 22 | 115 | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| MOLINE-KNIGHT, E. Moline, Ill. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3½x5 | 29.4 | 132 | Own | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | U. S. L. | 3400 | 3500 | 3500 | | | | 5000 |
| MONARCH, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3¾x4 | 24 | 108 | Own | Solid | 32x3½ | Grav. | A. W. T. | W'house | 695 | | 695 | | | | |
| MONITOR, Columbus, Ohio | | | | 3¼x5 | 25.4 | 120 | Own | ¾F | 32x4 | Vac. | Rayfield | Splitdorf | 1250 | 1280 | 1250 | | 1850 | 1950 | |
| MONROE, Pontiac, Mich. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3½x5 | 29.4 | 127 | Own | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | W'house | | 1490 | 1510 | 1525 | 2135 | 2275 | 2850 |
| MOLINE-KNIGHT, E. Moline, Ill. | | 4 | Own | 3¼x5 | 22.5 | 118 | | | 34x4 | | | Wagner- | | 1575 | 1575 | | | 2280 | |
| MONARCH, Detroit, Mich. | 2 | 4 | Own | 4x6 | 25.6 | 122 | Timken | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Schebler | Auto-Lite | | 1950 | | 1950 | 2490 | 2400 | |
| MONITOR, Columbus, Ohio | 1 | 8 | | | | 125 | | | | | | | | | | 1500 | | | |
| MONROE, Pontiac, Mich. | | | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 22.50 | 110 | | | 32x3½ | | Schebler | | | 995 | 995 | | | 1270 | |
| | 2 | 4–6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 25.35 | 117 | Adams | FF | 33x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Heinze | | 1195 | 1195 | | | 1470 | |
| | | 4 | Sterling | 3x4½ | 14 | 96 | Walker | | 30x3 | Pres. | | | 565 | 635 | | | | 965 | |
| | 2 | 4 | Own | 3¼x4½ | 16.9 | 115 | Hess | ¾F | 32x4 | Vac. | Zenith | Auto-Lite | | | | | | | |
| | | 6 | Cont. | 2⅞x4½ | 19.85 | 114 | | | 32x3½ | Grav. | Tillotson | | | | 1095 | | | | |
| | | 6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 25.3 | 125 | Timken | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Rayfield | Delco | | 1685 | 1195 | 1685 | | | |
| MOON, St. Louis, Mo. | 3 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5½ | 29.4 | 125 | Timken | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Delco | | 1850 | | 1850 | 2550 | 2650 | |
| MOORE 30, Minneapolis, Minn. | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¼x4½ | 22.5 | 106 | Peru | FF | 30x3½ | Vac. | Schebler | Disco | 550 | 550 | 550 | | | | |
| MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa. | 1 | 2 | De Lux | 3½x3¾ | 11 | 105 | Own | Solid | 28x3 | Grav. | Schebler | | 450 | | | | | | |
| MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa. | 1 | 8 | Spillman | 3¼x5 | 33.8 | 128 | Timken | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | W'house | 2800 | 2800 | 2800 | 2800 | 3600 | 4000 | 4000 |
| NASH, Kenosha, Wis. | | 6 | Own | 3¼x5 | 25.35 | 121 | Own | SF | 34x4 | Vac. | Marvel | Delco | | 1295 | 1295 | | | 1985 | |
| NATIONAL, Indianapolis, Ind. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3½x4½ | 29.4 | 125 | Own | SF | 34x4 | Vac. | Rayfield | Bijur | | | | 1465 | | | |
| OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich. | | | Own | 3½x5½ | 29.4 | | | | | | | W'house | | 1995 | | 1995 | 2645 | 2820 | |
| | 2 | 6–12 | Own | 2½x4¾ | 39.68 | 128 | Columb. | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Bijur | | 2595 | | 2595 | 3245 | 3420 | |
| OLDSMOBILE, Lansing, Mich. | 1 | 6 | N'way | 2.81x4¼ | 19 | 112 | Weston | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Marvel | Remy | 990 | | 990 | | 1490 | 1190 | |
| OLYMPIAN, Pontiac, Mich. | | 6 | Own | 2.81x4¼ | 18.9 | 112 | Weston | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Johnson | | | | | | | | |
| | 2 | 8 | Own | 2½x4½ | 26.4 | 120 | Weston | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Ball & | Delco | 1185 | | 1185 | | 1595 | 1695 | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Ball | Delco | | 1467 | | 1467 | | | |
| | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¼x4¼ | 37 | 114 | | FF | 32x3½ | Vac. | | Auto-Lite | | 965 | | | 1340 | 1565 | |
| | | 4 | Own | 3½x5 | 18.23 | 104 | Own | ¼F | 31x4 | Vac. | Tillotson | Auto-Lite | 780 | 840 | | | | | |
| | | 4 | Own | 3½x5 | 18.23 | 106 | Own | ¼F | 31x4 | Vac. | Tillotson | Auto-Lite | | | 795 | | | 1240 | |
| | | 4 | Own | 4½x4½ | 27.23 | 112 | Own | ¼F | 32x4 | Vac. | Tillotson | Auto-Lite | | 915 | 930 | | | | |
| OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio | 4 | 6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 25.35 | 116 | Own | ¾F | 32x4 | Vac. | Tillotson | Auto-Lite | | 1115 | 1130 | | 1420 | 1620 | |
| OWEN MAGNETIC, Cleveland, Ohio | | 6 | Own | 3½x5½ | 29.4 | 125 | | | 34x4½ | | | | | 3300 | 3300 | 3300 | 3600 | | 4350 |
| | 2 | 6 | Own | 3¾x5½ | 33.6 | 136 | | FF | 35x5 | Vac. | Zenith | Own | | 3950 | | 3950 | | | 5000 |
| PACKARD, Detroit, Mich. | | | Own | 3x5 | 43.2 | 128 | Own | SF | | Pres. | Own | Bijur | | 3700 | 3700 | 3700 | 4800 | | 5250 |
| | 2 | 12 | Own | 3x5 | 43.2 | 136 | Own | SF | 35x5 | Pres. | Own | Bijur | | | | 4100 | | | 5650 |
| PAIGE, Detroit, Mich. | | | Rutenber | 3½x5 | 23.4 | 117 | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| PATERSON, Flint, Mich. | 2 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5¼ | 29.4 | 124 | | | 32x4 | | | | | | | | | | |
| PATHFINDER, Indianapolis, Ind. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3¼x4½ | 25 | 127 | Salisbury | ¼F | 35x4½ | Vac. | Stromb'g | Auto-Lite | 1330 | 1330 | 1330 | | | | |
| PEERLESS, Cleveland, O. | 1 | 12 | Weidely | 2½x5 | 39.6 | 117 | Hess | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | | 1775 | | 1775 | 2850 | 2850 | 3230 |
| PHIANNA, Newark, N. J. | 1 | 8 | Own | 3¼x5 | 33.8 | 135 | Amer. | FF | 35x5 | Grav. | Stromb'g | Delco | | 1295 | 1265 | 1295 | | 1795 | |
| PIERCE-ARROW Buffalo, N. Y. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3.906x6 | 25 | 125 | Timken | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Ball & | Ball | | 3250 | | 3250 | | | |
| PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio | 3 | 6 | Own | 4x5½ | 38.40 | 134 | | FF | 32x4½ | Vac. | | Auto-Lite | 2490 | 2340 | | 2340 | 2850 | 2990 | 3690 |
| PILOT, Richmond, Ind. | 1 | 4 | Own | 4½x5½ | 48.60 | 142 | Own | | 34x4½ | | | Ward-Leonard | | | 5000 | | | | |
| PREMIER, Indianapolis, Ind. | 1 | 6 | Teetor | 3½x5 | 23.4 | 120 | Own | | 33x5 | Pres. | Own | W'house | 4800 | 4800 | 4800 | | 5700 | 5900 | 5900 |
| PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3¼x4½ | 27.3 | 125½ | Own | SF | 38x5½ | Pres. | Own | W'house | 5400 | 5400 | 5400 | 5500 | 6400 | | 6800 |
| PULLMAN, York Pa. | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 2.77 | 108 | Hess | SF | 35x5 | Pres. | Own | W'house | 6400 | 6400 | 6400 | 6500 | 7400 | | 7600 |
| REGAL, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 22.6 | 114 | Timken | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Johnson | Auto-Lite | 1485 | 1485 | 1485 | | | | |
| REO, Lansing, Mich. | 1 | 4 | Own | 3½x4½ | 19.6 | 108 | Peru | FF | 31x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Dyneto | | 1295 | 1295 | | | | |
| RICHARD, ClevelandOhio | | | Own | 4½x4½ | 27.2 | 115 | | FF | 30x3½ | Vac. | Carter | Auto-Lite | | | 795 | | | | |
| ROAMER, Kalamazoo, Mich. | 2 | 4–6 | Own | 3.563x5½ | 30.4 | 126 | Own | SF | 34x4 | Grav. | Johnson | | | 985 | 985 | | | | |
| ROSS, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 8 | Own | 3¾x6¾ | 45 | 137 | Own | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Remy | | 1385 | | 1385 | | 1950 | |
| SAYERS SIX, Cincinnati, Ohio | 2 | 4–6 | Rutenber | 3½x5 | 23.4 | | | FF | 34x6 | Vac. | Own | W'house | | | | 8000 | | | |
| SAXON, Detroit, Mich. | 1 | 6 | Spillman | 3¼x5 | 33.8 | 130 | | | | | | | 2150 | 1950 | | | | 3150 | 3250 |
| SCRIPPS-BOOTH, Detroit, Mich. | 2 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5¼ | 29.4 | 127 | Hess | FF | 34x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Bijur | 2295 | 2090 | | 3150 | | 3250 | 4500 |
| SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio | 1 | 6 | Own | 3¼x4½ | 25.4 | 118 | Bower's | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Zenith | Ward-Leonard | | 1850 | | 1850 | | | |
| SIMPLEX, New Brunswick, N. J. | 1 | 4 | LeRoy | 3½x4½ | 27 | 108 | Adams | FF | 30x3½ | Vac. | Schebler | Delco | | | 1295 | | | | |
| SINGER, New York City | 2 | 6 | Own | 2¾x4 | 12.10 | 96 | | | 30x3 | | Schebler | | 395 | | | | | | |
| STANDARD, Pittsburgh, Pa. | 1 | 6 | Spillman | 4x5½ | 38.4 | 139 | Timken | FF | 35x5 | Vac. | Rayfield | W'house | | | | | | | |
| STANLEY STEAMER, Newton, Mass. | | 8 | Spillman | 33x5 | 28.8 | 121 | Timken | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | W'house | | 1950 | | | | | |
| STATES, Kalamazoo, Mich. | 2 | 8 | Spillman | 3¼x5 | 33.8 | 127 | Timken | SF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | W'house | 2450 | 2450 | | 2450 | 3500 | 3500 | 4000 |
| STEARNS, Cleveland, Ohio | 1 | 2 | Own | 4x5 | | 130 | Own | | 35x4½ | | | Aplco | | | | | | | |
| STEPHENS SALIENT SIX, Freeport, Ill. | | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¾x4½ | 22.5 | 112 | Adams | FF | 32x3½ | Vac. | | Ltg. | | 2200 | 2200 | 2300 | | | |
| STUDEBAKER, Detroit, Mich. | 2 | 6 | Own | 3 x4½ | 30 | 112 | Adams | FF | 31x4 | Vac. | Schebler | Dyneto | 895 | 895 | 895 | | | | |
| STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind. | | | | 3½x5½ | 22.5 | 119 | | | 34x4 | | Schebler | | 995 | 995 | 995 | | | 995 | |
| SUN, Elkhart, Ind. | 2 | 4–8 | Own | 3½x5 | 33.8 | 125 | Own | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | W'house | | 1785 | 1785 | 1925 | 2400 | 2535 | 3350 |
| VELIE, Moline, Ill. | 1 | 6 | Own | 3½x4¼ | 25.3 | 118 | Hess | FF | 32x4 | Vac. | Stromb'g | Delco | | 2575 | | 2575 | 3200 | | 3875 |
| WACO, Seattle, Wash. | 2 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5½ | 29.6 | 124 | Timken | SF | 33x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Remy | | 1485 | 1485 | | | 1985 | |
| WESTCOTT, Springfield, O. | 1 | 4 | G. B. & S. | 3¼x4¼ | 37 | 112 | Peru | FF | 32x3½ | Vac. | Schebler | Disco | | | 950 | | | | |
| WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5¼ | 29.4 | 125 | Timken | SF | 35x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Delco | | 1890 | 1940 | 1940 | 2790 | 2790 | |
| WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio | 2 | 4 | Own | 4¼x5¾ | 28.9 | 124½ | | | 33x4½ | | | | | | | | | | |
| WILLYS KNIGHT, Toledo, Ohio | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5½ | 29.4 | 137½ | Own | SF | 34x4½ | | | Leece | | | | | | | |
| WINTON SIX, Cleveland, Ohio | 2 | 4 | Own | 4¼x5¾ | 28.9 | 120 | Own | ¾F | 37x5 | Vac. | Own | Neville | | 4600 | | 4600 | 5650 | 5650 | 5800 |
| WONDER, Chicago, Ill. | 1 | 6 | Cont. | 3½x5½ | 29.4 | 120 | Own | ¾F | 33x4½ | Vac. | Tillotson | Auto-Lite | | 1365 | | 1365 | | 2045 | |
| WOODS, Dual Power, Chicago, Ill. | | 4 | Own | 4½x4½ | 27.19 | 121 | Own | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Tillotson | Auto-Lite | | | | 1525 | 2175 | | |
| WOODS MOBILETTE, Chicago, Ill. | 2 | 8 | Own | 3½x4 | 36.45 | 125 | Own | FF | 34x4½ | Vac. | Zenith | Auto-Lite | | | | 2000 | | 2700 | 2800 |
| | | | Own | 3¾x5½ | 33.75 | 128 | Timken | FF | 36x4½ | Vac. | Rayfield | Bijur | 2950 | 2950 | 2950 | 3000 | 3950 | 4200 | 3950 |
| | 2 | 6 | Own | 4x5½ | 48.6 | 138 | Timken | FF | 37x5 | Vac. | Rayfield | Bijur | 3500 | 3500 | 3500 | 3500 | 4500 | 4750 | 4500 |
| | 1 | 4 | | | | 126 | | FF | 34x4 | Grav. | | | | | 900 | | | | |
| | 1 | 4 | Cont. | 2¾x4 | 12.12 | 124 | Own | SF | 35x4½ | Grav. | Stromb'g | Own | | | | | 2950 | | |
| | 1 | 4 | Perkins | 3½x4 | 19.6 | 108 | | FF | 28x3 | Grav. | Carter | Disco | 495 | | | | | | |

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*The Plate with a "Backbone"*

# Prest-O-Lite STORAGE BATTERY

# Perfected Process Plates

QUICKER starts—longer life—greater staying power—the all-important standards of value to you in any storage battery—depend first of all on the plates, the real basis of the chemical action which creates electricity for starting, lighting and ignition.

In the great, modern Prest-O-Lite factories, experts have devised many new and efficient processes to insure you a better battery, and one of their greatest triumphs is the Perfected Process Plate—a distinct departure from previous plate-making practice—an established feature of all Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

Years of effort, research and expenditure stand back of this process.

The active pasted material is seasoned by a new and different treatment which produces a super-hard center or "backbone" of gradually increasing porosity as the surface is reached.

The super-hard center provides all the strength, stability and long life of the so-called "hard-plate," but without the sacrifice of "pep" and power which is characteristic of all "hard plate" batteries.

The porous, super-sensitive surface, growing from the hard "backbone" or center, provides all the "pep" and power of the so-called "soft plate," but without the sacrifice of long life which is characteristic of all "soft plate" batteries.

In short, the two most desired extremes in storage battery performance—hitherto believed impossible of accomplishment—are provided by the process developed by Prest-O-Lite.

No other battery plates were ever made by this process.

The actual proof to you that "Prest-O-Lite" is a better battery is not only in this and many instances of better making, but in its remarkable records in service.

Manufacturers of representative cars in every class have adopted the Prest-O-Lite Battery as standard equipment. After close observation they have discovered a notable freedom from battery troubles among more than a half million users.

You can eliminate most of your battery troubles by getting a Prest-O-Lite Battery—the battery with the Perfected Process Plates. There is a correct size to fit your car. It will give you the utmost in satisfactory starting, lighting and ignition service.

Prest-O-Lite Service Stations everywhere have service batteries for you to use when your battery needs repair.

They will gladly test your battery, add distilled water and give you unbiased advice as to its care.

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U. S. Main Office & Factory, Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian General Office & Factory, Toronto, Ont.

DIRECT FACTORY BRANCHES

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|---|---|---|
| Atlanta | Detroit | Omaha |
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| Chicago | Los Angeles | San Francisco |
| Cincinnati | Memphis | Seattle |
| Cleveland | Merritton, Ont. | St. Louis |
| Dallas | Milwaukee | St. Paul |
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*—and more than 800 specially appointed Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations in all parts of the country*

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# Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

***All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified***

| | Capacity Tons | Prices |
|---|---|---|
| **"ACASON,"** Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Chassis only. Hotchkiss drive. | 1½ to 5 | $2100 to $3800 |
| **"ACME,"** Cadillac Auto Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 4 | 1750 to 3700 |
| **"ARMLEDER,"** The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 2 and 3½ | 2750 and 3600 |
| **"ATLAS,"** Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive. | 1500 lbs. | 885 |
| **"ATTERBURY,"** Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 1½ to 3½ | 2275 to 3675 |
| **"AUTOCAR,"** The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive. | 1½ to 2 | 1815 |
| **"AVAILABLE,"** Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. | 1 to 5 | 1775 to 4500 |
| **"BECK,"** Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | 1 to 2½ | 1080 to 2000 |
| **"BEECH CREEK,"** Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive. | 3 | 3850 |
| **"BESSEMER,"** Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive. | 1 to 3½ | 1250 to 3450 |
| **"BETHLEHEM"** Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | 1½ to 2½ | 1245 to 1840 |
| **"BOURNE MAGNETIC,"** Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 2 models. Worm drive. | 2 and 3½ | 3300 to 4000 |
| **"BRINTON,"** Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis, including Cab. | 1 and 2½ | 1250 to 2400 |
| **"BRISCOE,"** Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive. | ½ | 725 and 750 |
| **"BROCKWAY,"** Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | 2025 to 3200 |
| **"BURFORD,"** Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive. | 2 and 4 | 2500 to 3650 |
| **"CHASE,"** Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive. | ½ to 3½ | 1500 to 3600 |
| **"CLYDESDALE,"** Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | ¾ to 5 | 1025 to 4200 |
| **"COEY,"** Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive. | ½ | 695 |
| **"COLLIER,"** Collier Motor Truck Co., Sandusky, Ohio, 1 model. With or without body. Direct bevel drive. | ¾ | 900 and 995 |
| **"COMMERCE,"** Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear drive. Also semi-trailer. | 1 | 1340 to 1490 |
| **"CONESTOGA,"** Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancoster, Pa. 1 model. 4 bodies. Shaft drive. | 1200 lb. | 965 to 1000 |
| **"CORBITT,"** Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 5 | 1650 to 4200 |
| **"COUPLE GEAR,"** Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.) | 3½ to 7 | 5800 to 7000 |
| **"CRANE & BREED,"** Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders. | | 3360 to 4200 |
| **"DART,"** Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | 1850 to 3400 |
| **"DAYTON,"** Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive. | 2 to 7½ | 2650 to 4950 |
| **"D-E,"** Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | ¾ to 2½ | 950 to 2365 |
| **"DE KALB,"** DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. | 2 to 2½ | 2100 to 2450 |
| **"DENBY,"** Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | 1 to 3 | 1490 to 2525 |
| **"DENMO,"** The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 4 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive. | ¾ to 3 | 960 to 2325 |
| **"DIAMOND T,"** Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. | 1 to 5 | 1725 to 4600 |
| **"DISPATCH,"** Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete Internal chain drive. | ¾ | 1150 to 1225 |
| **"DORRIS,"** Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 2 | |
| **"DOWNING,"** Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models. | ¾ to 1½ | 600 and 750 |
| **"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE,"** Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model. | 3½ | 3600 |
| **"ELLSWORTH,"** Mills-Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete. | ½ | 695 and 720 |
| **"ERIE,"** Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | 1500 to 3000 |
| **"FARGO,"** Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | 2 | 2200 |
| **"FEDERAL,"** Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 5 | 1750 to 4200 |
| **"FORD,"** Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive, worm type. | 1 | 600 |
| **"F. W. D.,"** Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive. | 3 | 4600 |
| **"GABRIEL,"** Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | 1700 to 3300 |
| **"GARFORD,"** The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders. | 1 to 10 | 1750 to 6000 |
| **"GARY,"** The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 4 models. Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | On application |
| **"GEM,"** Gem Motor Car Corp'n, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1 model. Light delivery. Shaft drive. | | 675 to 750 |
| **"GLOBE,"** Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive. | 1 to 2 | 1425 to 2050 |
| **"G. M. C.,"** General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. | ¾ to 5 | On application |
| **"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN,"** Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 6 | On application |
| **"HAHN,"** Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive. | ¾ to 3½ | 1150 to 4150 |
| **"HALL,"** Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive. | 2 to 7 | 2150 to 3800 |
| **"HARLEY-DAVIDSON,"** Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models. Light Parcel Car. | 300to600lbs. | 343 to 435 |
| **"HARVEY,"** Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 2½ to 5 | 2500 to 4000 |
| **"HATFIELD,"** Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive. | 1000 lbs. | 840 to 875 |
| **"HAWKEYE,"** Hawkeye Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive. | 1½ | 1750 |
| **"HENDERSON BROS.,"** Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 1200 lbs. and 1 ton | 1225 and 1500 |
| **"HEWITT-LUDLOW,"** Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors. | 1 to 5 | 2000 to 4550 |
| **"HOOVER,"** Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive. | ¾ | 1375 |
| **"HORNER,"** Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1½ to 5 | 2650 to 4750 |
| **"HOUGHTON,"** The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive. | ¾ | 1685 to 1750 |
| **"HURLBURT,"** Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis only. | 1½ to 7 | 2350 to 6500 |

| | Capacity Tons | Prices |
|---|---|---|
| **"INDEPENDENT,"** Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive. | 1 and 2 | $1385 and $1850 |
| **"INDIANA,"** Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra. | 1 to 5 | 1600 to 4000 |
| **"INTERNATIONAL,"** International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | ¾ and 1 | 1450 and 2500 |
| **"KEARNS,"** Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive. | 1000 lbs. | 785 |
| **"KELLY,"** The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. | 1½ to 6 | 2500 to 4750 |
| **"KING,"** A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive. | 3½ | 2900 |
| **"KISSEL,"** The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive. | ¾ to 5 | 1185 to 3750 |
| **"KLEIBER,"** Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 5 | 2100 to 4900 |
| **"KOEHLER,"** H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | 1¼ | 1150 |
| **"KOENIG & LUHRS,"** Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model. | ¾ | 900 |
| **"LAMSON,"** Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive. Also tractor and dumping equipment. | 3 and 5 | 4000 to 5000 |
| **"LANGE,"** Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra. | 1 to 2½ | 1950 to 2650 |
| **"LARRABEE,"** Larrabee-Devo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | 1800 to 3500 |
| **"LENOX,"** Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. 12 to 28 tons haulage. | Tractor | On application |
| **"LESLIE,"** Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel. | ¾ | On application |
| **"LIPPARD-STEWART,"** Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co. Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | ¾ to 2 | 1775 to 2850 |
| **"LITTLE GIANT,"** Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 7 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | 1650 to 3450 |
| **"MACCAR,"** Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 1 to 5½ | 2400 to 4500 |
| **"MACK,"** International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive. | 1 to 7½ | 2400 to 5000 |
| **"MAXIM,"** Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive. | 2 | 3000 and 4000 |
| **"MAXWELL,"** Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive. | 1 | 865 |
| **"M. H. C.,"** Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders. | | On application |
| **"THE MENOMINEE,"** Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | ¾ to 5 | 1425 to 4150 |
| **"MODERN,"** Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 1 and 2 | 1800 and 2800 |
| **"MOELLER,"** New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive. | 1½ to 5 | 2500 to 4500 |
| **"MOGUL,"** Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. | 1½ to 6 | 1600 to 4000 |
| **"MONARCH,"** Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | ½ and 1 | 750 and 950 |
| **"MOON,"** Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive. | ¾ to 1½ | 1000 and 1650 |
| **"MORELAND,"** Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 1 to 5 | 1900 to 4500 |
| **"MORTON,"** Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive. | 3 | 4250 |
| **"NASH,"** The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | 1 to 2 | 1495 to 3250 |
| **"NELSON LEMOON,"** Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only. | 1 to 5 | 1700 to 4200 |
| **"NETCO,"** New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive. | 1½ to 2 | 3000 to 5000 |
| **"NILES,"** Niles Car & Mfg. Co., Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive. | 1 and 2 | 1500 to 2400 |
| **"NORTHWESTERN,"** Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1½ | 2300 |
| **"OLD HICKORY,"** Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive. | ¾ | 875 |
| **"OLD RELIABLE,"** Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive. | 1½ to 7 | 1950 to 5000 |
| **OVERLAND"** Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, O. 2 models. With or without bodies. | 800 to 1200 lbs. | 745 to 980 |
| **"PACKARD,"** Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 6½ | 2450 to 5150 |
| **"PANHARD,"** Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive. | 1 | 795 |
| **"PARAGAN,"** Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies. | 1 | 975 |
| **"PEERLESS,"** Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive. | 3 to 6 | 3700 to 5000 |
| **"PIERCE-ARROW,"** Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 2 and 5 | 3750 to 5500 |
| **"RAINIER,"** Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 2 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | ½ and ¾ | 995 and 1325 |
| **"RELIANCE,"** Racine Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 5 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive. | ¾ to 5 | 995 to 3850 |
| **"REO,"** Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive. | ¾ and 2 | 1125 and 1800 |
| **"REPUBLIC,"** Republic Motor Truck Co., Alma, Mich., 5 models. ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | ¾ to 3½ | 895 to 2750 |
| **"RIKER,"** The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive. | 3 and 4 | On application |
| **"ROWE,"** Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special. | 1 to 5 | 2450 to 4500 |
| **"RUSH,"** Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive. | ½ | 895 to 985 |
| **"SANDOW,"** Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 3½ | 1485 to 3450 |
| **"SANFORD,"** Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. Internal Gear drive. | 2½ to 5 | 2800 to 4600 |
| **"SAURER,"** International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive. | 5 and 6½ | 4800 and 5800 |
| **"SCHACHT,"** The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1½ to 5 | 2750 to 4400 |
| **"SELDEN,"** Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive. | ¾ to 3½ | 1075 to 3400 |
| **"SERVICE,"** Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 to 5 | 1500 to 4300 |
| **"SIGNAL,"** Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1¼ to 5 | 1875 to 4475 |
| **"STANDARD,"** Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive. | 2 to 5 | 2500 to 4000 |
| **"STEGEMAN,"** Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 2 to 7 | 2600 to 5000 |

*(Continued on page 106)*

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# JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

## *Prevents Frozen Radiators*

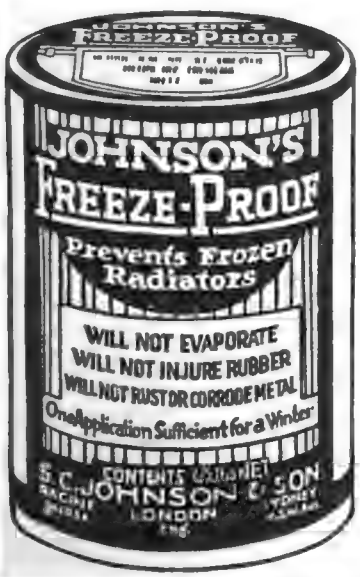
THE only way you can be absolutely sure that your radiator won't freeze up is to use a non-evaporating anti-freeze preparation. You can never be sure of Alcohol or any other product which evaporates with water

### *Does not Evaporate or Steam*

Johnson's Freeze-Proof does not evaporate with the water. One application is sufficient for the whole winter unless the solution is weakened by leakage of the radiator or hose connections—through the over-flow pipe—or by boiling over.

### *Economical and Easy*

Johnson's Freeze-Proof is the most economical anti-freeze compound on the market. It is very easy to use—simply dissolve in water and pour into the radiator. One package is sufficient to protect a Ford to 5° below zero; for large cars use two packages to protect to 5° below zero, and three packages to protect to 20° below zero.




Johnson's Freeze-Proof is put up in packages containing 6½ lbs. net which retail at $1.50 each in U. S. A.

*Write for our Folder on Keeping Your Car Young —It's Free.*

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON**
**Dept. EV 1, Racine, Wis.**

### *Absolutely Harmless*

Johnson's Freeze-Proof does not injure rubber, cloth, packing or metal of any kind. It does not rust or corrode metal. There is less rust with Johnson's Freeze-Proof than there is with water alone or with a combination of water and alcohol.

### *Raises the Boiling Point of Water*

The boiling point of water is 212°. The boiling point of alcohol is 131°. The boiling point of Johnson's Freeze-Proof and water is from 225° to 250° depending upon the amount of Freeze-Proof used.

Insist upon your dealer supplying you with Johnson's Freeze-Proof. It is readily procurable as practically all jobbers have it in stock.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will fill orders direct by prepaid Parcel Post to points in U. S. A., East of the Rockies.—Use coupon.

**USE THIS COUPON**

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. EV 1, Racine, Wis.**

I enclose $1.50 for which please send me prepaid one package of Johnson's Freeze-Proof.

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CITY & STATE.....

MY DEALER IS.....

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(*Continued from page 104*)

| | Capacity Tons | Prices |
|---|---|---|
| "STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. | 2½ to 7 | $2950 to $5250 |
| "STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | ¼ to 2 | 845 to 2195 |
| "STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, South Bend, Ind., 2 models. With and without bodies. Shaft drive. | ½ and 1 | 945 and 1300 |
| "SUPERIOR," Superior Motor Truck Co., Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive. | 1 and 2 | 1500 and 2000 |
| "THOMAS," Thomas Auto Truck Co., Inc., New York City, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 2 and 3½ | 3000 and 3500 |
| "TON A FORD," (Extension Chassis), Ton A Ford Truck Co., Racine, Wis. Ford chassis and motor. Bodies extra. | 1 | 685 |
| "TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. | ¾ to 3 | 1150 to 2500 |
| "TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only. | 1 and 2 | 975 and 1750 |
| "TROJAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1 | 1600 and 1700 |
| "TWIN CITY-FOUR WEEL DRIVE" Twin City-Four Wheel Drive Co., Inc., St. Paul, Minn., 2 models. | 3½x5 | 4000 to 4500 |
| "UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 6 models of trucks and tractors. Bodies extra. Worm and internal gear drive. | 2 to 6 | 2350 to 4250 |
| "U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive. | 2½ to 5 | 2650 to 4550 |
| "UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive. | 1½ to 3 | 2000 to 3400 |
| "VEERAC," Veerac Company, Minneapolis, Minn., 3 models, 2 cylinders. Complete. Chain drive. | ¾ and 1 | 950 to 1150 |
| "VELIE," Velie Motors Corp'n, Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 2 and 3½ | 2750 and 3600 |
| "VIALL," Viall Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive. | ¾ to 5 | 940 to 3500 |
| "VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 14 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive. | ½ | 815 to 1505 |
| "VOLTZ," Voltz Brothers, Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive. | 3 and 5 | 2750 and 3600 |
| "WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 5 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Both rear and four wheel drive. | 3 to 7½ | 4500 to 5000 |
| "WATSON," Watson Wagon Co., Canastota, N. Y. Tractor and trailer. | 5 | On application |
| "WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus, etc., special. Chain and Shaft drive. | ¾ to 5 | 2300 to 5000 |
| "WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 8 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. | 1 to 5 | 1750 to 4000 |
| "WILCOX TRUX," H. E. Wilcox Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | ¾ to 5 | On application |
| "WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 9-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive. | 1 to 5 | 1650 to 4000 |
| "WISCONSIN," Myers Machine Co., Sheboygan, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. | 1½ to 5 | 1650 to 5000 |
| "WONDER," Wonder Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 3 bodies (truck and pleasure). | 1 | 800 to 850 |

## Electric Commercial Vehicles

| | Capacity Tons | Prices |
|---|---|---|
| "ATLANTIC," Atlantic Electric Vehicle Co., Newark, N. J., 4 models. With or without bodies. Chain drive. | 1 to 5 | On application |
| "BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Vehicle Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 2 models. Shaft drive. | 150 and 2000 lbs. | $1185 and $2000 |
| "C. T.," Commercial Truck Co. of America, Phila., Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Gear drive. | ½ to 5 | 1600 to 3800 |
| "COUPLE GEAR" Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 2 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Electric.) | 3½ and 5 | 5400 and 6600 |
| "G. V.," General Vehicle Co., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. | ½ to 5 | 1560 to 3700 |
| "LANSDEN," Lansden Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Direct drive. | ½ to 6 | 1450 to 3500 |
| "WALKER," Walker Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 6 models. Chassis only. Tractors up to 10 tons. Balance drive. | ½ to 5 | On application |
| "WARD ELECTRICS," Ward Motor Vehicle Co., Mount Vernon, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm and Helical Bevel drive. | 750 lbs. to 5 | 840 up |

## Electric Pleasure Cars

| | Prices |
|---|---|
| "BEARDSLEY," Beardsley Electric Co., Los Angeles, Calif., 2 models, 3 bodies, W. B. 90 in. and 103 in. | $1285 to $3000 |
| "DETROIT," The Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 chassis, 6 bodies, W. B. 100 in. | 2175 to 2840 |
| "FRITCHLE," Fritchle Electric Co., Denver, Colo., 2 models, 4 bodies (R. etc.), W. B. 96 in. and 104 in. | 2400 to 3200 |
| "HUPP-YEATS," Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 2 bodies (2 coupes), W. B. 86 and 100 in. | 1750 and 2000 |
| "MILBURN ELECTRIC," Milburn Wagon Co., Toledo, Ohio, 1 model. W. B. 105 in. | 1885 |
| "OHIO," The Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, Ohio, 2 models, 2 bodies. | 2680 to 3250 |
| "RAUCH & LANG ELECTRIC," Baker R. & L. Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models, 2 bodies. W. B. 92 in. & 102 in. | 3000 to 3200 |
| "WOODS DUAL POWER," Woods Motor Vehicle Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 1 body. Combination electric and gas. W. B. 124 in. | 2950 |


# An Automobile Show Brought to Your Door

The first of the big 1918 Automobile Shows will be held in New York, January 5th to 12th. Other shows in other cities will follow later.

Long before show time you will have a fairly definite idea of your own requirements in a car—the type that best suits you in the matter of price, capacity, power or what not.

A few such cars may be known to you personally. All of them are listed in Everybody's Automobile Directory. Check up the ones that come within your range of requirements. Then let us secure catalogues for you from the manufacturers.

There is no charge for the service rendered, and the use of it enables you to determine beforehand just what exhibits are going to interest you most at the big show. Any selection you may make later will be based on intelligent knowledge of the entire field. Without wasting time or effort amid the distractions of a crowded show place, you can quickly look up the cars on your list and get down to brass tacks at once.

There is ample time to secure the information needed if you will check up on the foregoing pages the cars that seem to fill the bill and ask us for catalogues now.

**Automobile Directory Department**

***Everybody's Magazine*** **New York City**


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*"Hold the fort! I am coming!"*

*SHERMAN signaled these words over the heads of the enemy from Kenesaw Mountain to Allatoona Pass, where Brigadier-General Corse was guarding warehouses stored with more than a million rations of bread. This was in the fall of 1864, in the campaign after Atlanta, when Hood was trying to dislodge Sherman from Georgia and force him to retreat into Tennessee. From Kenesaw Mountain, Sherman could see the smoke from the battle at Allatoona Pass. The telegraph wires had been cut; but from mountain to mountain little signal flags flashed word of the presence of the commander-in-chief, and an exhortation to the hard-pressed soldiers to hold out until he came. It is the same message that America is sending to her war-weary allies to-day, who are so valiantly "holding the fort."*

*This statue of William Tecumseh Sherman, by Saint Gaudens, stands at the entrance to Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. The photograph was made at night by Van der Weyde.*

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# THE TIN CAN

## By Harry S. Stabler

"WE CONSECRATE OUR HEARTS, OUR HEADS, OUR HANDS, AND OUR HEALTH, THROUGH FOOD PRODUCTION AND FOOD CONSERVATION, TO HELP WIN THE WORLD WAR AND WORLD PEACE."

THE canners of the United States will have to fill close to seven billion tin cans in a year to feed our Army and Navy. If you allow only five inches as the average length of a can, seven billion cans, end to end, would stretch 553,000 miles, or more than twenty times around this little old war-torn earth of ours.

Five hundred and fifty-three thousand miles of cans is a fairly long string of cans. And by the same token it's a long way from old Nicholas Appert to young Miss Clyde Sullivan.

### *The Great God Can*

DURING a recent talk about the great war and its aftermath, a well-known professor of economics was asked what he thought had been the greatest factor in the spread of civilization of mankind.

"Quick, easy methods of transportation," was his answer. "Carrying things from one place to another, including ideas, is the biggest business in the world and almost as ancient as tilling the soil. First carried on by the camel and the canoe, transportation is now typified by the steam engine; that is to say, the locomotive and the marine engine.

"Now the steam engine," he went on, "is a big iron can full of hot water that will pull you from one place to another. The next biggest factor in the spread of civilization is the tin can full of something to eat on the way. The business of transportation, itself, is largely dependent on the tin can. In the old days of long voyages in sailing ships, one of the greatest perils of the sea was scurvy, caused by eating moldy bread stuffs, 'salt horse,' and bad meat. Now that dread disease has been made as rare as the dodo by the use of clean food in tin cans. Peary would never have discovered the North Pole without them, and I have a large sized doubt as to whether T. R. would have been able to discover his famous River of Doubt without their aid.

"But here is an astonishing fact, which the proper authorities will verify for you: thirty per cent. of the business of the wholesale grocers of the entire country is in canned goods. In the wholesale houses of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities, foods make up forty per cent. of their business. The fact is, that if you were to take the tin cans out of any city of the first or second class the inhabitants would begin to starve almost at once. That means, of course, that those cities could not have grown so large without food conserved in tins. Incredible, isn't it, when you think that over? Well, look up the history of that humble denizen of the dump heap. You will find it interesting, especially in connection with the present condition of things in this country and in Europe!"

If you were to follow the advice of that professor of economics, who seemed to be something of a humorist as well, perhaps the first thing you would run across would be the shade of Napoleon. You might imagine him with folded arms, gazing at a struggle the like of which he never visioned.

He might see a supposedly impregnable fortress smashed to bits by a few shells each longer and bigger round than a man, and merely qualify what he once said about the "heaviest artillery." Recalling his famous saying that, "An army marches on its belly," he might have watched, unmoved, the Parisian taxicabs and automobiles transport a whole army forty miles between meals. But having seen these men, arrived at their destination, take from their knapsacks each a flat tin can, open the soft metal top with the key attached and make a hearty meal of its contents, you might almost hear him exclaim: "Old Nicholas Appert didn't know enough! If I had had a couple of thousand tons of canned pork and beans that bad winter, they would never have driven me out of Russia."

### *The First Canner*

THAT comment would have been made in some bitterness, for Napoleon offered a prize of twelve thousand francs to the person who would invent a method of conserving food for his armies. By 1814 Nicholas Appert had learned enough of the secret he was after to win the prize. And he is recognized as the father of the canning industry, though he used glass containers, because, as he expressed it, "they were most impenetrable by air."

However, he was far from the real secret. He didn't know enough; neither did his successors, though they were "burning," as the children say, for many years. One of them, William Underwood, an Englishman, came to this country, where his descendants still carry on the business he founded. He was shipping fruits, jams, jellies, and ground mustard to India, Hong Kong, Manila, and South America as early as 1821. He was away ahead of



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his time. A few years later this remarkable man was preserving and shipping milk to South America.

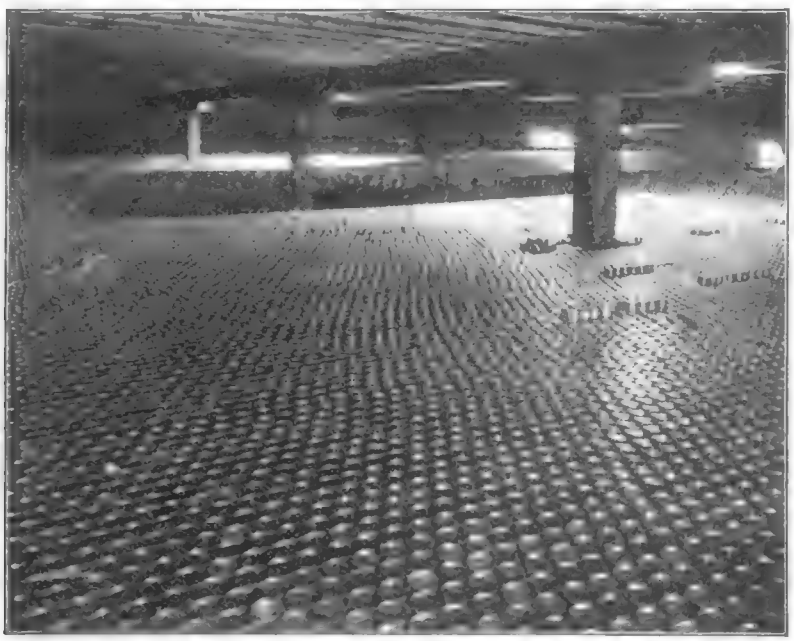
Repeatedly losing a part or the whole of his season's pack of pie fruits for lack of glass containers, he began to utilize the invention of Peter Durand, another Englishman, who had patented a "tin canister," as it was then called.

Apparently that didn't help much, for a descendant of Underwood says that: "A tinker who could turn out sixty cans a day was a master workman, for every one had to be made by hand." Now, you can buy a million cans a day from one factory, with a guarantee that all but two out of every hundred will be perfect.

A lack of canisters, however, was the least of the packer's troubles; for if ever there was a set of men who were mystified, bedeviled, and often ruined by something they could not understand, it was the pioneers in this industry. Food that was packed one day would "keep" sweet and sound indefinitely, while the next day's output might spoil immediately, although it was apparently in the same condition and handled in the same way. If one man thought he had caught a glimpse of the secret through a successful pack, he would guard his factory as though it were a modern munition plant, only to find that his next pack had "worked," become sour or streaked with mold.

All sorts of theories were advanced and discarded. Some of the earliest packers admitted that they thought it was the work of the devil himself. In the light of what we know now, it sounds curious to hear one say, as late as 1852: "The season ending last year has been a very strange one and some of our hermetically sealed goods have spoiled, although they were put up with great care and of the best quality. We can only suspect that the whole atmosphere has become impregnated with cholera that acted upon animal matter as it did upon vegetable."

As usual, however, it was one of those dry-as-dust scientists, Dr. Pasteur, who, ten years later, uncovered part of the secret when he found that bacteria-germs were the cause of what we know now as fermentation. Away back in 1683, a man whose name looks like the name of a germ—Leeuwenhoek, it was—discovered these hitherto invisible creatures, which he called *infusoria*. But when your true scientist gets on the trail of an idea he never lets go, and many of these germs were, at one time and another, classified and christened with due form and ceremony. Then in 1876 Dr. Koch went them all one better when he discovered the relation of germs to disease and actually separated them into pure cultures, that is, bred whole families of each kind by themselves.



WITH THE LATEST MACHINERY, A PLANT EMPLOYING TEN MEN AND A FEW BOYS IS ABLE TO TURN OUT SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND CANS IN A DAY OF TEN HOURS.

It looks as though the rest of it ought to have been easy. But it was actually not until 1895 that the keystone was slipped into the arch of one of the most important economic structures the world has ever seen, when H. L. Russell, in Wisconsin, applied laboratory method to the problem of spoilage in cans and found that "swells" in cans were caused by bacteria. The honor seems to have been divided; for just at this time two other men, W. L. Underwood, a grandson of the original, and Dr. Prescott, both of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, revealed the great secret to a convention of packers in Buffalo. Dr. Prescott says that scarcely one of these men had ever heard of bacteria and he vividly describes their "incredulity, wonder

"The Return of the Prodigal Taste"—a true story in one adv. (See below.)

"THE BASIS OF FURNITURE COMPARISONS"

The following conversation really happened once that we know of. Probably it is paralleled many times—the country over. (Perhaps by *you*.)

"Every time I look around our new home, dear, I am thankful to the architect for being so insistent about this OAK furniture. He said we'd have to do a lot of insisting to get really *good* furniture in this noble wood—and it certainly is worth all the insisting we did."

"Well, I told you we had an architect who was well-grounded in both his taste and his knowledge. He says the 'come back' of OAK to the favor of people like us is 'not a fad but a recognition'—that's the way he put it. Now I begin to sense the full meaning of that advertisement we clipped and put in the 'new home box'—you remember?—something about OAK furniture having the qualities of BEAUTY, DIGNITY, POISE and PERMANENCE. I'm just as glad as you are to 'start worthy heirlooms.'"

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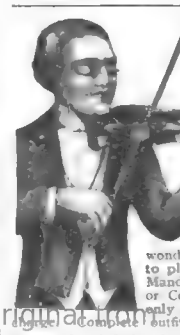

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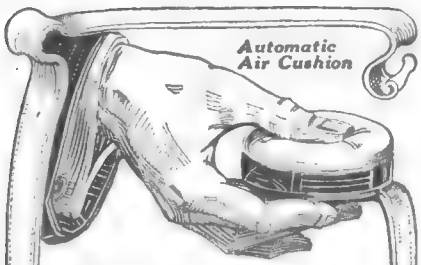


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and final conviction," when they saw the pure cultures of the organisms that for years had caused them such enormous losses.

Indeed, it must have been a dramatic moment. They had groped for years, blindly in the dark, yet all the while in touch with their invisible enemies, and there they were, captured at last, in a few glass tubes! Thus, at one bound, the industry of preserving food in tin cans arose from a more or less uncertain business, to an art governed by scientific principles, and a knowledge that is constantly growing more exact.

### *The New Science of Canning*

MUCH has been accomplished along these lines by the National Canners' Association, organized a few years ago. At its headquarters in Washington is a laboratory and experimental packing plant. Both of these are in charge of experts and equipped with every device from an ordinary can-opener to a *coloclastometer* — an absurdly simple instrument for determining the firmness of jelly. Each new method, discovery, or invention becomes the property of all the members of the Association, which is actively engaged in trying to obtain uniformity in State and Federal pure food laws.

Yet the prejudice against food out of a tin can has not altogether disappeared, because when I asked the hotel man how much of it he used, his reply was the same frozen stare that a packer gave me at the mention of the word "ptomaine." All this talk about bacilli and germs is apt to get on one's nerves, but since we can not get away from them all, we might as well understand a thing or two about them. So I asked one of these scientific sharps if he could tell me in words of one syllable what ptomaine is.

Said he: "It is a poison or toxin that may be developed by various means in minute vegetable organisms, such as yeasts, molds, and bacteria. They are in the air, in the water, and on everything we touch. Some are good and some are bad. They grow and multiply with inconceivable rapidity and cause milk, meat, and vegetables to spoil when allowed to stand exposed. Destroy the germs when they are few, keep others away, and you have food that is clean, or sterile."

Therefore, the packer's problem is to get his product off the vine, off the hoof, or out of the water and into the can in the shortest possible time and with the least amount of handling. Then the cans, after they themselves have been sterilized, go into a vat where the contents are cooked and sterilized—exactly the same thing a surgeon does with his instruments.

For a lot of things mere boiling at 212 degrees won't do. That's where everybody from Appert to Russell fell down. The former knew nothing about heating water above the boiling point with the aid of calcium chlorid or superheating steam in a closed kettle. The Wisconsin packers were "processing" peas at 230 degrees for ten minutes and were having huge losses. Russell told them about the bacteria and advised them to raise the temperature to 242 degrees for fifteen minutes. There were no more "swells" after that.

If you notice a can of peas, corn, or anything else for that matter, with the ends distended, don't buy it. While the contents may have been fresh, it was probably insufficiently cooked to prevent fermentation, which generates gases that cause the "swell." A leak in a can, though it be no larger than a pinhole, will allow a germ to enter and set up fermentation. The ends of a can may be flat and yet the contents found to be sour. These "flat sours" are generally caused by allowing the raw material to stand too long before being cooked.

Barring these outward indications, which apply to all kinds of canned food, it is obvious that the purchaser is buying "sight unseen." Therefore, the label ought to tell the truth. The sizes of cans have been standardized; so should the grade of the contents. And if it is true that "all cans look alike, but the label makes the difference," the label ought to read, "packed by" and not "packed for." There's a mighty big difference between those words in responsibility for quality.

With his microscopes for hunting the ubiquitous bacillus, his thermometers, automatic temperature regulators, gages and recorders, little is left to the judgment of the individual workman; so that, paradoxical as it may seem, the quality of canned food is becoming standardized by reason of its quantity. The stunts that the can maker pulls off with machines that do everything but talk, are only equaled by the packer and his mechanical outfit.

### *Its Staggering Results*

WITH the latest machinery, a plant employing only ten men and a few boys is able to turn out sixty-five thousand cans in a day of ten hours, and all but a hundred and thirty of them guaranteed to be perfect. That small force multiplied many times in a big plant easily supplies the cans to a packer who takes fifty thousand bushel baskets of tomatoes from the vine and puts them up, all labeled and ready to ship, between breakfast and supper.

In a plant with modern equipment peas are taken from the vine, hulled, graded, cooked, sealed, and labeled by machinery; while only those that are defective are touched with the hands. It will take from two to over three quarts of them in the pod, dependent upon the variety, to make one can of ordinary peas; two bushels of them to yield one No. 2 can of *petit pois*, which,

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A CALIFORNIA CAN-CLUB LEADER IN UNIFORM.

by the way, are not so well flavored, much less nutritious, and three times as costly as the larger ones. In view of that fact, not a can of them should have been put up this year.

The packer buys most of his fruit and vegetables by the ton. In ordinary times the peas, for instance, cost him thirty to fifty cents a bushel, tomatoes seven to ten dollars a ton, or less if grown on his own farm. Even now, that enables you to buy a can of either when the snow is on the ground cheaper than you could buy the fresh vegetables in July or August. This conservation of food is universal; salmon in the Pacific Northwest, sardines in Maine, oysters, crabs, and tomatoes in Maryland, peas in Colorado, Wisconsin, and New York, peaches and asparagus in California.

The meaning of a figure with a long string of naughts behind it is often incomprehensible. But here are a few items that go to make up the three billion or more cans of things that we had been putting up year after year without ever thinking about it:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Milk, evaporated, | 390,000,000 | pounds |
| Milk, condensed, | 250,000,000 | cans |
| Salmon | 336,000,000 | cans |
| Tomatoes | 365,000,000 | cans |
| Corn | 343,000,000 | cans |
| Peas | 212,000,000 | cans |

Early in the first year of the war one of the foreign governments requested bids in this country on one hundred and seventy-six million two-pound tin cans of pork and beans—that is, one hundred and seventy-six tons—to help feed its soldiers.

Besides fish, beef, mutton, and veal in separate cans, there are mixed rations. The Englishman wanted one combination, the Frenchman another, the Russian and Italian something different from either. But all of these mixed rations are practically alike and somewhat similar to what the American soldier used to call "slumgullion."


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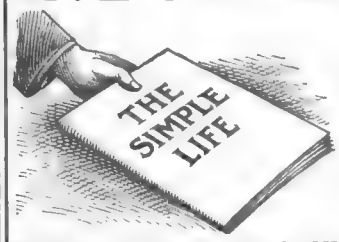


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# Everybody's
## for February

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### Love Winds o' Port o' Flowers

A dramatic, colorful story of adventure and love in southern islands. By Henry Oyen.

### The Little Landscape

A vivid war story by an English writer of rapidly growing reputation—Roland Pertwee.

### Tam o' the Scoots

The true adventures of a daring Scotch aviator—a real hero, with a sense of humor. By Edgar Wallace.

### Also

Another article about "Invaded America," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "Making a Soldier out of Johnnie," by Edward Hungerford; short war articles and stories, and four full color pages.

## On the News-stands January 23


The specifications for them are exact and are based on the latest scientific principles governing food values. From this sample specification covering a given quantity in bulk, one might think that the European soldier is positively finicky about his food:

| | |
|---|---|
| 30 lbs. mutton | 9 oz. salt |
| 1 lb. onions | 1 oz. parsley |
| 3½ oz. garlic | 1-28 oz. bay leaves |
| 1-28 oz. cayenne | 2 lbs. wheat flour |
| ⅜ oz. white pepper | 2 1-10 lbs. beans |
| 3 oz. sugar | 6 3-10 lbs. carrots |

8 2-5 lbs. potatoes

It may be seen from the seasoning that a ration like this, cooked scientifically, is really tasty. Provided that he got enough of them, I am of the opinion that the European soldier has been better fed out of these American tin cans than he is fed in piping times of peace and plenty. In order to enable him to bear the mental and physical hardships that he must undergo, it is necessary for him to have the stuff that "sticks to the ribs"; in other words, a balanced ration, containing the greatest number of heat units.

As for the other foods in tin supplied by us to the Allies, the amount in bulk was already enormous. But when we were forced to take up the cudgels, it became almost instantly apparent to those whose business it was to know, that this war is going to be fought and won with the tin can; that this is to be largely the means of spreading civilization in Germany.

Consider the job we have undertaken: to feed our civil population, our Army and Navy, together with a large percentage of the armies and navies of our Allies and their civil populations; a job involving, primarily, those two things that we began talking about—transportation and conservation.

### *The Call for Canners*

IT IS no wonder, then, that early this spring there were some anxious moments for those who knew what a shortage of tin can material and the cars to ship it in would mean. But the Council of National Defense, the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce; the War and Navy Departments, the packers, wholesalers, and jobbers, have given us an example of cooperation and efficiency as wonderful as it is admirable.

It is only a day or two since, as this is written, that the Supply Committee of the Council of National Defense requested twenty-five hundred canners in eighteen states to reserve for our Army and Navy twelve per cent. of the total pack of peas; twelve per cent. of corn, eighteen per cent. of tomatoes, and six per cent. of salmon. And it is estimated that the canneries alone will fill *seven billion* tin cans this season if they are to be had.

In order to get a line on the quantities of tinned food needed for our fighters, look at the requirements of our Navy for one year, based on a total of two hundred thousand men:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sardines | 1,966,200 lbs. |
| Bacon | 6,220,800 " |
| Beef (corned) | 8,611,200 " |
| Beef (chipped) | 1,296,000 " |
| Codfish | 1,411,200 " |
| Salmon | 4,003,200 " |
| Sausage | 2,700,000 " |
| Lard | 4,416,000 " |
| Corn | 4,929,000 " |
| Peas | 5,083,000 " |
| Lima beans | 2,053,200 " |
| String-beans | 3,528,800 " |
| Tomatoes | 688,800 " |
| Spinach | 1,200,000 " |
| Sauerkraut | 1,656,000 " |
| Pumpkins | 820,800 " |
| Apples (dried) | 720,000 " |
| Apricots | 2,143,200 " |
| Jams | 1,800,000 " |
| Prunes | 2,006,400 " |
| Peaches | 2,700,000 " |
| Peaches (dried) | 360,000 " |
| Pears | 2,208,000 " |
| Butter (apple) | 7,430,400 " |
| Catchup | 1,872,000 " |
| Milk | 7,488,000 " |
| Syrup | 2,160,000 " |
| Asparagus | 1,500,000 " |
| Pineapples | 1,500,000 " |

This list of canned food foots up over ninety-three million pounds—say, forty-six thousand tons; yet it comprises only thirty items in the menu that your Uncle Samuel offers his sea-dogs. He has also in the making an army of at least one million two hundred thousand. One day's rations for half of that number of men includes four hundred and eight thousand cans of tomatoes, blackberry jam, and milk.

And by the same token it is a long way from old Nicholas Appert to a champion girl canner like Clyde Sullivan. Her record may have been beaten many times since, but several years ago this Georgia girl planted, grew, and put up 2,677 two-pound cans of tomatoes from one-tenth of an acre.

When the President made his appeal to the country to grow and conserve more food, he had partly in mind the potential power of these home and club canners; for they accomplish four things: conserve quantities of food that would ordinarily go to waste; do it with time and labor ordinarily unproductive; consume this food in the home, and release just that much more food for our armies and those of our Allies.

Now is the time to plan for putting up next year's fruit and vegetables, both in glass and tin. Bulletin 839 explains the simple process of the One Period Cold Pack Method. Write to O. H. Benson, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. He'll send it to you quick. The badge of his clubs in the North and West is a four-leaf clover with an "H" on each leaf. Memorize its meaning: "We consecrate our Hearts, our Heads, our Hands, and our Health, through food production and food conservation, to help win the world war and world peace."

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# TRENCH TALK

## *Some Characteristic Slang Creations of the Soldiers*

WAR is rich in new speech —so rich that in France, learned members of the French Academy have already begun to recognize, collect, and try to analyze some of the new language that has sprung spontaneously from the lips of *poilus* and Tommies in the past three years.

Some of this new speech is clear to us stay-at-homes. Of others we can appreciate the flavor only when their origin is explained. "*Boche*," for instance, is an abbreviation of "*caboche*," a hobnail, with a hard, rough, and square head. It was applied long ago, because of corresponding mental qualities, to the Germans as well as to all resembling them. Similarly, the Tommies call the big German guns "Berthas" in honor of the eldest daughter of Herr Krupp, the great German munitions maker.

Tommy's great word is "Blighty." "Blighty" to him means England, home, and all that's worth living for. When he has a wound serious enough to send him home, he calls it a "blighty one." The "Blighty" of the French soldier is Paris, which he affectionately and lovingly calls by a sort of pet name —"*Panam*."

Tommy is perhaps likely to think most of "Blighty" when the "big stuff" comes over. The "big stuff" means the various kinds of large German shells. The high explosive ones are "crumps;" the big ones that give out a lot of black smoke, "Jack Johnsons" or "coal-boxes." The *poilus* generally call the "big stuff" "*marmites*" or "stew-pots."

Any misfortunes that the "big stuff" may bring are spoken of lightly in the trenches. Being killed, and so requiring the services of "Holy Joe," the chaplain, is referred to delicately as being "huffed" or as having "clicked it," or "gone west." Anyway, after it is all over and, if you are lucky, you are buried—"sewed in a blanket," as it is called—and are thereafter alluded to as "pushing up the daisies."

Life, however, is not all one "hick-boo"—as the men in the air-service and elsewhere call a rumpus, bombardment, or attack. It may even be considered "cushy"—"pretty soft," as we say—or comfortable, when you can "cadge," borrow, a "fag," that is, a cigaret, or "have a doss," sleep, in your "funk-hole" or dugout. "Kip," or sleep, is scarce, almost as scarce as "coles," i. e., pennies, to blow in. But then, you always have your "rooty" or bread associated with the Germans or their and your "gippo" or bacon-grease soup and your "machonochie", or tin of scientifically balanced ration, the compounder of which is said to be marked for the last atrocity victim of the war. To top off the comforts, you occasionally get a letter from "Lonely Stab," the girl who writes and sends parcels to Tommy. Companionship of any kind is more welcome than that of the "cooties," despite the affection apparently conveyed in this name given to the trench vermin.

The air service, like most special branches, has its own vocabulary. An officer of flying status, but who for some reason does not fly, is called a "penguin." This name is also applied to a type of trailing machine which does not rise from the ground. An officer in the flying service without flying status is called a "kiwi" after an Australian bird. A pilot is generally called a "quirk." A flight is called a "flip," and if it is a distinguished failure it is called a "wash-out." An airplane is usually called a "bus." The great hope of the airman is to "spikebozzle" or bring down a "Zepp," or one of the smaller non-rigid dirigibles they call "blimps." The airman's pest is the "onion" or large flaming anti-aircraft shell which "Archie" sends up as a sort of bouquet—with sometimes an unpleasant smell. "Archie," is the general name for the anti-aircraft gun.

The constant association of Tommy and Frenchy has resulted in some linguistic Burbanks. Tommy finds "compray" much easier and shorter to say than "Do you understand?" and "Toots Sweet" is as effective as anything to the barmaid for "hurry up," when Tommy gets a little leave to visit an *estaminet* for a cup of tea. His entertainment on short leaves is usually mild, and when, on his return, his fellow Tommies ask him what happened, he replies: "father of twins"—which is his equivalent for the emphatic negative, *pas de tout*.

The French soldier slang shows an even higher spirit of banter and playfulness. *Poilu*, that one word of national reverence, means simply brave, strong. The French soldier is also called "*un bleu*" from the light, gay, affectionate blue of his uniform. The enemy is referred to good-naturedly as "*les Boches*" or *les bobosses*" or "the moles," or simply "*Fritz*." Out of "*Boche*" the *poilus* have made all sorts of expressions qualities. "*Bocherie*" is German cruelty; "*Bochonnerie*," is any kind of nastiness; "*Bochisme*" is the way the *poilu* alludes to German Kultur, and "*bochiser*" has become a common word to express spying of any kind.

Next to "*Boche*" the deepest term of reproach in French is to call another "*un embusqué*," which means, literally, a soldier or civilian who has "ambushed" himself or taken some post free from hardship or danger. It is much more severe than our "slacker." All who are down there fighting for France are "*les copains*"—literally, the sharers of bread.

The *poilu* calls his bayonet by various pet names: "*Rosalie*" (especially for the new-style bayonet which makes a wound like a cross), "a knitting-needle," "a roasting-spit," a "Josephine," "a fork;" and the old-style bayonet "a cabbage cutter," "a corkscrew." A motor-cycle is a "teuf-teuf." His machine gun is a "coffee-mill" or an "unsewing machine." Small bombshells are called "sparrows," and bullets are "prunes" or "chestnuts." The *poilu's* knapsack is his "crystal closet." The famous .75 field piece is called "the little Frenchman" or "Charlotte." "*Un cou-cou*" is a small bombshell; and a large bombshell is called "*un colis a domicile*," literally a C. O. D.

The American *poilu* is not going over unprovided with a lingo. He calls himself, by the way, a "doughboy" or "crusher," which is fairly American-sounding. Cavalrymen he calls "bow-legs;" a soldier who shares his shelter is his "bunkie;" the company barber is "butcher;" a soldier who works for an officer is a "dog robber;" the commanding officer is alluded to as "K. O.;" a junior officer is called a "goat;" the provost sergeant is a "hobo;" a teamster is a "mule skinner;" an old officer is called "old file;" the drum-major is the "regimental monkey;" the doctor is "saw-bones;" a new second lieutenant is a "shavetail;" field artillerymen are "wagon soldiers;" and a trumpeter or bandsman is a "windjammer." And our doughboys are like Tommy and *poilu* in that they never "bellyache" or complain when the "slum," *i. e.*, the meat or vegetable stew, or the "sowbelly," as the bacon is called, are bad. It's all in the game—the game of "Kan the Kaiser"—which is the only American equivalent thus far of any of the French war slogans like "*Ils ne passeront pas*," or "*On les aura*," "We'll get them." "They shall not pass."

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## THE WHITE ARC—*Continued from page 68*

open pity and affection, upon the rapturously beautiful, high-spirited, practically efficient, hot-sexed young thing who had so tragically mismated herself with an abstracted idealist dreamer—who had worked for him for a while, tried to goad him into giving her the satisfactions she needed, stood him as long as she could, and then, under another passionate and perhaps no happier attraction, had run off and left him for some one else.

But long before she admitted that view of the story into her formulated thoughts, her blood had been interpreting it for her. Her mind she had inherited, in some of its elements, at least, from her father, and the long intimate association with him had enabled him to stamp his seal upon it. But her body was her mother's, in every nerve fiber, in all its beauty of form, color and texture, in all its swift resiliency and strength, in all its imperious hungers.

It is fair to say, that her father's apostolate and the martyrdom which crowned it, became the high horse upon which Helena Bogany's daughter rode in quest of adventure. This quest served her as the substitute for a genuine ambition. It stimulated her to write and speak in the radical cause; she did both effectively, but neither really well. In speaking, the deficiency didn't matter because her electric personality and her picturesqueness covered it. When one read her articles, however, one realized their thin personal emotionality, and was irritated by her excesses in the use of exclamatory adjectives.

In one way, this sense of riding out upon a high adventure served her better than a more serious ambition would have done. It gave her a certain aloofness from the men her life associated her with; enabled her to set a higher price upon herself than any of her would-be lovers would pay. It was what saved her—this sense of conserving something precious for a worthy event—from a series, during those years, of shabby, and eventually degrading, illicit love affairs. It had saved her: she had experimented, had gone close to the edge many times, but she had never gone over—and she was immensely proud of the fact.

Such was the woman—the two women in one flesh, one might almost say, Anton Galicz's daughter and Helena Bogany's—who lay back luxuriously against the cushions of Mrs. Robert Corbett's limousine, listening in secret contempt while Hugh told her his plans and his hopes for furthering the welfare of his grandfather's employees, and thrilling at the same time, to the mere sound of his voice, the occasional touches of his arm, and the sight of the hand she had wounded, wrapped in a clean linen handkerchief lying on his knee.

She was roused from her voluptuous revery—and that is what, in plain terms, it was—by a surprising act of her companion. He broke off a sentence in the middle, sat suddenly erect, squared around toward her, and peered into her face, then reached over and switched on the light.

Thus, for the first time, they were face to face; for a period of two or three seconds, eye to eye. Then the girl, with a gasp, pulled herself erect, shrank back into her corner of the seat and shifted a lightning glance toward the door—the window.

"I'm sorry if I frightened you," said Hugh, switching off the light again. "I got the idea that you might have fainted, or—fallen asleep. Because you weren't listening. You haven't listened to anything I have said."

SHE was surprised into admitting that this was true. She had not expected him to become aware of her inattention; a certain thick-skinned complacency going, in her mind, with the sort of ideas he had been expressing, incapable of harboring the possibility that there could be a wage-worker in the world who wouldn't listen breathless when an employer was telling about the beneficence of his intentions. Once more he had confounded her categories.

"Look here," said Hugh—and now she did listen—"you started this strike. If you're on the level, you started it to remedy some grievance. Here's your chance to tell me what it is. You won't find any one better to tell it to; any one who'll fight harder to bring about a liberal settlement."

She echoed the words "liberal settlement" under her breath, but not quite inaudibly.

"Why not?" he demanded. "Isn't that what you want?"

"No," she said. "It isn't. If I could have my way there would never be a settlement, until the final one."

This time he echoed her phrase, but in blank interrogation. "Final one?"

"Oh, what's the use?" she cried. "We'll get nowhere by talking, you and I. There's no common language between your class and mine. Between us there is nothing but a fight to a finish."

Hugh laughed at her. "That's plain nonsense," he said. "I don't believe you mean it."

"Do you call this strike nonsense? Doesn't it look already as if I meant something? Well, it's only begun. 'Nonsense!'" she fumed. "Is slavery nonsense?"

"Come," he said shortly. "You're not on a platform, and I'm not a public meeting. Have I been talking like a slave-driver?"

With one of her lightning shifts of

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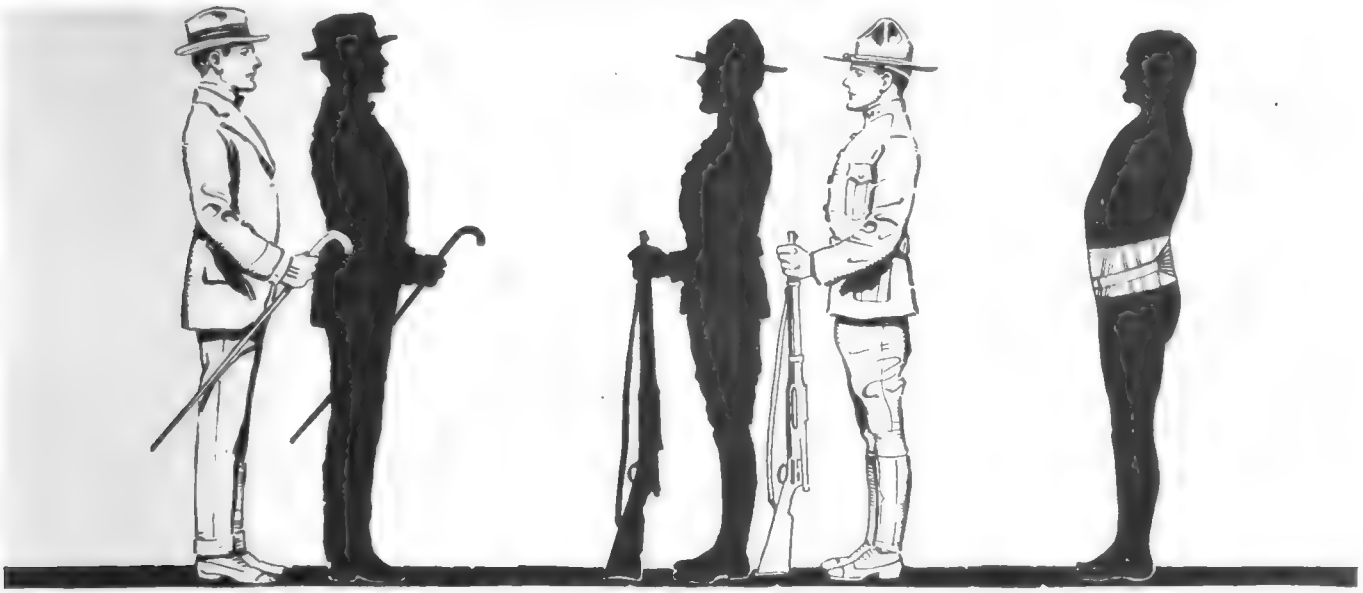

# Does Your Silhouette Denote Perfect Health or Not?

Is your appearance an indication of your state of health? Health is always associated with the erect, upstanding figure; never with the drooping, slouching one.

Head erect, shoulders squared, chest up, *stomach in!* That's the carriage of the healthy man. "How well he carries himself!" is the way people speak of the man to whom this description applies.

A well-poised figure is a big asset in life, for it is the almost unfailing sign of vigorous, normal manhood.

There are, however, many men who, because of a *large waist* or *weak back*, give every appearance of being prematurely old and weak. The protruding stomach, the slouching figure, place the possessor as among the physically unfit.

This is a condition which can, in nine cases out of ten, be easily overcome. And it requires neither drugs nor medicine nor a strenuous physical culture course to do it. Nature never intended that the delicately constructed internal organs which lie in the abdominal and pelvic cavities should be so insufficiently supported by the spinal vertebrae and abdominal muscles.

Professor Partridge, Ph. D., Lecturer in Clark University and author of "The Nervous Life," says: "The internal organs, the skeleton and muscles are still 'four-footed.' The upright position is a late acquirement in the race and indeed an anomaly in animal life. In many respects the body is but ill suited to the upright position, whether standing or sitting, and some diseases can be traced to the mechanical disadvantages under which organs work in this position."

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### "The Muscle That Never Tires"

This scientifically constructed belt reinforces the abdominal muscles and supports the weight of the organs in a normal manner, taking the strain off the back and abdomen so completely that almost instantly you feel a new sense of vigor and strength.

It does what Nature ought to do, but unfortunately does not do in many cases. It adds a thin layer of artificial muscles to the walls of the trunk, which aid the wearer in a remarkable manner by reinforcing and supporting the back and stomach.

Give your tired body a chance! Know the zest of bounding, pulsing energy. The Weil Abdominal Belt will do all this for you so certainly and quickly that you will wish you had heard of it long ago. It never tires, never aches and never for an instant relaxes its strengthening, helping support.

Figures 1 and 2 in the illustration and their silhouettes show the correct position and ideal form which comes from wearing a Weil Belt. Figure 3 shows belt in position; how it "lifts" and supports.

It is so shaped and stitched and the reinforcing steel stays are so built into it, that it conforms to every movement of the body. It is this series of flat coil steel stays—a patented feature of the Weil Belt—that give the "lifting" support to the belt.

Don't assume that the wearing of the Weil Belt is going to make you uncomfortable for a moment. On the contrary it will give you a sense of blessed relief.

Wear it under your undervest or shirt; and occasionally have it washed just like any other garment.

Men and women both wear the Weil Belt and vouch for its benefits. For sagging, heavy stomachs—that unsightly, embarrassing deformity called a paunch—it is a certain cure.

### Read What a Few Wearers Say:

"If I could not procure another I would not part with mine for $100."

"I owe the first comfortable night's sleep in twenty-five years to the Weil Abdominal Belt."

"Does all and more than you ever claimed for it."

"I cannot too strongly endorse the Weil Belt for men who suffer the physical strain and embarrassment of a large abdomen."

"I feel ten years younger. Would not go a day without it."

"My friends all comment on my improved carriage, better color and general physical appearance."

"No indigestion since wearing it."

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We are so certain that an examination and few days' wear of our belt will so convince you of its necessity that you will wish to keep it. And so we are willing to send your correct size without obligation to buy, for five days' trial. If at the end of that time you wish to keep it send us $3.50 which covers the entire cost (even though there are other belts of far less merit and of inferior materials and workmanship sold for as high as ten dollars). If you wish to return it, you can do so and there is no further obligation. Just fill in the coupon below and mail it to us today.

The Weil Abdominal Belt Co., New Haven, Conn.

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height.....weight..... I agree to remit $3.50 or send back the belt in five days.

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# THE WHITE ARC

mood, she laughed. And she did it—not scornfully nor rhetorically, but with honest amusement—a fact which astonished him as much as her words themselves. "That's exactly what you have been talking like. Every word you have said." Then she asked, "Have you ever read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

"I don't know," said Hugh. "Perhaps, when I was a little boy. Or else I saw the play. I remember the bloodhounds, but that's about all."

"There was a man in that book," said Helena, "named Simon Legree."

Hugh remembered that. "He's the one that whipped Uncle Tom to death," he corroborated.

"It wasn't because he was a slaveholder that he whipped Uncle Tom to death," said Helena. "It was because he was a bloody-minded monster and a fool besides. If he'd whipped all his slaves to death he wouldn't have been a slaveholder any more. There were other slaveholders with better sense. They were kind to their slaves, never beat them at all, looked after them, kept them happy and contented, fed them well so that they grew big and strong so that they could work harder. It paid. And besides, it was the proper thing to do. That's the kind of slaveholder you are trying to be.

"No, listen!" she commanded, as he drew breath to protest. "You asked for frankness. Well, you shall have it. You've found us workers resenting your welfare schemes and you've wondered why. It's because we'd rather be men than slaves. And you were trying to make slaves of us. Look at your Emergency Loan Fund!—that's what you call it, isn't it?"

IT WAS characteristic of Helena that without listening to him, her mind had been automatically recording his phrases, and that, now she was aroused, they turned up ready to her hand.

"Well, suppose I am in trouble—need money. I can come to you and borrow it without security, provided I have a good record; provided I have been sober and industrious; provided you have put no black marks against my name. All very philanthropic and helpful. But how does it work? It works like this: that concerning every action of my life I must take your preferences into account. You won't like it if I have radical opinions. I must not be an I. W. W., nor a Socialist, nor even a trades-unionist. If I am, I must keep quiet about it. I must not live with a man unless I am married to him. I must not drink nor gamble. It would be better if I went to church. Above all, I must be contented with my lot—a loyal employee, grateful to you for not taking my job away from me—selling me down the river; that is, the way they did Uncle Tom.

"If you go on as you have begun, an employee of yours will simply be a marionette and all his strings will lead back to your hands. At your whim, he can have unlimited credit at the Company Stores. Or, at your whim, he can have none. And, since those Company Stores have driven all the others out of business, it is at your whim what he shall be allowed to buy. You even talk of deciding for him in what manner he shall be allowed to bury his dead. With his insurance fund in your hands, you send an agent into his home to decide whether he is sick or not——how he shall attempt to cure himself; whether he shall keep his windows open or shut. You have put the authority over his children into the hands of your probation officer.

"And now you talk of providing for his amusement; of taking money that he has earned, and that ought to be in his own pocket, and of building a park with it, with your name over the gate; and a band-stand and a pavilion where he may dance with his girl until such time as you think he ought to go home to bed; a reading-room where he may read such books and papers as you pick out for him!

"Maybe your ideas are liberal—I don't know. Maybe you would be willing that we should read and think quite 'progressive' things. Maybe your notions of health and thrift are better than ours. Maybe we would be sleeker and better kept, more moral and healthy and prosperous, if you had your way.

"But the morality and the health and the prosperity would not be ours. They would be yours. Something for you to be proud of and show off to visitors and write articles about.

"But we—well, we're so ungrateful and disloyal as to think we'd rather look after our own welfare and live our own morality and enjoy our own prosperity. What we say is that if we got what our labor really earned we could take care of ourselves.

"You will not pay us what we really earn, because, if you did, there would be nothing left for you. You will not give up what makes you master of us—what makes life easy and swift and soft, like this"—her gesture indicated the car they were riding in—"until, by force, we take it away from you. We sha'n't succeed this time. You don't believe we shall ever succeed. Wait!"

What all along had lent force to her talk was the conversational manner of it—passionless, matter-of-fact, sometimes just faintly amused, and with part of her mind—part of *her*, at any rate—obviously somewhere else, as when one, full of his own thoughts, tells an old story to a child. At the end of it she stirred uneasily, and dropped back against the cushion, her arm once more in contact with his.

He had not spoken all the while; had not even moved to speak.

After a silence, she said musingly, "For the good of the slaves, I wish that all masters were like Simon Legree—cruel and unashamed. The war would come sooner and be sooner over. It is not hatred and violence that darken the issue. It's this hypocritical, cowardly philanthopy. Welfare work!"

THEN, instantly, "I don't mean you. You're not a coward and I don't believe you're a hypocrite. I don't know what to make of you exactly."

"I don't know what to make of you," he said. And it sounded as though he spoke through tight-clenched teeth. "What you've been saying to me is surprising enough. I don't know what to think about that. I don't believe you're right, though I am beginning to see where I have been wrong. But what you have said isn't so amazing as what you are—who you are."

"We're from the opposite sides of the earth, you and I," she said. "How should we understand each other? We're talking the same language, but the words mean different things to us. You've traveled, I suppose, and so have I. But you have never ridden on a second-class ticket in the smoking-car. The conductor isn't a man you wince from because you're afraid that he'll kick your bundle if it sticks out a little into the aisle. Men in brass buttons are people you expect to touch their hats and take your orders. But I remember them, from childhood, as people who grabbed me by the arm and pushed me about—tyrants who avenged their servility to you on me. To you, of course, the judges and the police are faithful servants anxious for your good opinion, alert and busy seeing that your property isn't damaged, nor your peace disturbed."

"I can see how they look very different from that to you," Hugh said, "after this experience you've been having with us."

"*This* experience!" She uttered a short, grim laugh.

"Oh, I suppose you may have had others as bad," he admitted. "The law's a clumsy, blundering sort of machine, I know. Still, the idea of it is to protect you as well as it protects me."

She turned to stare at him, her whole body tense as if with astonishment. "I suppose you really believe that," she said, going slack again with a sigh. "Sometimes, I think, if one could laugh

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# GERMANY'S PLOTS EXPOSED!

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# THE WHITE ARC

at it as it deserves to be laughed at, one could shake the world down."

Suddenly, in a new voice, that thrilled and horrified him and shook him as never before in his life had he been shaken, she began telling the story of her father's apostolate and his martyrdom. Occasionally the story dipped into her early childhood, but most of it was after they went west. She told of towns where they had been mobbed and beaten by respectable citizens, towns where they had been taken to the railroad station and put forcibly upon a train only to be seized at their enforced destination by waiting police officers and thrown into jail. She told of shifty subterfuges to trick her father into the technical violation of some statute or ordinance, of trumped-up and perjured charges against them. She told of cynical violations of even the bare letter of the law, on the part of its officers, when it could not be twisted to serve their purposes.

SHE showed him some vivid fragments of the Gold Creek strike, sharp as steel; the night of the raid on their little newspaper; the way her father took the news of the dynamiting of the bunk-house; the pride with which he refused to avail himself of the warning they brought him that he was to be charged with the crime. And, last of all, she told him about the trial.

All the way through the recital the emotional tension of it had been mounting toward this climax. The note of it, throughout, had been defiant, bitter, as of one who neither looked for nor wished sympathy; but now her voice grew fairly raucous with passion —quivered and flamed with it.

The maddening quality about the trial for Helena, and evidently for her father, had been what she called the hypocrisy of it—the pretense at fair play —the mockery of the presumption of innocence until guilt was proved—the pontifical airs. It was not the foregone conclusion, which sat there leering at them from the beginning, but the mask of an impartial search for truth, which it insisted to the very end on leering through, that maddened its victims.

"If they had taken him and killed him with honest decent violence," she said, "I wouldn't hate them—loathe them, the way I do!"

Anton, it seemed, had wished not to have his case defended at all; had wanted to go into court alone, without a friend or counselor, and let them have their will with him. But he had been overborne by his committee, who had raised a defense fund and had employed a showy criminal lawyer with it. Anton felt himself and his cause besmirched by the tactics, the legal tricks and lies employed in his defense. And when the trial was over, and the verdict "Murder in the first degree," brought in by the jury, he took advantage of his opportunity before the judge pronounced sentence, to repudiate every plea that had been advanced in his defense, and challenged the judge to inflict the death penalty.

But the grinning mask of fairness and clemency was held up to the end. The judge gave him twenty years—a derisive equivalent to imprisonment for life—a slow, living death, instead of a merciful swift one.

Helena had taken her last farewell of her father in the court-room. He had forbidden her to write to him, or to attempt to see him. She was to consider him dead. His life ended when his freedom did. All she had left of him was a memory to avenge. His actual death had not occured until about a year ago.

The story told, the passion it had evoked ebbed out with it. Neither of them said anything for a while. The car was gliding along between the lights of Washington Boulevard. By and by the girl roused herself.

"We must be getting near where I want to go," she said. "Do you know just where we are?"

Hugh was able to identify the next cross-street, and told her the name of it. "This chauffeur," he added, "is one of their detectives that I commandeered for the job, so we'd better not let him drive you all the way to where you are going."

She laughed and thanked him for the precaution.

"Better stop here," she said, and Hugh gave the order.

It was a moment after the car stopped before she moved. And in that moment Hugh's heart came up into his throat.

"I don't want to force your confidence," he said unsteadily. "If you want to—disappear from me, as well as from him—this is your chance to do it. I'll let you go as I promised."

It was a fact crystal-clear to the perception of Anton Galicz's daughter that she should take him at his word; that fire, edged-tools, dynamite, would not be more dangerous toys for her to play with than this clean, beautiful young aristocrat.

But it was Helena Bogany's daughter who answered him.

"I don't want to disappear from you," she said. "I'll be glad if you will come with me."

So Hugh dismissed the amazed detective, then walked with her three or four blocks, to an old-fashioned, rather pleasant-looking brick apartment-building with a whole row of gabled roofs. At one of the numerous entrances Helena stopped.

"A newspaper girl lives here," she said; "I stay with her sometimes. She probably isn't at home, but I know where she keeps the key. Will you come in?"

"I'd rather not to-night," Hugh said. "Not if I can see you some other time. I must talk more with you. We haven't begun. And yet, you've told me so much—taught me so much already, I'm—bewildered somehow—shaken. I want time to think—get my wits together, before I see you again. But can I find you again, if I let you go now? Shall you be staying here for a while—or coming back?"

"No one ever knows where I am going to be," she said. "But Alice Hayes (she's the girl who lives here) knows as much about me as any one. Her telephone's in the book, so you can call her up."

All that was rather cavalierly said, with an edge of something like derision in the voice. Then, without growing any gentler, the quality of it changed—darkened.

"There's no telling anything about me," she said. "I'm as much surprised at the things I do sometimes as anybody else. But, to-night . . ."

Suddenly she reached for his wounded hand, raised it gently, bent her face over it, and touched it with her lips. She retained it just a fleeting instant longer while she said something he could not hear, then bruskly let it go and went in. He did not follow.

## *CHAPTER EIGHT*

### *Hugh Faces a New Situation*

HE SAW her the next day, though he had no such intention when he left her at Alice Hayes's door. The person who brought it about was, absurdly enough, his brother Gregory.

The clan had gathered in considerable force for that imperishable institution, the one o'clock Sunday dinner. The two Gregorys, leaving all quiet at Riverdale and Bailey in command, had come back to town about eleven o'clock; Robert, Senior, and his wife, according to almost inviolable custom, had been to church (the Corbetts were Presbyterians); Robert, Junior, had surprised them all by dropping off on his way through from Wyoming to Long Island for some polo. He had read about the strike in the papers, just as Hugh had done, canceled his reservation on the Twentieth Century, and come home to offer himself as a volunteer—an orthodox manifestation of the clan-spirit which pleased his grandfather, his father, too, for that matter, and even Greg—though the latter, remembering Hugh's remarks about

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# Are You Starving on Three Meals a Day?

## By STANLEY HOPKINS

**This is a serious question—one that affects the health of every reader of *Everybody's Magazine*. Unless you enjoy 100% efficiency in mind and body, it will pay you to read every word of what follows.**

YOU don't have to be in Belgium or India or Armenia, or some other remote country to starve. You can live on the fat of the land right here in your own beloved America, with three delicious, well-cooked meals a day, served with all the grace and elegance in the world, and still literally *not have enough of the right kind of food to eat*. Or you can grow disgracefully fat on one meal a day. It is not the amount of food you take into your stomach that nourishes you, but the amount you digest and assimilate.

People are starving all around you. They call it indigestion, nerves, autointoxication, anemia—but it's all the same thing, *starvation* pure and simple. They do not get the right foods or the right combinations of food.

### Keeping the Power Plant in Order

If you were to see a fireman throwing small pieces of dynamite, soggy wood, mud, and some coal into his furnace, you would know he was a foolish fireman. You would also know that he could not get up much steam, that he would clog his furnace, and that he would soon put his power plant out of order. This is exactly the kind of thing that many intelligent persons do at every meal. A great deal of the food is absolutely worthless and even the value of the good is frequently destroyed because of the combinations in which it is introduced.

So little thought do most of us give to the proper selection and combination of our foods, that it is an established fact that over 90% of all sickness is traceable to our diet. One food, which may be perfectly harmless in itself, when eaten with another, equally good in itself, forms a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes. This explosion liberates toxins, which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are apt to be acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

All of this can be avoided if we will only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menus, instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead, we can enjoy meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed, and which are properly proportioned for increasing our health and efficiency.

### A Few Examples

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian, the great food specialist, was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he has accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind is that of a woman who had suffered for years with constipation, gas, fermentation, and rheumatism. She followed Eugene Christian's suggestions and began immediately to improve. Her constipation was relieved after one week, the gas and belching as well as vomiting after meals ceased; and even the rheumatism began to yield to the treatment. Within a few weeks the bloating had gone and there was no more fermentation or gas.

And the strangest part of this story to those not familiar with the powers of corrective eating is that she suffered no hardship. Instead, she told Eugene Christian that she enjoyed her meals more than she ever had.

Another interesting case was that of a man who in January, 1916, was rejected by one of the large New York insurance companies. They reported him to be in a very dangerous condition of health, with high blood pressure, a serious heart affection and a condition bordering on Bright's disease.

In January, 1917—a year later—he visited Eugene Christian in New York and took a course of treatment. He followed the written menus and instructions very carefully and in five weeks was restored to good health. He is almost sixty years of age and wrote Christian that he is now feeling better than he ever did before. "Even in my youth," he said, "I never felt as well as I do now."

When rejected by the life insurance company, he was forty pounds over weight, but he has succeeded through corrective diet in reducing to normal. He has also recently been examined by several prominent physicians and pronounced absolutely normal in every way.

Another experience was that of a young business man who had suffered a nervous breakdown which was seriously threatening his success. Nervous indigestion, violent headaches, irregular heart action and insomnia, aggravated by constipation, continued for a year while he tried a number of common remedies. Then he put his case up to his family physician, who treated him for the following year without apparent benefit. He then sought a second physician and carefully followed his advice, but still he continued to suffer.

This doctor finally pronounced him a nervous wreck, and referred him to a well-known nerve specialist, from whom he seemed to get some relief for a time. But soon the same distressing symptoms began to reassert themselves, because all these symptoms were the result of a common cause — wrong habits of eating.

This was his condition when he was advised to consult Eugene Christian. Changes in his diet soon began to work a transformation in his health. First the constipation (which had been with him since early boyhood) left, and soon afterward the indigestion. With these *causes* once removed, it was not long before the headaches, heart irregularity, and other nervous symptoms began to disappear of themselves.

I saw a letter he wrote to Eugene Christian in January, in which he said: "You have relieved me of all ailments.....you have accomplished in about eight weeks what two doctors and a specialist failed to do in over a year."

These are only a few of many equally interesting cases related to me. Lack of space prohibits my quoting others which show with equal clearness that the foods we eat because of our ignorance of proper food combinations, are really the cause of nearly all sickness, from colds to much more serious afflictions. And just as wrong eating causes these ills, so can right eating, without the aid of drugs, or medicine, remove the cause of these disorders and restore health and vitality.

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# THE WHITE ARC

medieval barons and tin generals, said he didn't know what there was Robert could do. "We aren't sniping strikers from the roofs, you know."

None of them had seen Hugh until he came down-stairs just at dinner-time and took his place at the table. They wanted to know, of course, what was the matter with his hand (he had two middle fingers bandaged), but on his saying curtly that it was nothing they forbore to press him further. The newcomer from Wyoming occupied the focus of their attention, and Hugh was allowed to sit through the meal in almost unbroken silence.

When old Gregory left the table, however, at the end of the meal, summoning his daughter-in-law to come with him to rub his head so that he could go to sleep—a frequent demand of his—young Greg turned on Hugh with a question that obviously had been awaiting release for a good while.

"What the devil have you done with that girl?" he asked. "Where is she now?"

Robert, Senior, since he did not smoke, had thrust back his chair preparatory to leaving them, and Robert, Junior, slumped down on his backbone, was hooking his mother's chair around so that he could put his feet up on it. Greg's question galvanized them both into attitudes of complete astonishment.

But Hugh, who was drinking his coffee, went on and finished it and set his cup down accurately in his saucer, before he answered. "I don't know where she is now," he said. "I know where I left her, but I have no idea whether she's still there."

THERE was a bristling silence while the other three waited for him to go on. Then, simultaneously, both the Roberts asked: "What girl?"

Hugh waited to see whether Gregory wished to answer the question, then addressed himself to his father. "The girl who started the strike," he said. "Bullen & O'Hara have got the idea that we want her made away with, and they keep trying to kidnap her. I learned about their plans last night, and interfered."

"I should think you did!" said Gregory. "You took an awful chance, but I don't deny it worked. I'd like to know how you did it."

"Did what?" demanded Hugh. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Why," said Gregory, turning to his father, "the girl has simply disappeared. From the strikers, I mean. They don't know where she is. They're all up in the air about her. She telephoned out to their strike-headquarters last night—about midnight—told them she was all right, but was going to keep quiet for two or three days. They don't now what to make of that any more than we do. Up to nine o'clock this morning, they hadn't heard anything more from her."

Robert, Senior, turned a look of perplexity from Hugh to Gregory.

"You are mistaken," he said at last to Hugh, "in thinking we have given any instructions to Bullen & O'Hara that involved foul play. I find it difficult to understand how you can have entertained such an idea for a moment."

"I think you will understand," said Hugh, "when I tell you just what happened." Which he proceeded to do, relating his conversation with Paddock and the measures he had taken for frustrating the detectives' plans. He made an end of his story at the point where he drove away with the girl.

"I told her she was free to go wherever she liked," he concluded, "and I gave her my personal guarantee that she should not be molested any further. And I'll be glad to know," he added, "whether I shall have to make good that guarantee in person, or whether the firm will take action to make it unnecessary."

His father, who was visibly shocked by the recital, left no doubt under that head. He rang for the butler, and ordered him to get Bullen or O'Hara, in person, on the telephone at once.

"If you have any means of communicating with the young woman," he said to Hugh, "I wish you would inform her that she has been the victim of the excessive zeal of our employees, and convey to her *my* assurance that it will not occur again." He rose with a good deal of dignity and walked away to the telephone.

No one else said anything until he had left the room, but both Hugh's brothers were visibly awaiting the opportunity his absence would give to go into the matter further.

"I can't complain," Gregory then said, "because you got away with it. Somehow or other, you accomplished about seven times as much as Paddock would have. Those other strike leaders are simply up in the air, and a little doubt or suspicion in a case like that will go a long way. If she sticks to the line she took last night, the whole damned strike might collapse. But it makes me sweat every time I think of the chance you took."

"You said that once before," said Hugh. "What I did seemed obvious enough to me. I can't see that I took any such frightful chance."

Bob laughed. But Gregory just stared for a moment in blank exasperation. Then, "You don't!" he exclaimed. "Well, just suppose for a minute you had not got away with it. Suppose any one of a hundred things that could have happened about three times as easily as not. Suppose some one of her crowd had recognized the car and you in it—seen one of our family carrying her off. Suppose the girl, instead of telephoning as she did, that she was all right, had said that you'd tried to carry her off, but that she'd escaped you. Any story she chose to tell would be believed—that you'd abused her, tried to rape her—anything. And it would have gone from one end of the country to the other. Put a mark on you and the whole family that we couldn't outlive for a generation. And what kind of a story could you tell? Not that it would make any difference, because nobody would believe it. All you could say would be that we, all the rest of us, I mean grandfather and father and I, were in a conspiracy to make away with the girl and that you stepped in and tried to break it up. And that would have a likely sound, wouldn't it, since you had a limousine with a Bullen & O'Hara man driving it!"

HE TOOK a long breath and released it with a "Whoosh! I can't understand her letting you off like that." He went on. "Look at the advantage she had right there—the personal advantage, let alone the other. She could have got anything out of us she wanted in the way of blackmail. And it's what you'd expect her to do, on the dope! Because she isn't an honest-to-God working girl at all. Just a professional troublemaker."

"Well, she's passed up one wonderful chance," said Bob. "Or it looks as if she had. Of course by to-morrow morning we may find she's changed her mind."

"No," said Gregory, "I don't think so. A story like that's got to be told quick. If you don't tell it the minute you're free to tell it, your chance for getting it believed grows pretty thin. No, she's taken her line all right, and she won't change it. We're safe enough now.

"But"—here he turned to Hugh—"for the love of Heaven, never try to pull anything like that again!"

He saw Hugh looking pretty thoughtful over this, evidently impressed, and gave the talk another turn under the comfortable conviction that, for once, an admonition to his next younger brother had had a good effect.

It was a conviction ludicrously ill-founded. For the aspect of the business that had caught Hugh was the girl's forbearance—her good sportsmanship, in not making use of the opportunity which Greg had pointed out.

He had considered trying to see her again that day, but during the morning

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# THE WHITE ARC

he had decided against it. Evidently, from what she had said last night, there was a literature of syndicalism, and he must try to find and read some of it, in order not to be too great an ignoramus, before he talked to her again. He'd go down to the Crerar Library the first chance he got and see if he could find anything. Then, it was possible that Rodney Aldrich might know something about it. His information was sometimes found to have proliferated out into strange and uncharted territories. But he was getting married within a week or two to a young girl student in the university, and might be hard to find.

It may be questioned whether these prudential resolutions would have held in any case, but the talk around the family dinner-table put an end to them. His father had given him, explicitly, a message to the girl. And, in the light of what Gregory had said, it became important to deliver it at once. Her decision, as reported by Gregory's spy, to remain away from Riverdale for two or three days, might have been dictated by the belief that her reappearance there would be the signal for another assault, the more determined for having been twice frustrated—to put her permanently out of the way. And, in view of her really fine sportsmanship in reassuring her friends, at the first possible moment, of her safety, it was a matter of fair play to tell her that her fears were groundless.

He could not disguise from himself the fact that his decision to call up Alice Hayes's telephone number and find out whether Helena would see him that afternoon or evening, was accompanied by a disconcerting effect upon his cardiac action and a vacuous sensation just beneath his diaphragm. But a sleepless night always produced that result, didn't it?

SHE received him, by appointment, at five o'clock that afternoon. Alice Hayes, with whom he talked over the telephone, was not at home—rather factitiously, it struck him somehow—though perhaps that notion sprang from the stiff discomfort, shared with him, obviously enough, by Helena, for the first half-hour or so of his visit. It seemed incredible that this young woman, and the girl who had told him her story in the car, and kissed his hand, could be the same person. She was unbecomingly dressed in a badly fitting frock that looked as if it didn't belong to her. It did, as a matter of fact, belong to Alice Hayes. Her own things had been a good deal damaged in the struggle of the night before. And her manners and her speech fitted her no better than the clothes—were full of little conventional observances and schoolmistress-like pedantries—things that Grace Drummond had taught her to do, and to avoid doing.

Hugh, sitting in the supposedly easy chair, which she had hospitably insisted that he take, the glare from a brick wall across the court shining through the low window into his eyes, felt heavily let down. His own speech, he was aware, had become as pedantic and inadequate as hers.

He had acknowledged to himself in advance of their meeting no special expectations regarding it. But he found himself now in a state of exasperated disappointment.

He had begun by conveying his father's message to her—a thing that went naturally into rather set terms. She received it, somehow or other, blankly. He hadn't wanted gratitude, of course, but what he had counted on to break the ice seemed to produce the opposite effect.

Then followed, as I have said, the interval of politeness: Alice Hayes and what a good friend she was of Helena's; and how sorry Hugh was not to meet her.

Hugh at last, determined to get somewhere, began asking her questions about syndicalism—where the movement started; who its leaders were; wherein they differed from Socialists—from anarchists, and so on.

She answered all these questions, some of them at length, and Hugh began getting what he had honestly believed was the thing he had come out here for—information about a new system of ideas—the elucidation of a point of view that was new to him.

But getting all this still failed to satisfy him. What was it he had wanted, then? Even now he was not willing to answer that question in so many words. But it was plain even to him that he wanted something more than an abstract and curiously half-hearted exposition of a new social philosophy. Where was the fire—the thrill—the electric emanation that had given life to everything she had said to him last night? It came to the pass at last where she had to break off a sentence in the middle, in order to bite down an irresistible yawn.

"I am boring you to death!" he said then, and it happened that a genuine emotion of angry disappointment sounded out clear upon the words, instead of the merely polite regret they might have expressed.

He was startled at the sound of his own voice. But this was nothing to the effect it had upon the girl. It roused her, that glint of naked human emotion, as the crack of a branch under the hunter's foot rouses a wild animal. Her eyes came to life again—her face, her body—though the attitude of it in the chair hardly changed.

Becoming aware of the difference in her, he let the conventional phrase of apology for his outbreak, that was upon his tongue, die there. There was a moment of taut-stretched silence. Then, with an impatient fling that turned her face away from him, she said:

"Oh, it's all false! This situation. False! And I hate false things! I believe you hate them too. We aren't meant to sit and talk. That's what I said last night. We're meant to fight. That's all that a person in your class and a person in mine can do."

"That's nonsense!" he said sharply. "You did say it last night, and then you went ahead and proved that it wasn't so by talking to me, wonderfully, for an hour. The falseness isn't in our trying to talk to each other. It's in pretending that there is any reason why we can't."

NOW that the ice was broken, he warmed to the subject. "That's a superficial view to take of it, it seems to me," he went on, "talking as if we were two pawns of opposite colors on a chess-board; as if the essential facts were that I was nothing but a symbol of my class and you a symbol of yours. We're both human beings before we're anything else, and after we've been everything else. You're Helena—" he broke off there with a smile and the explanation—"I have seen your name in the newspapers, but I don't know how to pronounce it."

"Galeece," she told him, with a smile of her own. "And I have always called my first name Heleena."

"Well," he went on, "and I am Hugh Corbett. We have seen life from opposite sides almost, as you say. But that only makes it more interesting and important, in a way, that we should try to understand each other."

"We never could do it," she said in a tone of profound, dispassionate conviction. "No matter how hard we tried. We haven't enough common ground to begin on."

"But we have," he contradicted her. "That's another thing you proved last night—proved it up to the hilt."

"How?" she wanted to know. Her inflection of the word was skeptical, but she turned away from him uneasily, and he thought he saw a heightened color in her face.

"It isn't the opinions people happen to have that count in a case like that," he said, "any more than it's how much money they happen to have. What makes a common ground between people is their instincts—the sort of things they find they have to do in a difficult situation, whether it's to their

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# THE WHITE ARC

advantage or not. And when you telephoned last night, out to your headquarters, to tell them that you were safe and they needn't be alarmed about you—did that instead of taking the advantage that I had put right in your hands—of the chance to make them think you had been kidnaped again—well, you did the sort of thing I hope I'd have done in the same case. It was a piece of fine sportsmanship, that's what it was."

With a sudden movement of her body, the girl turned farther away from him, so that he could not see her face at all. The expression in it was morose, ironic, contemptuous—but the contempt was not all for Hugh. Her involuntary smile was over the fact that his interpretation of the thing she had done could be so nearly right and yet so utterly wrong.

She had wanted him, passionately, last night, not to leave her. Her whispered invitation, over his wounded hand—an invitation he had either not heard or else misunderstood—had been an explicit confession of this. She had left him to fling herself down on the divan where she was half reclining now, in a tempest of thwarted desire for him. All that her father represented to her in her life she, for the moment, hated—sterile ideals, hardships, self-denials. She was sick of the strike and of every one involved in it—sick of their wrongs and remedies. She wanted to be clear of them for a while; to be let alone so that her thoughts and memories and imaginings could wander where they would. And to bring that result about she had gone, impatiently, to the telephone and told them at headquarters not to bother about her. She was all right and would turn up again when she was ready.

She had been at war with herself about it all night and all to-day; had been carrying on in her own soul the same sort of bitter recriminatory quarrel that used to rage between her father and her mother. Her father was defeated, but he could not be silenced. It was he who spoke now, when, after a long silence, she answered Hugh.

"It was not good sportsmanship," she said; "it was disloyalty."

Thereupon it broke over Hugh, staggeringly, that he had been guilty of disloyalty to his camp in giving away to Helena that they had a spy in her headquarters, as, by admitting a knowledge of her telephone message last night, he had done. Confound Greg and his damned detectives! He got up, reluctantly, to go.

She did not rise; on the contrary, leaned back a little further upon the divan, where she sat, in order to look up at him more comfortably.

"The strike does make it awkward, I'm afraid, to me and to people of my kind that has kept me going. I've gloried in it—taken a joy out of it. The only joy I've had has been in hating you and defying you—letting you see that there were some of us you couldn't make cringe to you."

I know," he admitted. "The—the friendship I want between us would be misunderstood, I suppose, by both sides, because, just now, we are at war, as you said. But the strike can be settled. I am just as confident of that as I was yesterday. Settled in a way that will leave good feeling on both sides. Meanwhile, you will find that we'll fight fair. My father (he's president of the company) is as scrupulously honorable a man as any I know. The things that have happened to you out there have been the result of a misunderstanding. You can be perfectly sure that when you go back to Riverdale you won't be molested. That's what I came out to tell you to-day. I won't embarrass you with the —the personal side of it, until the strike's over. But then I am going to make friends with you."

STILL she did not rise—did not, for a count of seconds, even speak, although the cadence of leave-taking had been unmistakable in his last words.

At last she said, gazing up thoughtfully into his face, "If you were clever—oh, supremely, wickedly clever—more clever than the cleverest man I have ever known—I don't think you are, but if you were—you'd do exactly as you have done this afternoon, and as you did last night.

"I'd like to believe you were," she went on, her face darkening with her voice, as she spoke. "I've been trying to make myself believe it ever since you came." She stirred restlessly, and relaxed a little deeper into the cushions of the divan. "But I can't," she acknowledged with an ironic flash of a smile. "I don't suppose you can see, even now, why it is that I wish it."

The look of complete mystification in his face answered for him.

"You think," she went on, "that you've been making it easier for me to go on fighting against you and your people, with your promises that I shall not be molested. You don't see that you are taking all the fight out of me."

An echo came to his ears as he stared down at her: Gregory's "You've accomplished about seven times as much as Paddock could have. What the devil did you do to her?" He turned abruptly away and strode over to the window.

"I've lived on the hatred of people like you ever since I was twelve years old," he heard her saying. "It was you that made us poor and wretched. It was you that persecuted my father—buried him alive, at last. It's your

There was the old thrill in this for Hugh—just as he had felt it last night when she told him her father's story. But the next thing he heard reached deeper into him than that.

It was a jerky little sigh. "I guess I'm wearing out," she said, slackly. "We revolutionaries go that way. I've seen it happen to others—seen them turning cautious and respectable. I used to think they'd been bought off. To-day I've been understanding them. They were spent—burned out. I'm wondering if that has begun to happen to me. I tried last night to make myself believe that you had just been playing me a trick, and that I saw through it and despised you for it. I couldn't. I couldn't help feeling glad that you'd taken me away from those beasts, and sorry that I'd hurt your hand. I couldn't help loving that big soft swift car, and the feeling that went along with it, that you were —protecting me; that nothing bad could happen to me while you were there. I despised myself for feeling that—but it didn't do any good."

"It's horrible!" Hugh broke out. "Horrible that a little act of ordinary human decency should make you feel like that. It's horrible that any one should have had to live a life in which hate was the only decent emotion there was for him to feel. And especially a person like you. I suppose, though, that nobody but a person like you could have done it. Anybody not unconquerable would have given in. How it makes me feel is like a man who has been cheating at cards without knowing it—cards that were stacked in his favor before the game began."

THERE was the ring of undisguised passion in his voice and it thrilled every nerve-fiber in her body. It was no abstract sense of social injustice, she knew, that made him cry out like that, but a much older and more primitive thing. He wanted her just as she wanted him.

She rose rather slowly and came across the room to him, halted close in front of him, within reach of his hands, and looked up into his face. Even so, she was able to see the irrepressible gesture his hands made toward her before they dropped to his sides again.

"Good-by," she said. "Oh, no!—not just for this afternoon! For to-day it doesn't matter. I'm not sending you home. I mean—good-by for good. You must see it. All our talk to-day has only made it plainer, that that's the only thing for us to do.

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# THE WHITE ARC

You know it's impossible—that thing you call friendship—for us. We should only destroy each other, you and I."

He did not answer, and the silence drew itself out tighter and tighter, like a bow-string in the notch of an arrow.

Whose daughter was she in that moment? She could not herself have told. She believed the truth of everything she had said. And yet, she had come close—close so that all the magic of her physical loveliness could sway his senses. Her own were under a spell too. She might calculate, but she was not cold. What would she do if that steely resistance of his broke down—if he said "Destruction, then!" and crushed her in a close embrace? Would she struggle, or rapturously yield? She did not know.

But the crisis passed. The arrow was not dispatched. With a sudden slackening of muscles, she turned away.

"I have never met any one like you before," she said, "and it's not likely I ever shall again. It will be—just as well for me if I don't. But I'm glad I did meet you and—and I'm sorry I hurt your hand."

He could not remember afterward what incoherencies of protest against her decision, and determination to resist it, he had stammered out at that. He did remember her, "Oh, please go! Go now!" which had terminated the scene.

But the thing that had paralyzed all his motor faculties had been that mad, horrifying impulse, as unexpected as the leap from ambush of a wild beast, to seize her in his arms, as she stood there so close before him, and smother those last words of hers in kisses.

The thought pursued him all the way home. It was ice and fire. He shuddered and burned at the touch of it.

## *CHAPTER NINE*

### *Hugh's Interest in Helena Deepens*

HUGH came down to breakfast on Monday morning with the intention of going out to Riverdale, as usual, with the others. But the family took one look at him and collectively imposed a veto. When a big healthy man like that is sick, his appearance becomes absolutely calamitous. His eyes were dry with fever, and the generally disastrous effect was heightened by an unsuccessful attempt he had made to shave one-handed.

None but his mother gave any particular attention to his bandaged fingers, and she forbore until after the rest had gone. Then, without a word, she reached over, laid hold of his left wrist and pushed back the sleeve.

Already angry red streaks were visible clear to the elbow and the whole hand was swollen.

"What did that young devil of a girl do to you?" she demanded. "Bite?"

"Of course she bit. I had my hand over her mouth so she couldn't scream. I don't believe it's going to amount to anything."

Hugh spoke with evident relief. He expected to be questioned and had wondered, uncomfortably, whether he wouldn't lie out of it. It had seemed so intolerably ludicrous an admission to make, that a girl had bitten him. Having his mother take his secret by storm like that, was a load off his fevered mind.

She wanted to know now if he had shown it to a doctor, and on being informed that old Hannah was the only surgical authority that had been appealed to in the case, she berated him, in her best manner, for a fool, for a minute or two, ordered him back to bed, and went straight to the telephone.

Hugh obeyed her meekly, for he was sick enough by that time to be glad to have it on an official basis. The doctor, who came within an hour, found him with a temperature of a hundred and three degrees and a viciously infected wound. Hugh was in bed with it for a fortnight, and there were two weeks more of helpless convalescence after that.

The family attitude toward him—dictated by the doctor, who had proscribed excitement—was encouraging—jovial—at times facetious. "Hello, old man! You're looking immense this morning. Can't keep *this* up much longer." That was the note of it. And his nurse read him baseball stories out of the *Saturday Evening Post*. No one would talk about the progress of the strike with him, beyond saying in reply to his questions that it was quieting down nicely. There was nothing in that to worry about.

And yet, somehow, he knew about it all the while—knew that it was being fought out in the good old orthodox way; that hunger and hopelessness were being relied upon just as they had been relied upon, for the last hundred years, "to bring fools to their senses." That all the time-hallowed tactics of a thousand strikes were being employed to give verisimilitude to the pretense that production was, substantially, on a normal basis again and the strike "practically" broken.

During unnumbered hours, as he lay there, he occupied himself with solutions of his own. Fantastic solutions, of course, when his fever was high, as he recognized when it cooled. But even about the ideas that came to him after the fever had gone away he could feel no confidence—not enough anyhow to nerve him to the task of breaking through the taboo the family had established and forcing a discussion.

But, after all, the strike, though it was the largest object in the landscape his inner eye surveyed, was a long way off and there was a lot of foreground in between. There was nothing important about this foreground; it was merely the daily life and ways of his family, the organization of the household, habitual things, services taken for granted—the family gesture and the family idiom. Except in unusual circumstances or to an abnormal mood, all this is as invisible as air.

Hugh's mood was abnormal. Something had happened that sensitized his perception to all these things. He saw them as if he were some one to whom they were all quite new. He saw them somewhat as Helena Galicz would have seen them, or, at any rate, as a girl like his notion of Helena Galicz.

A GOOD, old-fashioned Americanism was the family tradition of the Corbetts. They never went in for smartness or anglomania. Bob's devotion to polo, for example, was looked at a little askance—was felt to run near the boundary-line of the permissible, and came in for a good deal of only half good-natured derision; whereas Gregory's and young Carter's fame at football were matters of unmixed family pride. Harriet Aldrich's marriage to an Italian Count, and Christine Crawford's to an English younger son who might quite possibly come into an earldom, were felt to be regrettable experiments. It was fortunate that neither Constance nor Anne had tried to pull off anything like that. All of them, with the exception of Robert, Senior, whose rather pathetic longing to be a landed gentleman was steadily ignored by the rest, were convinced that they were, and took a pride in being, genuinely democratic. Even Hugh, who questioned most things, had never questioned this until now.

But he saw now, or thought he did (he was hypersensitive, no doubt, by way of compensation for his former blindness), how thin a pretense that form of democracy was. They *were* a privileged lot, just as Helena had said. They took it for granted that society should be organized in their favor. They expected to be well served; they wanted the best of everything as a matter of course, and they didn't expect to be put to any trouble to get it.

He heard that arrogant expectation speaking in about half the things they said; saw it swaggering in the hundred unconscious things they did during a day. Why, their very democracy was a form of swagger! It exasperated Hugh, in the light of that new point

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# No throat tickle will you have at night if you're but a LUDEN-ite

**Not poetry—but "cold facts." The menthol properties in Luden's relieve irritation in air passages almost immediately—but a Luden-ite has more than one use for Luden's; that's why it pays to have a package in pocket, home and office.**

**Singers, speakers, salesmen, outdoor workers all use Luden's. Sufferers from stomach disorders or catarrh make their presence more agreeable by using Luden's. Among America's millions of cough drop users Luden-ites are in the majority. Always have Luden's handy at your bedside.**

**Are you a Luden-ite?**

**No coloring, no narcotics. Not touched by hands. Luden's yellow sanitary package guards purity.**

*Luden's Give Quick Relief*

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# LUDEN'S

MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

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# THE WHITE ARC

of view he'd got from Helena the night of the kidnaping; of what she'd said of slaveholders who were not like Simon Legree—good-humored slaveholders who did the decent thing.

He had another source of annoyance against his family, too. But it was one he would not look at quite so squarely. Not once, since his mother's blunt "What did that devil of a girl do? Bite?" had any member of the family—not even his incorrigible old grandfather—made the slightest reference to the cause of his injury. For anything any of them said to him during their cheery little daily visits, he might have been suffering from some obscure nervous lesion. Of course a concerted silence like that speaks loud. They had held councils over him and it had been decided to take a line—diplomacy was at work. Helena Galicz was being elaborately dismissed from the universe.

BUT, after all, amazingly, one day he had a letter from her.

There was, of course, nothing intrinsically amazing about the fact that she had written to him; that quality came from the way Hugh had been thinking about her. The dramatic incursion she had made into his life, her total dissimilarity from all the other girls he had known—a difference which made all her acts and thoughts unaccountable to him, the unprecedented emotional disturbances that each of his two encounters with her had set up in him; and then the supervention of his illness with its resultant isolation from her; the fever, which, even when it had passed, remained a strangely refracting medium, distorting the memories he looked at through it—all this combined to give Helena Galicz a dream quality for him, all the more vivid, perhaps, for being but dubitably real. He had been worrying over what she would think of his disappearance from her life—in the face of his vehement refusal to withdraw from it—but it had not occurred to him that it would be possible to explain it to her. In his imagination, she had dematerialized again into that chaotic void from which she had momentarily appeared to him.

So the mere fact that here in his hand was a letter that her hand had written and whose date line showed her still to be living in the little flat where he had visited her that Sunday afternoon—the surmise that it would be possible for him to talk to her to-day—possibly this moment, over the telephone—was tremendous enough. And as for the contents of the letter . . .

He was in his mother's sitting-room, clad in a bath-robe and packed round with pillows in an easy chair, when a maid, bringing in his mother's mail, handed one of the letters to him.

"Here," Mrs. Robert said, "let me open that for you."

It was a natural offer to make, for, with one hand a mere sling-supported mass of wet bandages and drainage tubes, the slitting of an envelope and the extrication of a letter from it is a complex and laborious matter.

Hugh's sharp disinclination to let his mother do him this small service took him by surprise. He hesitated palpably before he put the letter into Mrs. Corbett's outstretched hand. She took it, however, as if she had noticed nothing, ripped it open and handed it back, and instantly plunged into her own mail.

For half an hour she remained, to all appearance, completely absorbed in it, but in the whole of that time she never missed a move of her son's or a change of his expression. She marked the tremor of his hand as he took the letter from hers; the checked movement to put it, unread, into his pocket, the lapse of minutes before he began to read; the sudden cessation of reading at the end of a line or two. She saw in the set of his muscles the half-translated impulse to get up and walk out of the room, and the relaxed abandonment of it. She saw the swift flight of his eye in search of the meaning of a page and then the slow, word by word, drinking of it in after the first suspense was satisfied. But it was not until the letter had lain for five minutes safely in Hugh's pocket that she looked up at him.

"Well," she asked then, "what has she got to say? Sorry she bit?"

"Oh, yes, it's from her," Hugh said. "And it's mostly about that. It has worried her, though I don't see why it should."

He was surprised as well as pleased at the sound of his voice—the casual, conversational tone and inflection of it. He had not been sure, when he started, whether any voice would come at all, because the unmistakable, undisguised implications of that letter had bewildered and thrilled and frightened him so that he could not tell which emotion was which. She had written:

Now that they tell me you are safe, I have the heart to write to you. I think of you as hating me the way I would hate any one who had done that to me, but then I remember how different you are in ways like that from any one I have ever met, and I wonder if perhaps you have—in that mysterious way of yours which I can not understand—gone on thinking of me without any hate at all.

I do not ask you to forgive me, forgiveness being one of those Christian hypocrisies which I hate. Yet there were two days when I found myself wishing I were a Christian—or anything else that could pray or burn a candle for your recovery. That was when there was talk that they might have to amputate the hand. I saw you in my dreams—like that. You see I have expiated—a little.

It was nearly a week before I heard of your sickness at all. Since then, through Alice, who has a friend who was able to ask, I have had news every day. Often I have walked past that great frowning house of yours. You are incredible enough without that.

I have nothing to do with the strike any more. I have been out once or twice to Riverdale, but I have no heart in it, and they, I think, have lost confidence in me. Well, they are right to do that. I have gone to work translating a Russian novel for one of the Yiddish papers in New York, and I am offered a job of book reviewing for a German paper here in Chicago, so you see I am busy enough. For the time, I shall live here with Alice, who has a spare room for me through the summer.

Even if you hate me, will you write a line, just to say you have received this letter and keep me from wondering? And if you do not, will you come to see me again? Or telephone and say where I can come to you?

I did wrong to send you away. It was wise and prudent to do it; but some things, it says in your New Testament, are hidden from the wise and prudent.

Your "friend"—if you want her,

HELENA GALICZ.

One solid advantage that large, rough persons enjoy is that they are never suspected of being tactful. "She knows you've been sick, does she?" said Hugh's mother. "How do you suppose she found out about it?"

This was the one thing in the letter that Hugh could talk about. He explained at length and at random who Alice Hayes was and what sort of newspaper work she did, and he went on to speculate with what he felt to be just the right shade of casual interest as to what her source of authentic information about the Corbett family was. And this led him to a genuine digression. "It was real inside dope, all right," he said. "She knew more about it than I did. No one had told *me* that there was talk of amputation."

But he added in the next breath, "I'm sorry she heard about that. ['She' in this sentence was not Alice Hayes] It wasn't her fault, of course, but it gave her a beastly three or four days."

There is no use drawing a herring across the trail if you give the chase a view of the fox at the same time.

"I suppose so," his mother said, and stopped there, though there were wonderful words on her tongue. There sat this son of hers, the one she loved best of all of them, innocent of all concern as to what her own feelings must have been during those two or three dreadful days, worrying over the puta-

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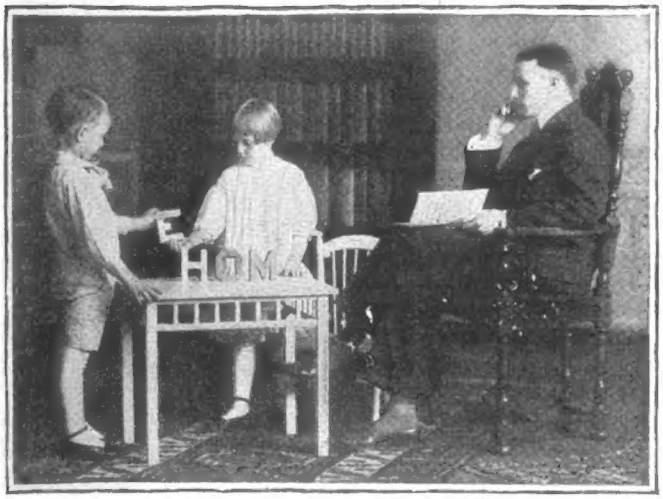
# NEW IDEAS ABOUT CHILD TRAINING

THE father or mother who doesn't sense in its full meaning the God-given responsibility of bringing up children is making a mistake which may easily lead to everlasting sorrow for both parent and child.

Character is not born but builded. You as a parent are the architect of your child's character—the constructor of its future career, for upon character depends success. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have said the same thing, and how truly they spoke!

Reversed methods of training could have turned many a ditch digger into a financier and many a financier into a ditch digger. And this difference is not one of school training but of training right in the home from the time the child is born until it leaves home.



And yet we have never until recently given any really scientific study to this great question. Thousands of parents are daily using wrong methods, which can easily destroy their children's chance of happiness and success. And the pitiful part of it all is that they don't realize the irreparable harm they are doing.

The trouble has always been that we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness, and of other symptoms which, if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result, we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control. And the five fundamental principles involved are suggestion, substitution in choice, parental initiative in co-operation, parental expectation and parental approval.

Under this new system children who have been well-nigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instils high ideals and builds character, which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves, are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship, child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

And what a source of pride now as well as in after years! To have children whose every action shows culture and refinement, perfect little gentlemen and gentlewomen, yet full of childish enthusiasm and spontaneity with all!

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem, takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Professor Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete Course in Practical Child Training. This Course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well-worked-out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

At this time an invitation is being extended to earnest fathers and mothers who would like to join the Association and learn the methods which are proving so universally successful with children of all ages from babyhood to man and womanhood.

## Do You Know How—

to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
to always obtain cheerful obedience?
to correct mistakes of early training?
to win confidence of children?
to keep child from crying?
to develop initiative in child?
to teach personal courage and self-reliance?
to suppress temper in children without punishment?
to overcome objectionable habits in children?
to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
to make firmness unobtrusive?
to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
to prevent worry in child?
to eliminate all forms of viciousness?
to replace disinclination for bathing with delight in same?
toencourage child to talk?
to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't touch"?
to inculcate respect for elders?
to overcome obstinacy?
to cure habit of coaxing?
to teach value of money and its proper use?
to correct wrong habits of thought?
to prevent and correct round shoulders? Slouching postures and careless carriage?
to cultivate mental concentration?
to engender interest in work or study?

**These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this course.**

Membership in the Parents' Association—which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course in child training by Professor Beery, in four handsome volumes of approximately 275 pages each. This course must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical applications of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, these books will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the principles to the child. The younger the child the better. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

Membership in the Parents' Association gives you, in addition to the special Four-volume Course in Practical Child Training, the following privileges:

*First:* Unlimited free use of the Association's advisory service in the solution of perplexing problems in Child Training.

*Second:* Mail service which will consist of Special Bulletins to be issued from time to time, containing the newest findings of the Association's Board of Experts and relating the experiences in child training of other members of the Association, thus keeping each member informed as to the progress being made in this important and far-reaching work.

*Third:* Authoritative advice as to the children's books, schools, camps, and all matters pertaining to educational methods.

*Fourth:* Unlimited free use of the Association's Purchase Service Bureau, through which all educational books, whether school text-books, or books treating on the mental, physical or moral development and training of children, can be purchased. This service will be free and members availing themselves of it will find by comparison of prices that they secure the benefit of publishers' trade discounts.

Before becoming a member of the Parents' Association you are privileged to examine the four-volume Course in Practical Child Training without the slightest obligation, and without even making a deposit, in order that you may be sure that the work of the Association is along the lines of which you approve, and that the Course contains exactly what you want.

Here is the offer the Association is making for a limited time: If you will fill out and mail the application form printed below, without any money, the complete Course in Practical Child Training will be sent by return post on five days' approval. Examine it carefully and then, if you feel you can afford to be without it, send it back and you will owe nothing. If, on the other hand, you are as well pleased as the thousands of other fathers and mothers who are turning to it each day for guidance, send only $2 at the end of five days and $2 a month for four months. On receipt of the first payment you will be enrolled as a member of the Association, and will receive a certificate of membership.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least look at this course, which you may do, in accordance with this offer, without risking a penny. You must act promptly, however, as this offer will be withdrawn without further notice as soon as the rapidly filling quota of new members is attained.

**THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION, Inc.**
**Dept. 71-B, 449 Fourth Ave., New York City**

**APPLICATION BLANK (No Money Required)**

**THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION, Inc.**
**Dept. 71-B, 449 Fourth Ave., New York City**

You may send me, carrying charges prepaid, your complete four-volume Course in Practical Child Training, by Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A., for five days' free trial. If it meets with my approval and I decide to become a member, I will send you $2 five days after delivery of the four-volume Course, and $2 a month for four consecutive months in full payment for Membership and Course. If I do not care to subscribe, I will return the books within five days after their receipt. It is agreed that when I send the first payment you will at once send me a membership certificate good for one year and that there are no additional dues or assessments whatever.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

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# THE WHITE ARC

tive sufferings of the guttersnipe who had made all the trouble.

Even the tone of her voice must have satisfied him of her sympathy, for the jam broke and the logs came down with a rush. He had been thinking about the girl for weeks and had never spoken of her to a soul. His mother got it all. The look of her as she rode along to address the meeting, and the way she had looked at other times. The story of her life as she had told it to him in the car. The strange and troubling novelty of her ideas. The amazing education she had managed to get for herself; her linguistic accomplishments. "She makes me feel like an ignorant young schoolboy—though she's five years younger than I."

The almost unbearably exasperating thing about it all to Mrs. Corbett was that Hugh evidently believed that he was exhibiting a completely impersonal detachment, amusing his mother with a character sketch of the sort of person her own orbit didn't bring her into contact with. The wire edge of emotion in his voice and the tension revealed by his gestures were grotesquely set off by the careful, casual phrases of tea-table chatter. And it was not a pose he had taken deliberately, either. He believed—or half-believed it.

WHY—why were they made like that? All the best of them. What purpose of a Creator was served by letting this sex thing strike from ambush! Why could not a nice, clean boy like this be given a fair chance?

She stood it as long as she could. Then she ended a thoughtful silence he had fallen into by saying briskly:

"Hugh, will you run away with me?"

He started, as she had expected him to, and flushed dark red. "Run away?" he repeated, blankly.

"For the summer," she explained. "I don't care where; Norway, if you like. Just the two of us."

He laughed uneasily. "That's a wild idea," he said.

"I don't see anything wild about it," she argued. "You're out of a job. Your grandfather has shut down on the welfare work. You're sick of the family, and I'm feeling a bit that way myself. It's a thing that takes us all once in a while . . ."

But under his keen, dark stare she felt the plausible geniality dying out of her voice, and at that point the sentence itself died entirely away.

"Is there any special reason why you want me to go?" he asked.

"You can't stare me out of countenance," said his mother. "There is a reason, and you know it."

"I know what it is," he retorted, "but it's not what I'd call a reason. Because I saw fit to prevent a dirty outrage like that kidnaping, you think I am in danger of making a fool of myself about the girl—disgracing the family name, and so on. The family name would have been nicely spattered, I can tell you, if I hadn't prevented it. But the correct thing to do is to carry me off to Europe to get over it. I wouldn't have put a notion like that past Greg to think up, or Bob. But I didn't expect it of you."

She sat still and let him fume.

"Oh, it makes me tired!" he burst out again. "I tell you I've got hold of something new. I've just begun to wake up. That welfare work of mine was all wrong. Or at least, the way I went at it was. I don't wonder it made them wild. There are things I never knew existed, that I want to find out about. Helena Galicz (the name bothered him, but he managed to get it out) can tell me some of them, and I'm going to make her do it. But this notion that just because I don't keep my mind hermetically sealed like a can of tomatoes that would spoil if the air got at it—just because I am willing to look around and see what's happening, and treat people like human beings, whether they happen to belong to 'our set' or not—the notion that because of that I am dangerous; in need of a guardian—carried off to Norway. . . . Good Lord, mother! That's Greg at his worst; or Bob. But you ought to know better. I'm not in the habit of running after women, am I?"

"You're a good boy, Hugh," she said, and her tone held him silent until she was ready to go on. "But any man in the world can make a mess of his life over a woman. If he's in the habit of it, as you say, he's in a way safer. Take Bob, if you like. I've worried about him a lot. But he'll come out all right—or pretty well, anyhow, in the end. When he marries it will be the right sort of girl——"

He snatched that phrase from her angrily. "Some society fluff!" he commented.

"Oh, likely enough," his mother agreed. "But in things that matter she'll be—our kind of person. And he'll probably be faithful to her—pretty faithful, anyway, and they'll manage it. And some day, I suppose, Greg will get his widow."

(This is a chapter in the Corbett annals to which I have not referred. Greg had fallen in love at twenty-five, permanently, invincibly, with a girl who presently had decided that she preferred another man—a painter. But within three months of the marriage the painter had died suddenly and Greg cautiously renewed his suit. She liked him, came to him for advice, and so on, and eventually, as was apparent to everybody but Greg, was going to make up her mind to marry him. Greg's conduct was conceded to be admirable, but the family found it dull.)

"She's a sentimental little fool," Mrs. Corbett went on, "but that will be just what Greg likes. So he's all right. But you . . . I'm frightened about you, Hugh. That's the truth."

"Well, you needn't be frightened about this girl," he told her. "Heavens! I've only seen her twice."

He threw off the rug that lay across his knees and moved to get up. "I'm going to telephone," he explained, in answer to his mother's look of interrogation.

"Do it right here," she said, with a glance at the instrument on her desk.

She saw the blood come up into his face again, as he hesitated, casting about for an excuse. Then, with sudden pity, and over a lump in her throat, she added, "I'm going out. I'd no idea we'd been talking away so long."

He called after her as she retreated toward her bedroom, "We'll think about that Norway trip, mother. Maybe we'll take it, after all."

But that project, as it happened, did not come up again.

Mrs. Corbett shut her door behind her and did not appear again that morning. One disadvantage that a big, rough woman labors under is that she never gets anything by crying for it; a fact that no one knew better than this one.

*The next instalment of* ***"The White Arc"*** *will appear in the February number.*

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